



I'VE ONLY GOT ONE BALL  
BUT IT'S BIGGER THAN  
BOTH OF YORS

THE COLLECTED  
BLOGS  
OF  
SEX MAHONEY

NOV 22 2005

NOV 22 2006

**I'VE ONLY GOT ONE BALL,**

**BUT IT'S BIGGER THAN BOTH OF YOURS:**

**THE COLLECTED ESSAYS OF SEX MAHONEY  
NOVEMBER 22, 2005 - NOVEMBER 22, 2006**

**BY**

**RICH GOLDSTEIN**

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**WHAT IF ONE OF THE LAST TWO PEOPLE ALIVE WAS A CHRISTIAN  
FUNDAMENTALIST**

Early one gray December morn  
While children slept in bed  
the bombs where flying in the air  
above their tiny heads  
And in a desert lab someplace far 'way  
a scientist lost his grip  
the vial broke, the plague was loose  
and everyone got sick  
The water started rising  
and fire fell like rain  
mutants roamed the streets in packs  
and zombies ate their brains

Tuesday November 22, 2005

## **WATER FROM THE ARCTIC OCEAN**

Some remarks from the Vice President with my commentary inserted:

Cheney: The terrorists believe that by controlling an entire country, they will be able to target and overthrow other governments in the region and to establish a radical Islamic empire that encompasses a region from Spain across North Africa through the Middle East and South Asia all the way to Indonesia.

Me: When I started reading I wanted to keep an open mind, because I rarely read Bush and his cronies' transcripts, but when I came to this part in the speech I found it odd that this is the stated goal of the Bush Administration just substitute radical Christian (their press release says Democracy, but what do America and Democracy have to do with one another).

Cheney: They have made clear as well their ultimate ambitions: to arm themselves with weapons of mass destruction, to destroy Israel, to intimidate all Western countries and to cause mass death in the United States.

Me: Once again, Vice Presidential mad-libs

Me as Cheney: They have made clear as well their ultimate ambitions: to arm themselves with weapons of mass destruction, to destroy Israel, to intimidate all Middle Eastern countries and to cause mass death in the United States.

Me: Can you tell which words I replaced?

Cheney: Some have suggested that by liberating Iraq from Saddam Hussein we simply stirred up a hornet's nest. They overlook a fundamental fact: We were not in Iraq on September 11th, 2001, and the terrorists hit us anyway.

Me: Very true, we were not in Iraq on September 11th, but our weapons were there and we were too in the early 90's (that time as enemies). We were also there in the 1980's (that time as friends).

Cheney: In Beirut in 1983, terrorists killed 241 of our servicemen. Thereafter, the United States withdrew from Beirut.

In Mogadishu in 1993, terrorists killed 19 American soldiers. Thereafter, the U.S. withdrew its forces from Somalia.

Over time the terrorists concluded that they could strike America without paying a price, because they did repeatedly: the bombing at the World Trade Center in 1993, the murders at the Saudi National Guard Training Center in Riyadh in 1995, the Khobar Towers in 1996, the simultaneous bombing of American embassies in Kenya and Tanzania in 1998 and, of course, the bombing of the USS Cole in 2000.

Believing they could strike us with impunity and that they could change U.S. policy, they attacked us on 9/11 here in the homeland, killing 3,000 people.

Me: WTC 1993 bombing: 6 dead; Saudi National Guard Training Center 1995: 5 dead; Khobar Towers 1996: 19 dead; American Embassy Bombings in Kenya and Tanzania: 257 dead; USS Cole 2000: 17 dead; WTC 2001: 2752 dead.

CHENEY MATH FUN TIME:

Total number of US dead from his examples of terrorist attacks: 3,316 dead. Remember when you check your answer in the back of the book that Cheney is using these examples to justify the Iraq war as a way to stop terrorism. Total number of dead Iraqis since March 2003: @26 to 30,000. Total number of dead Americans since March 2003: 2097. The best thing about numbers is that they don't work. We can't have a rational debate over numbers, their values are fixed, but

words... ah, words, sometimes a word can mean lots of things or nothing at all, when I say I am self actualized, I just wasted two words that don't mean anything. Now, I am terrible at math, but if you blame Iraq for every death caused by terrorists and cited by the Vice President in his speech we owe Iraq about 21,000 corpses. Why not start by lining up the President and his staff, and then fill in the rest with the Christian Fundamentalists who voted them into office in the first place. Or we could just stop killing each other.

Cheney: Stop using my own words against me, you're just fanning the flames of bipartisanship.

Me: America has no right to tell any other nation what to do or what weapons with which they can do it. America has no right because the weapons of mass destruction for which terrorists are criticized were obtained through legal sales by the United States or Russia during the cold war. Until the US is willing to lay down all arms they have no right to criticize anyone for using violence. In other words, don't go into a boxing ring without expecting to get punched.

Wednesday November 23, 2005

## HANK THE TWELVE GALAXIES

Since marijuana was criminalized in the 1930's the rhetoric for allowing people access to the plant has changed little, but after seventy plus years of activism, the rhetoric about pot has not changed. Blame Ben Franklin who once said that: "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." In re the criminal problem, the quip was once sound advice, in Ben Franklin's day. Today we know that crime is not caused by demons, witchery, or being black (the latter a fact that continues to escape police, prosecutors, courts, and lawmakers) and so preventative criminology targets those who have not yet committed crimes but are sure to one day. The problem with preventative thinking is that criminals rarely plan their actions, most criminals act on impulse, which benefits them because it makes their actions difficult to understand without knowledge of the moment of time in which the crime was committed; however, because we people often repeat ourselves, it leads to the criminals downfall as the police recognize behavior patterns. So if spontaneity plays a large factor in committing a crime, then prevention is useless.

The rationale behind the criminalization of marijuana is that it has a high potential for abuse and no medical value, but it was sold to the American people (and Congress) as a threat to white womanhood by angry, Negro pot smokers. The government presented false testimony that played to the lowest common fears and implied that criminalizing marijuana

would take the jigger out of the... As a preventative measure, criminalizing marijuana has had zero effect on the crime rate because even if every single black person in America killed/raped/robbed one white person each it would account for less than the total number of murders/rapes/robberies. A quote I found from a newspaper from the 30's: "Marihuana gives blacks the audacity to look white people in the eye, to speak insolently, and to demand rights." Since the criminalization of marijuana in the 30's, black has progressively experienced more freedom. If you are a true white\*, son of the south, then be a patriot and demand that your politicians reverse this awful law.

Scientists indicate that you are not drinking enough crappo-cola. Drinking the proper amount of crap reduces your chances of becoming a terrorist or communist. Research indicates that terrorism is bad and if left untreated will lead to communism and Judaism. The next time you reach for a soft drink, ask yourself: "Am I a terrorist?"

\*No Irish or Italians need apply

Thursday November 24, 2005



## **MISSION ACCOMPLISHED**

Towards the end of his life, JD Salinger didn't publish his novels, when they were finished he put them in a safe deposit box. Stephen King tells that story as an example of a failed artist, I've read it in at least three or four of his books, but the best thing about art is that on a production level, producing is the important thing. When art gets out there, it becomes part of the world, especially in our global world, fulfilling a different function, but artists produce to satisfy their desire. Call this unpublished sour grapes, but a wiser man than I once said that achievement is its own reward, pride obscures it. The worst thing that can happen to an artist is letting the public at your work, if you had children would you offer them up at a gangbang? I would, but that's beside the point.

Thursday November 25, 2005

## **THE FARMER AND THE COWMAN CAN BE FRIENDS**

A woman's right to choose.

I've been looking at Supreme Court confirmation hearings, and I love the way that politicians dance around the subject of abortion. If a case came before the court in which a person wanted to get rid of another person by means of a suction blade and another person, of the medical persuasion... etc. There is too much civility in America. The PC police imagine that by shunning certain words or behaviors from the lexicon we can stamp out racism, sexism, etc in much the same way that the Bush administration thinks they can stamp out dissent by ignoring it or calling it "gay." In the 1940's hardly any of the major news networks covered the public lynchings and segregation of the south and it wasn't until the news started covering those events that they became a problem, right?

So we come back to abortion. If you are a politician and your platform is "no" on abortion, you can't really talk in public about your beliefs without incurring a lot of scorn; however, if you are against abortion feel free to invoke the deity and make up facts about dismembered half living fetuses and you're golden. Of course, I exaggerate. Women are the problem, how dare they have issues that don't apply to most of the governed (i.e. men)? I think that if the lawmakers making the laws do not adequately represent the

population they are legislating they have no business making laws, but then I realized that there are plenty of laws out there passed down by the rich to govern us poor.

I've come up with a model solution. Give Washington complete power. Let congress, the president, and the supreme court do whatever they want, but give them no power to enforce it, that way the quilting congress can sit in it's hallowed halls all day long clucking their tongues at the decaying state of the nation. The law means nothing and does nothing, it's like the empty promise a man gives a woman that he won't cum inside her and that he doesn't have any diseases the moment before he slips his wart infested love Popsicle into her hallowed halls. People, people who don't make laws, perform the real action. In a real capitalist market, demand is god. If a woman wants an abortion she can find enough money to get someone to do it for her. Once again, if you have enough money, the law does not apply to you.

On the other hand, if women weren't such pansies they'd roll up their sleeves and do the job themselves.

Tuesday November 29, 2005

## THE METRO IS NOT THE L

### Anti-trust

Casinos. Imagine if the supermarket monitored your activity and if they noticed you saving too much money using coupons and strategic shopping they took your picture and banned you from shopping at that store. Why is it that casinos can get away with this kind of behavior? The people who own the casinos are very similar to the ones who run countries, should anyone learn to run fast enough that they can keep up with the masters, they are hacked down using brute force. I say this not as a gambler, but as a firm supporter of labor rights.

Unions don't just protect workers, they protect consumers as well. The more people fight unionization and let big companies get away with homogenizing the population the more we choke ourselves on our excess. Imagine the day when Wal-Mart stops paying its employees in the devalued currency of this collapsed country and the workers slave for toasters and big screen TV's. If you're poor, you'll never get to go behind the curtain, the aristocrats don't like people who work for their money, that's filthy, the dignified thing to do is inherit a fortune and never work... ever.

Money is a myth. You want to believe in magic pixies, leprechauns, and God then move to Mississippi. Otherwise,

take advantage of the current positive climate for legal loan sharks and get as many credit cards as you can, then fake your own death and never pay them a cent. Or take the money and go gambling, just don't get too good at it.

Wednesday November 30, 2005

## **BLUE CANARY IN THE OUTLET BY THE LIGHT SWITCH**

Paris Hilton's address book has a listing for Super Dave. I am so envious. The cost of celebrity is enough to drive anyone mad. I wonder why Paris sought it actively. It's one thing to get nailed by Rick Solomon and appear in reality TV shows with your best friend, but all the annoyances that go with celebrity must be tiresome after awhile. I like to think of those humble people who have celebrity thrust upon them, only to find that the attention is exactly what they wanted all along and are then left by the wayside as the next new sensation comes along. I never used to think it was worth it, but if you get to meet Super Dave then I'd step over my own grandmother to do it.

In all sincerity, I saw an army sergeant tell someone he didn't have murder in his heart. It was on Lost, a girl kills a guy and asks her father why he didn't do it, the father, an army recruiting sergeant, tells her that he doesn't have murder in his heart. No. I rape and pillage the village to keep the communists at bay.

Thursday December 1, 2005

## BEAKER SOLUTIONS FOR A TEST TUBE WORLD

I love South Park. I hate Alcoholics Anonymous. I can't get enough of that Golden Crisp. Neither can vampires. I wonder what most people would do if they met a vampire. Would they panic? Probably not, unless the vampire made some display of its power. I think that most people would disbelieve, not because they don't believe in vampires so much as it's hard to convince people of anything. I lied. It can't be hard to convince people of things, because Nike's really do make you jump higher, the ultimate chopper really can turn a concrete block into powder, and I'll be your wet dream for 4.95 a minute at 1-900-dial-a-date. Yet, somehow I've never met a person who really believed any of those things. The commercials exist for a reason; they can't just be wasting their breath.

When you are alone in the dark do you wonder if your cologne is not attracting enough women?

Have you ever thought about rubbing yourself in fertilizer?

These are important questions that you must ask yourself when you face your long nights of the soul. Maybe you are out there, sitting in the dark, with the television on, watching the glowing image and believing every word said about everything, desperately afraid that the vampires are hiding in the shadows and waiting for the chance to strike.

Once a day you should challenge God, just to see if there is one and it's paying attention. Curse the lord and walk out into traffic. If you're okay at the end, then we have room for a debate.

Thursday December 8, 2005



## **TRANSUBSTANTIATED SUNDAYS**

Anger and fear

Yoda said it better than I ever could, but syntax his all wrong is. Fear leads to anger, anger leads to fear, and it's a terrible and repetitive cycle. I don't understand why people get stuck in these cycles. After thousands of years of human civilization we're very slow in picking up the cudgel of revolution, but we're quick to join someone else's fight. Anger directed outward is futile, the person making you angry is yourself, just like the person who can make you happy is also yourself; you can't change the world, so change yourself.

For centuries people looked everywhere for answers, to religion, to love, to consumer goods, to high-end prostitutes; however, there is no answer or there are plenty of answers. No one knows anything, we barely know ourselves. So do yourself a favor, touch yourself, get in there good, explore every nook and cranny, all you crooks and trannies because if you're not comfortable touching yourself, then find a hobo you can rub up against.

Sunday December 11, 2005

## LEARNING TO LOVE WITH YOUR PANTS ON

"Leave the money on the dresser and get out," is the last thing I remember someone saying to me about the subject of love. Experience is such a wonderful teacher that I don't think I have missed anything in my short life. Of course there is the joy of having a family, but there are plenty of other people experiencing that joy so I don't have to. The best thing I've discovered is the pleasure of destruction. Are you one of those people who let's your chewing gum harden on the back of your bedpost, or will you deprive yourself of sleep to eek every last ounce of flavor from your chewables. Take two aspirin and give them to the first person you meet with explicit instructions for them to do the same. See how long it takes for you to get a headache. When it comes to physical stimuli, the only way to experience life is to destroy as much of it as you can before it loses its flavor. Leftovers never tastes as good as when they were firstovers. My philosophy gets me into trouble all the time.

But every time you come around you dance on the table.

So back to the subject, what is the matter with all of us that we can walk around cognizant of all the horror in the world and still feel put out when the elevator doors close inches away from your face? Don't take that lying down; revel in the experience. Go walking in the snow and write

your name in the sky. The next time someone of the opposite sex asks you to go someplace private, bring them to church and screw them in the confessional. The sun shines in even the darkest places on Earth.

Thursday December 13, 2005

## **A STITCH IN RHYME SAVES LINES**

I can't tell what is worse, pelting someone in the head with a giant ball of ice, or blaming someone else when your balls hit. I can't stand bullying, maybe because I think I used to be a bully. I don't really know. Maybe I'm just flagellating myself too much.

On the Daily Show last night they announced that the high court in South Africa said it was illegal to deny same sex couples the full rights to marriage. The US has always been very slow in recognizing human rights, but now that South Africa is more progressive it's time to think clearly about the meaning of such events.

America and South Africa began their political lives in the Western World as colonies of Britain. America spent thousands of man-hours and men on achieving independence, only to be slapped around by Britain a few years later. South Africa achieved independence through non-violent passive resistance by the nations poor and middle class. Imagine that, the people changed the political system in the country without resorting to violence.

The survival of the United States and any hope it has for a future depends on the immigrant populations now burgeoning within our cities. I saw a speaker the other day that said that the best thing to do was kill all white people, and

while I agree in principal, what's worked best can work against them as well. White people need their spirits broken; they need a long period of suffering, forty years, etc, etc.

I started talking about bullying and then I got into retribution and US policies, and Bob Loblaw. All this is way too much work. I want to roll a big joint, one that the whole world can smoke then I want to light it and go to sleep.

Wake me up when we're nothing but ashes.

Wednesday December 14, 2005

## **WE'RE THE KOPS OF THE WORLD**

The last thing I want to see before I die is the flaming wreckage of this mess called society. Over the last few days, I've been reading essays on US Foreign policy and it's painful to hear about the crimes committed by this country. I think of myself as jaded, I don't trust politicians, and because I didn't have a strong background in the subject I assumed the worst. Somewhere, deep inside my heart, I still wished for the best; however, it's hard to deny the fact that until September 11th, 2001, the United States was the **only** country opposed to anti-terrorism measures in the UN. The US declined to join every other country on the planet (that includes Iraq, Iran and North Korea) because they objected to a clause that exempted "terrorists" acting to achieve political independence. Picture that, the United States, a country founded by terrorists, condemning terrorists.

So, hypocrites, what is it that makes people hate themselves. Human intelligence is very limiting so that we think we can understand the suffering of others, but suffering is unique to the sufferer. Conversely, happiness, excitement, and other emotions are also unique to the emoter so that people are always under the impression that wherever they are is the least exciting, joyful, fun, etc or that if they are having fun, then someone elsewhere must be having more fun. The only time this works out for people is when

something bad happens to someone they know, then their worst suspicions are confirmed, but they're happy to be excluded.

I offer two solutions to this problem; first, Americans need to smoke more pot, it won't increase the intelligence of the country, but it will curb its aggressiveness (the only other cure for aggressiveness is an invasion that hands America its ass, and until I emigrate I'd rather that not happen just yet); the second, America needs to have more sex. There is no reason why I should not be able to walk up to another consenting adult and engage in anonymous sex with no repercussions. Now if only my wife felt that way, visits from our friends would be much more interesting.

Friday December 16, 2005

## NEVER AGAIN

We make bad decisions all the time and follow them with promises to never again indulge in the detrimental behavior; this time I mean it, I am never going to see another remake, adaptation, sequel, etc. Hollywood pushed the last of my buttons; I will never give them another penny to sit in the hypnofactory to watch a piece of crap.

King Kong.

Aside from everything else wrong with the movie, the natives, in the original King Kong, were just what you would picture the enlightened mind of the 1930's to see when they thought of primitive cultures. The natives were people in blackface, dancing around, wearing grass skirts and coconut bikinis and what not. When the islanders meet the film crew they have a dialogue. That was in the 19 - white's only water fountain - 30's.

Update

In the new version of King Kong, the islanders are bloodthirsty people in blackface; they make bloody sacrifices to their ape God. There are plenty of other things wrong with the movie, but that was the worst.

I used to go to the movies expecting the hypnosis, I go to



the movies wanting to be swept away, and the last time that happened, stranger stuck their finger in my ass while I was asleep (Sky Captain and the World of Tomorrow). I have a friend, with whom I argue the merits of pornography, they claim it is degrading to women that it objectifies and demeans. Hollywood cinema is every worst aspect of every charge leveled against porn producers, it is mindless filth, purveyed to the lowest common denominator, and demeans everyone. I'm not saying that porno doesn't do that, but at least you get to see people fucking, and that's hot.

Monday December 19, 2005

## **THE BEST STORIES HAVE THE CRAPPIEST ENDINGS**

Christmas is such a time of despair, the rush of buying and orgiastic splendor of the season run out the last energy of a depleted year. The ancients, who celebrated the holiday before it was Christmas partied to start the year, not finish it off. I guess it all depends on how you're getting drunk or in what cause. I have lost my taste for alcohol. I keep thinking about those stories that go around, the ones we all take for granted, but are planted in our logic and our reasoning like cornerstones.

Stories are a mask, they mask our fears, we try to hide behind them and wear them like masks because our fears are really our dreams and there is nothing scarier than the realization of your dreams. The ancients looked out on the world and saw a force beyond their control that could kill them at any time and they called it God, because it meant their death, but it also gave them life, because there was a force of life that balanced the death. The only problem is that society tries to do the opposite, it seeks to build lasting foundations, and it seeks to live forever. Anyone who finds the path to God must be put to death by the state; such is the fate of Jesus and John Lennon and Rand McNally.

Why are people afraid of fucking? God is the unknown, that uncontrollable force that could kill us or give us life and the ancients saw God as male and female, the force that

gives life. The two bodies together make a third, that unknown, that is God, and it signs your death warrant as sure as that sperm and egg give it out. I can understand why people are afraid of dying, but only because then they can't do anymore fucking. So why are people afraid of fucking? Just because they hang out with bad company? Don't judge people by the company they keep, but for who they are. Fuck a stranger for Christmas and to all a good night.

Tuesday December 20, 2005

## IN A NUTSHELL

I took a personality test and learned things about myself that I didn't know before. Apparently, I am adventurous, intellectual, physically fit, and I have a Peter Pan complex; I am also sexual, hedonistic, avoidant, anti-authority, and paranoid. I'm tired of seeing personality tests that use questions to figure out a person. The only way to accurately gauge someone's personality is to put them in stressful situations and see how they react, like lighting them on fire and chaining them to a fence, or smearing them in pot butter and taking them to a k9 police convention.

One of the questions on the test stayed in my mind as I started writing this, a whole series of questions. The test wanted to know if I thought honesty in a relationship is important. I couldn't strongly disagree more. A relationship, like any other game, is best played from a position of power, and if you talk to your partner too much you reveal your weaknesses. We betray our secret desires even when our conscious mind thinks and acts toward the opposite goal. The less you talk to your partner the more you can observe their behavior and find a critical weakness in their defenses, but don't listen to me, I'm a paranoid sex maniac.

And what's wrong with being a paranoid sex maniac after all,

not that anyone said it was, but society shuns sex maniacs, they're locked in prisons all over the country. The Catholic Church is battling the sex maniacs hiding in their ranks by denying homosexuals the sacrament of ordination. The church was very careful in choosing its language, but the basic idea is to save face by saying all the kid touching priests are "that way" because they are gay.

Now I'm going to say something unpopular, and possibly seditious, but no one is still reading at this point so who cares; sex maniacs are not monsters. People who have sex with children are not degenerate scumbags, but in a world where children as young as one year old are trotted on television and movie screens for consumption by the masses, why is it so horrible that sometimes a child or two gets fucked. If you're willing to let your kid sit in a McDonald's commercial and hawk their cheesy wares, why are you a pariah if you decide to let them take Grimace up their ass on film?

I saw something disturbing the other day. I saw a man standing at the counter of a jewelry store buying a small diamond, it barely caught the fluorescent light; and yet, the ring cost seven hundred dollars. The man winced when he handed over the money, the whole experience looked painful. So tell me, why is it that a jewelry shop can operate in the open, while decent, God fearing, kiddie pornographers hide

in society's shadows? The kiddie porn could keep another kid toucher from touching another kid (if you're really concerned you could just watch the kid all the time) and at least the post-coital child gets a lollypop. The guy at the jewelry store had to pay seven hundred dollars and all he got was a stupid rock.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Thursday December 22, 2005

## YOU WOULD TOO

I should have seen it coming.

Think back, "The Man With No Face" "Dead Poets Society," "Election," "Captain Ron;" the teachers with the crazy ideas who teach their students how to expand their minds are systematically shut down and in some cases horribly disfigured for their crimes against education. Oh yeah, and there was Socrates and Jesus too I suppose, but I feel more comfortable comparing myself to Mel Gibson (he's super cool, watch the trailer for Apocalypto and then rent "Le Patriot" for examples). I've been feeling pretty low about myself for a while, I still face long nights of intense soul searching, but I'm tired of feelings like a rape victim. No surrender, no retreat.

Fuck Children.

Fuck them metaphorically, and fuck them literally, if you don't do it, it will be even stranger when Uncle Johnny, Father Billy, and good ole Ralph the pervert (who stands on the street corner feeling himself when the school bus comes in the morning) catch them in a dark place. The only difference between children and adults is that children are still dumb enough to think there's a difference between children and adults. Why is it any better for me to pick up a dumb as dirt eighteen year old (16 in NJ), tell her my

name is Charlie and get a quick blowjob (smearing her eyes shut in the process) than to innocently fuck a two-year-old baby?

We shouldn't shy away from teaching children about sex. I watched a deep throat blowjob instructional video tonight and that's a class that should be taught in high school, for most of these kids it would teach them at least one valuable skill for the twelve wasted years in public education, for the rest it would give them a taste for their future careers sucking dick's of their corporate masters. For any parents out there, I want you to picture your precious children spread-eagled and taking a plug in their butt, remember when you did the same? Someday I'm going to hang their pictures on my wall along with photocopies of their birth certificates each one of them legal, each one of them a brain dead whore, and each one of them reeking of my semen.

Tell me, did you see that coming?

Tuesday December 27, 2005



**IF IT'S GOT A GOOD BEAT AND YOU CAN DANCE TO IT, IT WAS PROBABLY  
CREATED BY BLACK PEOPLE**

I am out of step with my world.

For a long time I tried to keep my head centered, my whole being, but lately everything is out of whack. I never realized how bad it had become until I went back into the fray and mixed with the normals.

I went for so long without letting the slightest bit of emotion penetrate the tough outer defenses of my sense of humor, but time is a bigger foe than I originally envisioned. It makes me sympathetic with social conservatives. I am nostalgic for the days when things seemed to make sense. The only problem is that it was all a facade; nothing is any different now than it was when I kept a positive face on everything.

I had two good friends once upon a time, who admired my optimism, but said that the world was going to beat me down soon enough. I try to keep my head up because there's too much beauty in the world to ignore and I'm a stubborn bastard who wants to prove them wrong.

A person can't live so out of step with the world, in which he lives, look what happened to poor Pierre Bezuhov, when you're swimming against the current for too long, eventually

you crack up. I need to find my center, but society wants me to bow down. Have I mentioned that I'm obstinate?

There are no rules; I make them up as I go along.

Flying geese free us from the painting motif.

Art should be free.

Even the best made films bear a closer resemblance to a Big Mac or a Cadillac Escalade than the Mona Lisa.

Mercedes is a much nicer girl than I deserve.

I don't care if it kills me and I don't care if I sound stupid. I'm not going to give in, not an inch. All my life I've seen people belittled and pushed aside, their views invalidated by their station in life or a lack of aspirations. Tonight I told a girl that education was useless and she said, "It's good to see that you have dreams." As if school helps you dream as it's molding you into the same person as everybody else. College wasn't a waste, in the job market yes, it was a waste, but college for the sake of college was the best experience of my life. I learned a lot, none of it useful, and I enjoyed myself.

It took me years to figure it out, but I am an idiot, I am a

bum, and no matter what I say people will laugh. Who cares what a bum has to say? I can scream just as loud as anyone else. Suck on that.

Monday January 9, 2006

## **ON TUESDAY WE LEAVE FOR HOME**

In thirty days or less I am moving to South Korea for a year to teach English.

Sunday January 15, 2006

## WHILE ON THE SUBJECT OF SEX

You've seen them, posters and adverts for products that have nothing to do with bikini clad women featuring bikini-clad women. Mercedes and I recently found an add for guitar pedals with models showing them off. That's not what I want to talk about.

Remember adds for beer commercials and Chevy trucks?

"Brokeback Mountain" premiered in nationwide release this week and people all around me are giving it a lot of shit. I found out something interesting though, it's not about gay cowboys. Sure two men hump each other, but I don't think they're gay at all. As I said to someone yesterday: "You were in the navy, you remember what it's like."

So remember all those beer and Chevy ads featuring rugged cowboys out in the open plains? All those rugged cowboys planted a fantasy in the American Brainscape.

Fucking another person of the same gender does not make you gay any more than eating an egg makes you a chicken, fucking someone of the opposite gender does not make you straight.

Fucking is just fucking, there's nothing more to it. People talk about emotions and connection and blaa blaa blaa.

That's the territory of friendship, you should connect with

your friends, and the connection with a lover is physical.  
If you're looking for trust in your lovemaking then have sex  
with your friends. Imagine if someone showed up to play  
soccer and another player stopped the game every few minutes  
to talk about emotion and connection.

I dream of a new world, we'll change the name America to  
\*\$% city and let everyone go buckwild. There should be  
people fucking in the streets, like cats.

I have no ending for this.

Tuesday January 24, 2006

## SIESTAS FOR EVERYONE

Righteous indignation is for pussies; we're taking this thing to the next level. Remember those little bastards who made sure that everyone played by the rules at Monopoly? Those poor slobs who didn't know that it was much more fun to throw play money into the air and make a hat have sex with a shoe. These are the people running our government. We don't need more rules, we need less. People should be allowed to run free and do whatever the hell they want when they're alone. We need more laws that put restrictions on people who want to form groups like governments, the police, professional athletes, religious whackos, and the Supremes. There are only rules because someone made them up, and, as the President has shown us, if you don't like a rule, then you don't have to follow it. Jefferson and the rest liked that one just fine. I don't hold it against George Bush that he listened in on people's phone calls, if you didn't know he was a corrupt asshole until now then you deserved to get tricked. I've never met the man, but if I come within a country mile of a TV or radio on which he appears and I can smell his bullshit like it was fresh, but after five years, I'm tired of having to eat with the constant smell of fresh ass.

The worst part about righteous indignation is that you have to wait for the intervention of time, a deity, or a sniper to see you dreams fulfilled.

Tomorrow I go clothes shopping for the first time in five years. The last time I bought one pair of pants and two shirts. I want a suede jacket so I can wear out the elbows and put patches on them.

In the last few minutes before Hitler died do you think he thought: "I was wrong" or "Now they'll never catch me?"

Do you think Jesus's last thoughts before the nails went into his hands were: "I'm a carpenter about to be nailed to death. If life is truly ironic then I'm glad I didn't take that job as a fluffer."

Do you think the Pope keeps his hat on in the back room of the church where the altar boys get dressed?

Those were uncalled for, but I thought they were funny, let's bring it down to another level.

Do you think the Pope bunches or folds his toilet paper? How many times do you think the pope goes before an audience just before wiping his ass? How often do you take a crap right before leaving for work, or while at work? That's about how often.

The only rule that nature gave us was that one-day we were



born and someday we'll die. Everything in between is garbage, things we made up for ourselves to make certain actions seem appropriate at certain times. Like the forgotten commandments of Deuteronomy and Leviticus governing everything from sex with your slaves to fiscal responsibility in the desert, the only time people care about the rules is when they find someone else breaking them. The Republicans used it to their advantage so expertly on Clinton that the Democrats may never recover from the blow, the shitty thing is that history is written by the multinational conglomerate that runs both parties and the dog and pony show they put on for us in Washington can be entertaining, but I make a plaintive cry.

If Washington is not going to do anything important, then we should elect celebrities to figure head positions and pretend they govern for a living, just like now except we'll have semi-nude teen girls with their own movies, recording contracts, production studios, clothing lines, makeup accessories, and beverage endorsements shoved up their tight teen assholes instead of Dick Cheney and Donald Rumsfeld. You want to challenge yourself, trying masturbating with both of them going at once, it's hard at first, but once you plaster their faces with semen, you'll feel a whole lot better.

Wednesday January 25, 2006



## **THE END OF A MINIATURE ERA**

We're finally finished filming Dr. Satanicus. That means that in less than a week (in my dreams) or two (in reality) I'll have a finished copy ready for a screening. I laughed my ass off making the movie, and as much as I hope people enjoy it... I've already had my fun; I'm good. For anyone who doesn't know about Dr. Satanicus it's about the titular mad scientist (Mike Liska) trying to revive the spirit of the devil with a statue, stolen by two of his goons (Dimitry Nemirovsky and Dennis Howell). The goons lose the statue and a couple (Chris Porter and Cia ???/Annie Goldstein) find it, only to discover that it has mysterious powers.

Check out the movie when it's finished, I'll have a link for downloads.

Art is free.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Sunday January 29, 2006

## THE ART OF GLASS

Think about this moment right now. Chances are, you're confused, don't know where to turn. Some people say religion is the answer, and a lot of the time, if you're looking for advice; you're going to meet a lot of assholes. That's why I'm offering my books on tape. For \$19.95 you'll get both books: "Feel Better About Yourself By Buying My Book" and "Put Your Hands in Your Pockets and Give Me All Your Money, Vol. 1" plus I'll throw in the ultimate knife for free. You'll also receive two pounds of infinite love and happiness, but only if you act now, because supplies are limited, and we can't just give this stuff away. Listen to testimonials from some of our satisfied customers.

"The only thing I love more is strippers." Strip Club Patron; Boise, Idaho

"Take your books back to Russia, commie." Farmer Ted, Editor of the Iowa City Sun Times.

"I am impressed with this product. Please Check One" - A. Nonymous Customer, Anytown, MA

Who buys this crap? Every time I ask someone they say no, but they don't put those commercials on TV because people don't buy the product, do they? You're out there, with your electric toilet seats, and your scented anal suppositories,

and your Jessica Simpson flavored cosmetics. The American Consumer. Like a plague of locusts, we're lucky that their numbers are so few or this continent would look worse than Africa (Antarctica doesn't count, the US government does not formally recognize the sovereign state of Penguinland). Send me all your money and I promise that not only will my book bring you financial success but it will help you (circle all that apply)

lose weight

gain weight

build your self esteem

learn gun repair

increase your penis/breast size

That's the kind of ad I'd like to see, where people can just make up their own miracle product that then take the money they would spend on singing suspenders and eat it, since it will soon be worth less than a blowjob from the President on Friday night. That's why I started writing this to talk about the super bowl.

I think Janet Jackson frightened America (white women don't like the idea of mulatto children any more than white men). We were having fun for a while, everybody was starting to get really comfortable, herpes was disseminating enough to restore a large portion of the population to the dating pool, then September 11th happened and the stick, which was

almost out, went right back up America's supple, pink ass.  
I'm soon leaving this country, but I am not concerned,  
because I believe in the Super Bowl.

No one cares about football. Even the athletes have given up trying, settling instead for giving 50% collecting more money than God (still, the players union is a perfect example of why America needs to organize its labor. Look at the wonders it has done for professional sports and entertainment) The Super Bowl is about selling ads, and more people tune in to watch the commercials than the game itself. America loves to shop, but it creams its jeans just to do it from the couch.

The nice thing about largesse is that it creates wealth, but it costs a lot to keep up. You not just have to be wealthy, but you have to look and act wealthy, otherwise people will think you're a rube. The Superbowl is staying the same every year, but the spectacle around it is getting worse and worse every year. The advertisers want to advertise because the super bowl is popular, but the Superbowl is popular because of the advertisers. This kind of logic can be maddening.

So the players, who are now at 50% capacity, gather in a far off place, attended by thousands of people, where every hill billy bumfuck and multinational conglomeration comes to

hawk their cheesy wares amidst sub par, family safe, crappy entertainment. Americans are a bunch of rubes, because what I just described is a big flea market. I wouldn't mind so much, but get rid of the family friendly entertainment. I'd like to see a halftime show where the losing teams plays the catchers, and the winning team pitches. Lock them in the stadium and let them chase each other around. Loser gets it in the ass.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Monday February 6, 2006

## **I MIGHT NOT EVER SEE A BULLFIGHT BUT I'LL SWEAR TO YOU I DID**

It's not that I don't like values and customs; it's just that I don't trust them. No one is born a president, a garbage man, or a pornstar, they become over time based on the experiences that shape their lives; how does that affect a person's value? If every one's experience is unique then human life is invaluable because it is impossible to replace a person in the same way you might a toaster. That leads me back to customs, because they're just behaviors invented by people no different than me or you, so they are not anymore valuable than anything I can think of; like my fourth annual masturbation getaway (Go to a Public Place on a random day of the year and do something completely worthless: see a movie, read a magazine, watch commercial television, rub your private parts against a tree).

Too many people think that might justify all kinds of behavior including the proper way to celebrate, for what reasons, and at what time. Remember just two months ago, the people who were worried about the sanctity of Christmas? By that same logic, there is a large segment of the population locked in jail because they committed crimes, why don't these people have their own culture?

It turns out they do. The prison culture. Where things are truly equal between black and white because there are more black people in jail than white. The last time I interacted



with an authority figure they saw a group of young black men walking close together and said: "Look at these gang members." Or something like that. I wanted to pull down the vanity mirror in front of her and say: "Look at this cunt."

I had a crazy uncle, who used to write bad poems and "presumably" (he never let me read them) bad books as well. When I was a child I laughed at this man, pouring so much energy into a pointless task, the same way I'm sure nomadic hunters used to laugh at the idiots digging in the ground to make their food.

There is no such thing as value, when you believe in it you're chasing a dream. Something is valuable only so much as another person wants it. When a rapist looks at you and decides that you are their next victim, you are suddenly valuable, even something of a commodity. I can sit here and talk about this all day, but you'd get even more bored than you are now if you're still reading this. Regardless of your values, the only thing I can say for certain is that no one has ever wanted to the police to show up for themselves; therefore we may conclude that the police are without value. In other words, worthless.

Friday February 10, 2006

## **BALANCE**

Never take anything seriously and damn the consequences

I was talking to someone recently who said that yes, they did take it up the ass, and yes, they would suck a dick that had hitherto been in their ass, but they didn't like gay porn, they thought it was gross. I'm writing this because the last thing felt so heavy, and I didn't mention ass fucking once.

Get over yourself.

The hardest thing for me to do is admit that I am worthless, just like everyone else, because I'd like to think that my mother was right, and not PC, when she told me I was special. I have a wish list that I wish might come true, even if it's a long shot. Every day, I wish someone would:

Fart out loud, in public

It's refreshing, you shouldn't feel so stuffed up all day, and besides, it's always better, when speaking in reference to the hole between your butt cheeks, to loosen up.

Trick someone

It doesn't have to be a Rube Goldberg style "Punk'd" just do

something that will throw someone off, peel a pull/push sign off a door, switch two letters on someone's keyboard while they're not paying attention, unscrew a perfectly good light bulb, but leave it in the socket.

Read something

It doesn't matter what it is, just read it, which if you're reading my wish list, you're already doing, so good, you're ahead of the game, but there are people out there who are slacking off. Go out into the street and beat them with books until they submit. And don't worry about what's in the books; the basics of auto mechanics can be just as interesting as teaching women how to ejaculate.

Give yourself a present

Don't plan on it, don't anticipate it, just look for the opportunity and do it. Thank you, Cooper.

Revel in your body's waste

Masturbate, Pick your nose, scratch your ass and smell it, take a good long whiff of your armpits, scrape the dead skin off some part of your body and show it to a friend. If you are already doing this, good for you, if you have just finished doing this, wait a few minutes and do it again, if

you are boiling in rage at these suggestions, why don't you go jerk off.

I wish I were a mole in the ground. Sex Mahoney for President.

Friday February 10, 2006

## HAPPY VALENTINE'S DAY

February 14th is, in some cultures, the real groundhog day, except it applies to bears; that's the day the bears wake up; the holiday is symbolic is symbolic of all things spring, rejuvenation (they say love knows no age, it can make the old young, and the young pregnant, another sign of spring) and the other aspect of love that leaves mattress stains; however, in America it is St. Valentine's Day. Young lovers in love and the hopelessly romantic are giving gifts, rejoicing in the coming spring, and leaving stains on mattresses, car seats, and carpets everywhere. What's up with all the artifice?

My head is bursting with things to say about Valentine's Day, holidays generally make me feel like I'm out of touch with the mainstream. It's hard to deny the power that love has, as much as I try to be cynical about everything, because it really does take you away, but love is the easy part of other people. Spring is romance and love because it bursts forth so fast that there isn't time to think, it's all instinct; it's the easy part. The hard part is figuring out what to do with another person once you're tired of each other, but I didn't start writing this to talk about my views on cannibalism.

A relationship, physical or otherwise, is built on friendship, but sex is such a strange activity that it

twists everything around. I wouldn't mind if I caught my significant other played hai alai with another person, but as open minded as I try to be, I don't know I could extend the same understanding if I found them fucking someone else; it bothers me because it doesn't make sense. Sure monogamy makes sense considering venereal disease, but when has that ever stopped anyone from a particular behavior. A friend is someone with whom you can sit around and play boggle, but then what do you do with a lover. I've tried to keep fucking all the time, but it just gets sore after awhile.

I hear people say things like: "It's special," but I can't imagine them saying the same thing if they were with some kind of freakish person, like the elephant man. It's special means, I'm dreaming of someone out of my league. I suppose it's just another trait, some people look for it in a partner, some don't care. The artifice is the only thing that turns me off, you don't worry about your racquetball partner being special, and you just want to see how well they play. It's not that there aren't enough venues for people to find a sexual partner, I just don't understand how much liquor or chocolate it seems people need to get the job done. If you're single, and you have single friends out there, sleep with your friends; at least you'll have entertaining stories to tell at parties. But which ones to sleep with?

Men are easy to get along with, we have similar interests,  
and you don't have to talk very much with other men, but  
they're just not as milky soft as you'd like them to be...  
the lack of breasts is also disappointing.

So this Valentine's here's to the ladies, despite your  
erratic mood swings and violent tempers at least you've got  
breasts. It's almost enough to make me want to buy you gals  
a box of chocolates.

Tuesday February 14, 2006

## **HOT FRESH BREAD, NOW THAT'S A MOUTHFUL**

The Daily Show did a bit about Myspace, how awesome is that? Have you ever heard of a drug called Mucinex? It's an expectorant that's supposed to break up phlegm, that how it's advertised, what they don't tell you is that the phlegm then comes out of your ass in the form of painful, explosive diarrhea. Sometimes I want to write something, but I'm not sure what; after watching TV commercials for five minutes, it's like I've got a mainline straight to my muse.

Who buys it? How many of you have seen an ad, one that does not mention price, and thought to yourself: "Man I have to have that." Sometimes the ads are right up front, read "Harold and Kumar Go to White Castle," but sometimes they hide, every other mother in the theater. I can't remember the last time I saw a movie without a product placement. Now, companies have to advertise, that's how most of them stay alive, after all, no one needs Coca-Cola, Calvin Klein, or Nair to live and artists need money to produce their art, so what's the problem?

Creative control, artists have it, at least when they're producing for themselves, when the corporations get involved, then executives want to make changes based on market research and test audiences; all of them trying to catch lightning in a bottle. That hackneyed quip is the most intelligent thing about advertising because no one can



create a success, ask Kelly Clarkson. As bad as I thought the Lord of the Rings movies were, people went to see them in droves, that's a success. When you spend half your money on advertising and the other half on a star who can't act, all you have is the same old story, told with new faces, and hopefully a nude scene or two, only to make a 10% profit, that's not a hit, that's lucky.

I want to make myself perfectly clear, the Lord of the Rings will be a classic for this generation, and then it will disappear for the children who will make their own version of the same story. Classics become icons and stand long after their value is gone, but people ignore them in droves because they're old and tired, like crippled children trying to beg change on the street, they're more likely to be ignored than spit on, but that doesn't mean anyone cares.

I just heard an ad for a cell phone ring that says: "I'm counting down the minutes until I can be with you again."

I will spin in circles and shout this until my lungs burst and my remaining testicle turns into a puddle of goo: art is about artificial creating, anyone can do it at any time, it requires no special skill, just the time and will to accomplish a task. This is a useless plea, but stop... Stop going to see crappy movies, make your own. Camera's are not that expensive, and if it is out of your price range, then

put on a play with your friends. I hear the nay Sayers and the jackaninnies saying: "But we want to see experienced professionals." To which I reply: "When they start making good movies, then you can stop." We need to take back this mode of expression, take it away from the rich, who use the mass consciousness of this country like a playground, acting out their whims and fantasies.

Cavemen used to paint on walls because it gave them power of the animals that sometimes killed them, maybe that's why I love satire. Rich folks are sure to kill me one day, because until they do I'm just going to keep making fun of them. Call it a challenge if you will. Go ahead, I dare you.

So the Daily Show did a piece on Myspace, joking about the decline of real intimacy because of the volume of people on the site. I'm happy to say that I know all of my friends, most of whom I have met in well-lit places (only a few in dark alleys, but most of them never paid me, so aren't they real friends too?). One day I hope to be a liability to you all.

Friday February 17, 2006

Seven mattresses and she can still feel the pea

Princesses, girls are raised to believe that even though they clean floors for a living, they have every right to act like a spoiled bitch because they're special, after all who is protecting the virtuous flower of womanhood. I see these

forms all over the place, "10 things girls wished guys knew" or "What women really mean when they say" and they all support that same ideology, that women are princesses who must be coddled, and don't ever go sticking anything near their asses. I am sensitive to the fact that women are treated worse than men in our society, but pretending to be a princess, or feeding into that stereotype, is not the way to change the situation.

I hate artifice, see my thoughts on Valentine's Day, and I hate authority, so when women tell me that they're princesses they really mean: "I'm better than you" and if you've ever looked at most women, you'd know that is not the case. Granted, there are a lot more hot women out there than there are men, but let me clarify that, young women, it's very hard to find a girl over the age of twenty who hasn't started a gradual process of widening, but everybody is equal, or so I thought.

It turns out we're both wrong, me because I'm an idiot, who is hardly ever right, but the girl's because of a misconception. So here's something for the girls, akin to "Guys wish girls knew" except it's a very simple list, one item.

Ladies: You are not special, every man you have ever met is trying to fuck you; some of them just want the goods up

front, if that is the case put out right away or they'll just get bored and look for an easier target; the others will put up with a lot of your shit before moving on, that doesn't mean he loves you, he's just dedicated. Don't take credit for it, just go with it, or I'm going to copy write the sun rise and tell everyone it does it for me because I'm a hottie.

Attractiveness is an accident, if you were born hot don't hide it away in a tower like Rapunzel, whore it around like Snow White; otherwise, the only time you'll be attractive is if someone else finds you attractive, or you stop masturbating long enough to realize that everyone is ugly in their own way, and you're no worse.

Thursday February 16, 2006

## **HELLO, BABY HELLO, I CAN'T FIND MY FACE FOR A WHILE**

The telephone, it began as a slow death. I started college a few months before cell phones really took off and I didn't see them everywhere until the spring, in the meantime I gave up calling people and Rutgers shut off my phone for non-payment. People could still call my number, but I could not call anyone; I didn't care, everyone I needed to talk to lived minutes away and I didn't have to put on shoes to do it. I started using instant messaging a lot more. In high school I dated this girl for a very long time, and she loved to talk on the phone, hell, when I was in high school I loved to talk on the phone, I did it for hours on end. One day, I got tired of the telephone.

Fast-forward a few years, and now everyone has a cell phone and I don't have any phone at all. For the last week or so, I have been without a telephone and it's wonderful. It's so quiet around the house, and I never have any unwanted distractions, I could get used to life like this. I know that some time soon I have to get a new phone, but I'm going to delay it as much as possible.

In the meantime, I'm nearing 70% completion on Dr. Satanicus. I have a few more voice sessions to record and then we're done with the movie. I'll have it finished before I leave for Korea and it will be on archive.org along with "The Purple Monkey Strikes Again" and "We're Out of Pot!"

Sometime this week I'm going to shoot a short drama, it's going to be serious, but I hope it will be funny as well. When I leave for Korea, my old geocities page is going live with a big archive full of classic Sex, including old scripts, novels, and hopefully I'm going to serialize the new one so you will not only have updates about life in Korea, but a nice story to go along with my absence, just in case you thought life would get to sane without me. I'm so full of myself it's ridiculous, but at least I'm artistically productive.

Monday February 20, 2006

## HERE'S TO THE STATE

I have two things for which I am thankful: the rise of low cost retail electronics and the demise of pubic hair. I know, you say: "What do these two things have to do with one another?" On the surface they seem to be completely different subjects, but bear with me and closer examination will make everything clear.

It wasn't until the end of the seventies that advances in the field of pubic hair; prior to the event known as, the great trimming of America, it was too difficult to get a good view, made it possible for everyday people to explore the hairless world. Even as late as 2000 a study taken of women and men showed that as many as 25% of men and women over the age of 18 did nothing to stem the growing tide of unwieldy pubic hair.

Let me take this opportunity to editorialize. Pubic hair makes no sense, sure there is a gland nearby and you grow lots of hair in glandular places, but why? Plumage to attract a mate? Until people are more comfortable with showing off their pubes in public, that argument doesn't suffice.

My generation is the last of a dying breed, the kind of people who were alive before the affordable home PC, in the days of crazy pubic hair. The world was a lot less

functional in those days, back then, if I wanted a rare album I would have to go out and talk to weirdo's in hotel conference rooms, now I just have to click a few buttons and just about anything is at my fingertips, including the soiled underpants of a gorilla named Mittens. The world is becoming more functional, sure there are still flare ups of the old world order (damn you peasant shirt, go away until all the bras are gone, don't get me started on bras) but people demand instant satisfaction now. Gone are the days of waiting for anything, we want it raw, fast, hard, and right now.

Cheap electronics bring movies, music, and above all else, porno, to the people who need it most, and if you need it fast, then the computer services your needs as well. The computer opens up so many options, sure I can buy bottled water from any of the stores nearby, but I can order special water taken directly from the Amazon River, slurped into the gaping assholes of South American tribal chiefs, and shipped to my door at affordable prices. No wonder, the big pubic hair bush went away, we have variety. Who wants to settle for the old, antiquated model, when I can get a clean one with just a few clicks. All this functionality is stripping away the fat and excess (and bush?) of the old world order.

Don't get me wrong, in these days of plastic surgery, sometimes the classics are nice, and you can see, as



evidenced by the 2000 and 2004 elections, that some people have trouble letting go of their bush. They say: "It's ugly, I want to keep, whatever is down there, hidden from the light of day." Well, I say it's time to take out the razor, the scissors, the hot wax, the Nair, and whatever other accessories you have, and let's defeat the bush. I can't spend all day picking hairs out of my teeth and off my uvula (aka the hanging ball of courage), I need both of my hands to order these soiled Japanese gorilla panties.

Wednesday February 22, 2006

## **BUT I KNOW IT WILL CATCH UP WITH ME SOMEWHERE ALONG THE LINE**

I don't know why I'm a genius, but I am. I know exactly why I'm an evil genius, because it's more fun, but somewhere along the line, one or both of my parents must have been exposed to radiation, or, in the case of my mother, adulterous sex with a Nobel Laureate. Either way, I am a frickin' genius.

Today, I heard a man lambasted for wanting to disband the US army and a number of his critics reacted as though he said people shouldn't breathe anymore. No army? What kind of crazy country would do that? I mean, you'd have to be insane to think that it's not absolutely necessary to maintain a body of people whose sole purpose is to kill, rape, and burn while preventing other countries from killing raping and burning those designated for protection.

Why not get rid of the army? Well, for one, it creates jobs, but you could make the same argument about porno, in fact, given the proclivities of those in the armed services, they could make some banging porno with all the time they spend learning useless skills, like learning to shoot brown people.

What will keep us safe without an army? This doesn't need to be addressed, we're a Christian country, if anyone marches against us, and we will only turn the other cheek and wish

them the best.

So why is one guy, the mayor or rep from San Francisco, ripped to shreds for suggesting that we get rid of the army? Is it that crazy of an idea, that, even if peace is not achieved, someone else does all the fighting? War is game like any other, except the pieces are so much larger, and the hands moving them are so much richer. We're the ones who play the game, the civilians and the poor who fill the ranks of the lowly soldier, and we're the ones killed as the some other country's poor suckers come to do the dirty work. So why not stop playing?

I'm issuing a call, for all soldiers, all around the world, to lay down their weapons and fight no more for the power hungry idiots all over the world. If the soldiers everywhere are upset with this call, then I ask that you keep your guns, but use them to murder your generals, your presidents, your kings, and your leaders. When you are done, kindly turn the guns on yourselves. In the meantime, while you are overseas fighting for freedom, I will be having sex with your girlfriend. Suck on that.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Thursday February 23, 2006

## HEAVEN LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE DOWN

Self tanning and tanning beds? They screw up the pigment in your body and make your lips look weird, if you want to darken your skin, why not just roll around in shit?

Liquor advertisements are the best. My favorite one is a commercial for Bailey's Irish Creme that they don't show anymore. In it, there is a zero gravity bar, where globules of liquor float around the room and people scarf them down in a fun and free environment. Please drink responsibly. For thirty dollars I can make my own commercial: in it, I will have someone having sex with a playboy playmate, and then when they suck on her pussy, smoke will come out and a joint will emerge from the playmates vagina then it will start raining naked women from the ceiling. Please smoke responsibly.

Thursday February 23, 2006

## **THIS IS MY ONE PHONE CALL AND BABY I'M CALLING YOU**

Oh America, I didn't expect you home so early. What? I always do my sit-ups naked in bed. There's nothing in the closet. I... It's okay, you can come out South Korea, and we have nothing to hide. Now I know what you're thinking, and I know how this looks, but let me explain. You see, I haven't been happy for a long time, and I think we need some time apart. You've changed America. You used to be happy and self destructive, and wild and young, but now you're just a tired old crank; not to mention, you used to be a demon in the sack. Now all that's gone, you never let me put it in your butt anymore and you think I should have to suck my own dick. Well, let me tell you something, South Korea gives me something you never could. So what if South Korea's using me, at least it's honest, not cheap and tawdry like you've become. Look at yourself, all bloated, covered in makeup from head to toe and stinking like some kind of Parisian hooker. I know, it's hard, but we weren't good for each other, and maybe we can make a life for ourselves apart. Okay... one last time... for the road. That's right America... you like that don't you... with liberty... and justice... for all... Oh now, let it run down your chin, just like I like it. Now spit it back into my mouth, you taste that, that's freedom, it costs a buck o'five.

Wednesday March 1, 2006

## **I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY SIR AND I'M GONNA SAY IT NOW**

For those of you who haven't go check out the new releases from RJ Productions NJ at [We're Out of Pot](#), [The Evil of Dr Satanicus](#), and [The Purple Monkey Strikes Again](#).

I am safe inside Korea, I've been working like a dog, but I love teaching and I'm enjoying every minute of this. Great things about Korea: Height Adjustable Shower heads. This country is great. I can't wait to come back home, but it's going to be a fun year in the meantime. You can still reach me here at Myspace. See you all soon. Much love and luck in love to you all.

Sex Mahoney

Sunday March 5, 2006

## **A BREAK AT LAST**

I finally have a break when I can post a full blog, so here are some initial impressions of Korea.

This country rocks.

Picture everything that stinks about America and here in Korea they have found a practical solution, for instance:

1. Plenty of bicycle parking
2. Height adjustable showerheads
3. Children learn

You heard me, children learn here. There are very few taboo topics, on my first day I spent two classes discussing health care reform under the topic "Menstrual Leave For Female Students and Workers," none of the students giggled, they listened to the lecture thoughtfully, read the articles carefully, and responded adroitly (so many f\*ing adverbs). American schools are like prisons where children are molded into obedient slaves. Korean schools are like bright bastions of learning, where children are molded into actual productive members of society. Maybe I'm hyperbolizing, but I love this country. Fuck you America. Oh yeah, and the food is great, everything is spicy and has an actual flavor, not just hot.

Monday March 6, 2006

## **FREEDOM, BEAUTY, TRUTH, AND LOVE**

For the second time, I am coming to the end of F. Dostoevsky's "The Idiot" and my soul feels like it's bursting with love. I cannot describe how I feel in visceral terms, so love doesn't quite cut the cheese, but it's close; imagine if you will, having your intestines pulled out through your nostrils at the same time as having twelve orgasms. In America, it feels like everything that is beautiful must be beaten down and everything that is degraded built up, until we have the country I left, one of excessive mediocrity, something akin to the Egalitarian giant, who wanted to beat down the mountains and raise up the valleys. I want to love everyone, but I usually end up hurting everyone; I feel like such a Myshkin. When my wife joins me in Korea, I'm going to kiss her harder than I've ever kissed anyone, which is not quite true, but it's close. We have never been separated this long, and I still have two days to go.

Biding my time.

Wednesday March 8, 2006



## **LUNCH WAGON LEFT I STAYED AT MY DESK**

Last night I went to dinner all by myself, which may not seem like a big deal to you, but to me it was daunting. The last time I attempted this task I was met with rejection; however, I was determined not to give up until I achieved my goal. I walked to an open-air market full of restaurants and bars, finally picking the emptiest one (for all my bluster, I am still afraid of being laughed at) and sat down. The waiter recommended something, and I took him at his first suggestion, which was a beef dish, grilled on the table before me; it was very similar to hibachi, but it was a barbeque, not a grill, as I have already stated (of course the barbeque has a grill upon which the food is cooked, but for now, let's let grill be grille). The food was delicious and it came with a number of side dishes including: kimchi, a different kind of kimchi (this one with bean sprouts), raw onion, hot pepper, garlic, something like cocktail sauce, and a bowl full of lettuce. I wasn't sure for what to use the lettuce so I left it sitting on the table, later, when the grill caught fire, I learned that it is used for damping out flames. I ate, grilled more beef then ate that as well. The whole thing was so savory; I didn't mind the mostly liquid shit I took this morning.

I want to say that it was a unique experience simply because I was in Korea and unable to speak the language of anyone in the restaurant, but, as try as I might, I don't

think I've ever gone out to a restaurant alone. All of the Koreans were out and about with their friends, which only increased my loneliness (Mercedes is coming in 36 hours thank god). The other American teacher here is somewhat skittish about eating the local culture, and after the liquid shit, I can't blame him, but when in Rome, contract disease like the Romans. I think the Koreans in the restaurant were laughing at me anyway, I can't tell. At one point, during the meal, the waiter came over with a fork, but I waved him away; sure, I'm clumsy with chopsticks and they make my hands hurt, but if I don't learn, I'll never be able to pass for a local. Fin.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Wednesday March 8, 2006

## **I STILL SMELL TOMACCO ON MY FINGERS**

I saw a bird outside today that the Koreans call a magpie, but looks entirely different from the American bird of the same name; however, the bird struck me with its beauty and its grandeur, not so much because of its excess of those qualities, as it was the first wild animal I have seen since arriving here a week ago. America finally has one thing in which it surpasses Korea, the variety of its wildlife. I actually miss those devious squirrels, even their plans for world domination, because, when faced with a world without squirrels, I would rather live-forever in their servitude than dwell in an entirely human world. So for those of you that worried that I might not return from my sojourn to the Far East, don't fear, I'll come back for the birds.

Thursday March 9, 2006

## ONE IS THE RONRIEST NUMBER

Mercedes is here in Korea, finally, and as much as I was longing for her, now that she's here I have attained my aim, it takes some of the fun out of life. Not that I don't enjoy her company, but sometimes the waiting is what keeps us going. With that in mind, I'm reaching the end of Don Quixote, and for those of you who have never read the book, it is one of the saddest things I have ever experienced in my life. For me, there are few things that elicit an emotional response, I hardly ever cry over real life events, but when Jimmy Stewart comes home at the end of "It's A Wonderful Life," when King Arthur disappears in Book VI of "The Faerie Queene," and when Koyla shouts "Hurrah for Karamavoz" at the end of the book of the same title; I can't help but start crying. Add to that list the pastoral chapter at the end of Don Quixote, I can feel the slim pages remaining in my hands (thank god for the textual notes that add some depth or I'd fall apart completely) and I cry. If I knew what was coming I wouldn't have picked the book up before I went into the bathroom. There is nothing sadder than a man crying on the toilet bowl while taking a shit, but if there is a better metaphor for life I have yet to find it.

It seems that some people cry too easily, tears come just at the thought of unpleasantries, but, in accordance with the law of diminishing returns, I have cried enough in my lifetime; my heart is hardened toward the plight of others.

Why then, should I feel so touched reading about an imaginary character coming to the end of his imaginary adventures?

The world is a cruel place, there is much humor in it, and I hope that before I die I can make the world turn upside down laughing; however, what is an upside down guffaw but a scream. I laugh a lot, but I feel like I should be screaming; I think I am going mad. The trouble is that there are so many ordinary people in the world, and to be truly successful it is necessary that one be as ordinary as possible. The moment any one of us possesses a characteristic utterly unique, criticism and hangers-on bog them down. The former do much damage to the weak mind, but in their criticism, they bolster the defenses of the ego, the latter are the downfall of every great man or woman. Christ was betrayed by one of his number, but it was his "faithful" disciples who watched him die; Judas had the good sense to hang himself before the festivities truly began.

Everyone would like to think of themselves unique, and I am no exception, but sometimes I wish I were completely ordinary and stupid. If I am one the ordinary, I am more like the vicious ordinary, like Ganya Ardalionovich, and I imagine myself to be something more original than I am; however, if I am unique, I can only hope for a life of persecution and eventual degradation at the hands of the people whom I love. I don't know what I want.

To hell with the ordinary and the original, all I want is some good food, good smoke, and a little loving every once in a while. To ask for anything more is criminal.

Saturday March 11, 2006

## WHITE PEOPLE GOT NO REASON TO LIVE

That's right fishbelly; I'm talking to you.

I came halfway around the world to get away from white folks, and now that I'm here, I keep running into white folks.

Last night, Mercedes and I went to a bar to meet all the teachers from the Park English program. Some of them were very nice; some of them were very tiring. I try to keep a good face on things, but white people really are a disease, and it's spreading everywhere. America and most of Europe should be cleansed of this putridity and right quick.

I met a British man named Gareth who told me that for a few thousand dollars you can get quite a bit of land in South East Asia; I think that's awesome, that's where Gaugin went to die, why can't I, said the fly.

Bar culture seems to be the same everywhere, but I wouldn't really know. The bars that we went to last night were all western themed, I'm tired of western themed. The worst part of it is that everything in the west is just as hokey as the rest of the world's take on it, so it sets up horrid little mini Americas everywhere. The Koreans are very appealing, their culture is logical (patriarchal, but you can't ask for everything) and considerate; I love that. I saw a man in the this country help a complete stranger, an old woman, across the street; I told my students about it and none of them seem shocked until I told them that in

America she could have fallen down and people would walk right over her.

It's not that I dislike white people that much; it's just that most of my negative qualities are reflected in my peers, and my peers are all white folks. The friends I have back home, while not perfect, are good exceptions to that rule, but for all that, how many of them are there. Of all the people I've met in my life, I've only stayed in close contact with a few; what does that say about a lot of white people?

I try to understand, but it's so hard. I guess that's just the fascist in me.

Sunday march 12, 2006



## **I HEAR THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE IN OLD SAIGON**

I can't think of a damn thing to write so here are some random pieces of perspiration:

If you're the only one laughing the joke is much funnier than the intelligence level of the people around you.

Tell a friend that a stranger loves them.

Name a street after yourself, tear down all the signs and replace them with ones bearing your name, that's how those streets got their names in the first place.

Find the most pathetic, annoying, insulting person you can and befriend them, defend them no matter what, and then just before they die tell them what an asshole they are.

Eat as big a meal as your stomach can handle right before you die, if you're going out, go in style.

Politicians make more money than legitimate thieves, but it takes longer to break into that line of work.

Learn how to play a musical instrument with an odd part of your body, then get it stuck and wander the streets looking for helpful people to dislodge it.

Break something that is dear to someone else.

Tell the next stranger you meet that their breath smells bad.

Tell the stranger you meet after that, that they are exceptionally beautiful.

Take turns lying to people one day, and telling them the truth the next day. No matter what they ask you, stick to your convictions.

On the next warm day, find the heaviest coat you can find and walk around shivering in a public place.

Break into song or dance at random, begin in the middle of a line or move and don't complete it, but lapse into silence and act natural.

Write something uninspiring on an inspirational poster.

Masturbate.

Find a song or artist, movie or book, prose or poem, by an author you've never heard of and read it all the way through.

Tell a stranger that your friend hates them.

If you've never done it stick your finger in your ass, as far as it will go, it just might loosen you up.

Break something that is dear to you.

Monday March 13, 2006

## **BUT I RAP TO THE BEAT, JUST THE SAME**

Sometimes, children are maddening. Tomorrow is white day in Korea, it's when boys give presents to their girlfriends, they have Valentine's day here, but that's when girls give presents to their boyfriends. As much as I dislike Valentine's day, I love the idea that there is a day for each sex here in Korea. It makes things even. In America, the idea that femininity is pedestalyzed drives me bonkers, but then again, I'm the kind of guy that doesn't like to give or get presents unless they're deserved.

That said, I'm sorry to those of you I haven't called. The time difference makes the telephone almost completely useless. Not to mention that I have a cell phone for the first time in my life, but it doesn't ring or vibrate and most of the instructions and buttons are in Korean. Buy me bonestorm or go to hell.

Tuesday March 14, 2006

## **THAT DUSTY OLD DUST IS BLOWING ME HOME**

Korea has dust storms, how awesome is that? Of course, in a relative sense, it's not awesome at all; schools shorten their days, people stay home, the dust can scratch your eyes, they recommend that you wash your face, feet and hands when you come back home, but for me, that's awesome. I mean, I've always wanted to be a folk singer, I think it's the coolest job you can have, and to truly be a folk singer, you have to go through a dust storm or two. I've already got the poverty down, and I know how to perform in front of a crowd, now it's time for my real education. The dust storms start this Saturday, I am cheerfully afraid.

Boll weevil

The only instrument I brought with me to Korea was my harmonica and now I can't wait to use it while I'm idling away my hours, trapped inside by a dust storm. Mercedes had it in her purse when we went out to the bar with the other English teachers on Saturday night and I took it out when the American songs came on. I'm terrible at the harmonica, but luckily, in a bar, it's loud enough that people can't hear you when you play. A lot of people who were close enough to hear me play did move away once I started playing. I miss my guitar; I wish I finished that album before I left. None of the songs were very good, but none of them was terribly bad. I'm happy with my artistic output in my pre-Korea days, two novels in the last two years and a short film, we're doing all right. Chaucer hadn't done that by my

age, Milton had, but then again, he was Milton, what do you want from Milton. Hell, even Spenser didn't publish the Shepherd's Calendar until he was in his thirties, and I'm almost finished with mine. Suck on that Spenser, Chaucer, and Milton.

Dan Bern is posting blogs on Myspace. If you don't know who Dan Bern is, then you should check him out.

If folk music is the voice of the people, why does everyone complain about the way folk singers sing. Not everyone can be Joan Baez, and what's so great about Joan Baez anyway, every time I hear her talk, all she ever has to say is that she's soooo over Bob Dylan. We know how it is, you can't quit Jewish guys. I tried explaining that to a Korean woman last weekend; Mercedes was talking to some guy at the bar and this Korean woman asked me if I was worried, I said no because I'm the greatest lover in the world. She looked at me like I was crazy; obviously she's never had a Hebraic awakening.

For those of you who don't know who Dan Bern is, or for those of you who don't think Dan Bern is all that special, here's a little something that you can read, and here's to those Korean dust storms, now I gotta be drifting along.

Tuesday March 14, 2006

## **MOLASSES IS NOT AFRAID TO SLOW DOWN**

I am hungry, which is a mood that myspace allows its users to choose from a list of available moods when posting a blog. I find that amusing, not laugh out loud amusing, but amusing none the less. This blog is the only thing I've written since arriving in Korea two weeks ago, and if I'm not careful with my money, it will be the only thing I write until I return to America. I want a laptop just like Paul needed John. I'm too hungry to write anything meaningful. Mercedes is making dinner tonight for Ray and me, a good old fashioned American meal made of home fries, eggs, American cheese and onions.

The Arabic nations of the world are fed up with our interference in their self determination; as a show of defiance they will henceforth call it Shitty Cheese.

I miss home a lot, but I wouldn't go back there.

You can't ever go home again, home is just the place where they have to take you back, but that doesn't mean you can ever go home again. I've done this myself with some of the girls I dated and I've seen others do it just as frequently, where things deteriorate to the point of no return, you split up and then come crawling back to each other for the sheer spite of each other's protection. I can't trust America right now, she lied to me, or maybe she told me the truth, but I wanted to see it differently up until now; either way, I can't trust her again for a while, and I can't trust myself around her.

Wednesday March 15, 2006

## **AND IF YOU WANT TO BE FREE BE FREE**

Justice is a dirty word. Someone compared my apartment to a prison today, it's the nicest place I've ever lived, somewhere out there is a world beyond my ken, but I don't mind it so much. What do you need to be happy? I've never needed anything but the world around me, not matter how bleak it looked, and sure I may be a long term pessimist, but I'm a short term optimist (of course we're all going to die someday so what does it matter). Value innovation. That's what the poster hanging up in the office right across from this computer says and it's a giant picture of dolphins jumping above the calm waves of the bluest sea you've ever seen. The dolphins don't mind living in the sea, I don't mind living in my prison.

All my life I gathered possessions and garbage around me, the only worthwhile thing I ever collected were friends, I wouldn't lose them for the world; too bad I had to travel all the way to the other side of the world to realize that.

I've never been good at keeping in touch with people, I'm terrible at returning phone calls and most of the time I break plans because I'm too lazy to leave the house. Why can't we all just live together? A friend on myspace said they lost their cell phone tonight, and it was the first time they lived without a phone, but that can't be true, when they were younger, I'm sure they didn't care about a phone at all. I have a cell phone now for the first time in my life and it doesn't work right so I can't call most



people and no one can call me. I don't mind so much, but I wish I kept better contact with old friends.

What I can't understand is how people can look around them and feel sad for anything but people. People are the only worthwhile commodity, I can always buy another computer, and even all of my porn is replaceable, but I could never replace a lost friend.

Some people say that you should live without regrets, but that's just foolish. I used to think the same thing, but eventually you have to make some difficult, paradoxical choices. If you don't die with some regrets you never challenged yourself. That's too much like living life in a prison.

One of my favorite stories and movies is "Rita Hayworth and the Shawshank Redemption," sure Stephen King may not be the best writer of all time, but he knows how to tell a story, and he got me to believe that no matter what, life really is beautiful; he showed it to me amidst shit, and if you can find beauty in shit, then it's everywhere. Everywhere you want to look anyway.

So I don't mind my prison, I'd live in a real prison if it came down to it, and even if it broke me to the point of dying, I'd still die with a smile on my cum stained face. These truths are self-evident; you can't deprive someone of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, no matter how hard you try.

Sex Mahoney for president.

Friday March 17, 2006

## **TAKING OUR VARIOUS TURNS AT THE WHEEL TAKING...**

...booze, pot, and cigarettes

When did alcohol become THE socially acceptable behavior? Okay so ancient people couldn't drink water, because it was more often than not poisoned, but water is pretty clean today and yet people are still chugging down the sauce pretty fucking hard. Mercedes, Ray, and I got drunk last night; I can't really speak for the two of them, but I was plastered. I ate only a peanut butter sandwich before work (12 hours before the drinking) and right away when we came home I had five or six shots of Soju (Korean sweet potato vodka-ish 22-24% alcohol by volume) in five or six minutes; we took a break, walked around for a little bit, had a cigarette.

Cigarettes are another drug that is socially acceptable, why? I can't imagine, you put a cigarette in your mouth, take a drag and try to speak at the same time. Impossible, you can't speak (expelling air out of your lungs, passing it over your voice box and shaping it with your mouth, tongue, and teeth) at the same time you INhale a cigarette. Impossible.

So Mercedes, Ray, and I came back to his apartment and we started a power hour. Ray had this awesome idea to make a CD

full of 60 second song clips to facilitate the power hour, and it is a genius idea. Of course, starting a power hour is anything but a genius idea; however, I give the man credit, because credit is certainly due. The power hour went off without any problems, Mercedes threw up once or twice, but I sucked down all of that beer even though my rational brain said stop more than once along the way.

The same thing I said about cigarettes goes for drinking, you try speaking and swallowing at the same time. Impossible.

Marijuana. Sweet, sweet marijuana

I'd fuck my own mother, just for a puff of a joint right now, and I'm sitting at work. Mom, if you're reading this, I'm sorry you're getting the raw end of the bargain here, but I've got a very simple problem, and anyone can solve it if they want. Just a little bit of ganja. Please.

There's no such thing as a sure fire cure for everybody. Some people hate marijuana, it makes them paranoid, it makes them sleepy. I won't force my habit on anyone; I just want a little bit for myself. I don't like drinking, I don't even like cigarettes all that much (but in Korea they cost 2.50 a pack) but I loves me some marijuana. Of course, we'd all be better off if we didn't use any drugs, but if I had to pick

one and get rid of all the others, it would be acid; however, we can't always get what we want, and not everyone is as insane as I am (or will be if all I do is acid), but I'm willing to settle for a little bit of ganja.

Sure, I love to write, but I'm not great at it. When the mood strikes me, I write a story, and it makes me happy to have good and bad things happen to people that I invent, but the earth is still going to spin around its axis and the sun long after my bones are nothing more than the fossil fuels of the future. (Which brings to mind an interesting thought, what if dinosaurs were intelligent and kept massive graveyards for their dead, like elephants, isn't it sacrilegious to suck their remains out of the ground, because if not, as soon as I get back to America, I'm going on a corpse fucking mission) My dream is to retire to a farm where I can live on vegetables, write when it pleases me, and smoke myself stupid until it's time to die. I don't want children, I don't want money, I don't want a big screen TV or my honey, I just want some weed, or maybe some seeds, and if world doesn't like it, I will take my revenge on its children.

I feel like shit today, because, well, alcohol sucks, and every time I tell myself I'm not going to drink anymore I always end up doing it again. So I'm making a deal with myself, once a quarter. Once every three months I can get

drunk, you know, to be social; otherwise, I'm not touching alcohol.

Saturday March 18, 2006

## GET ME A TAXI CAB OR AN AEROPLANE

Broken glass on the stairwell this morning and Mercedes was upset last night. I love Korea, but not for the same reason I did last week. The nice thing about being a foreigner in a strange country is that people leave you alone because you look strange and you don't speak the language. The shitty thing about being a foreigner in a strange country is that you may as well be in the middle of nowhere wherever you go because you look strange and you don't speak the language.

I went to this restaurant last night, and apparently the only thing they serve is barbequed beef; lacking a suitable vegetable or fruit alternative for Mercedes, we turned back home and I had a meal of grape juice and peanut butter; it was almost like a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. The sweet thing is that we have all these peanuts lying around, so all the peanut butter is super crunchy. Korean peanut butter tends to separate quickly, the way cheap peanut butter will, but the good stuff costs five or six dollars a bottle and there's too much Jew in me to do something like that.

Mercedes, Ray, and I watched Brokeback Mountain last night, and the more I see Ang Lee movies, the more I hate them. Brokeback wasn't as sentimental as I thought it would be, so that helped it some, and Heath Ledger is very

adorable (I don't like Jake Gyllenhaal, fuck Donnie Darko), but for all that, the movie has nothing to it. What happened in Brokeback could be summed up in twenty minutes by a crappy director, five minutes by a good one, so where's the rest of the movie? Maybe I'm just in a bad mood, but that movie sucked; poor Enis can't love, that's because he's a coward, like the rest of America, you want something, you take it, that's why the Republicans are in power.

I'm going to publish a novella, based on something Chaucer wrote a long time ago, called the Legend of Good Women. It will be published in weekly installments, check it out if you're interested. The link will come later.

Anyone who reads this, grab some thing you love and let it know you love it by the end of the day. Don't waste your time spouting worthless words from the mouth, just grab it and kiss it.

Sunday March 19, 2006



## **MAYBE SOMEPLACE BY THE SEA, I'M MOVING ON**

Korea is looking better every day. Last night, Mercedes figured out how to order food and we had pizza delivered in thirty minutes or less, it had meatballs, ham, and pepperoni on it, came with radishes, sweet pickles, and 1.5 L of Pepsi (it's hard to find Pepsi outside of supermarkets here, everybody is hard for coke). That might not seem like a big deal to you, but it's the first time we figured out where we lived and had someone bring us food. The Korean world is slowly becoming our Oyster. Sure it's missing all those things that I've been missing (like tits and pot) but you can't ask for everything or you're a greedy bastard. I'm gearing up to start writing an online serial novella, but it's more like an ode to my two favorite things, tits and pot.

I love breasts, walking down the street in America may not be the safest activity (Korea is much kinder to its pedestrians, they have sidewalks, but the sidewalks are slanted) but the eye candy is to die for. Mercedes is the only decent pair of breasts in this country, and I'm not complaining so much as pining. I miss all the tittles. You men in America, as you smoke your bong, if you're lucky enough to be near a pair of nice breasts, give them a tender kiss and tell them Sex Mahoney sent you.

Monday March 20, 2006



1596

When the Irish came, the burned out Edmund Spenser, and possibly the remainder of the Faerie Queene; it's hard to determine, he died later that same year. If I wrote a ten thousand plus line epic poem and the Irish destroyed it, I'd probably die too.

This is an elegy for all those works, those books that never made it to the modern day; the lost texts of antiquity. For every one book that survived, there were ten that never made it, maybe they weren't any good, either way, here's to you little books. Good rest for your souls, may everything I write, one day fill your ranks.

Tuesday March 21, 2006

## **I'M ON A RAMPAGE AND I DON'T WANT TO STOP AT ALL**

Like a racing car, passing by like lady Godiva. Myspace thinks I posted four blogs today, but that's not true, because Myspace thinks today is yesterday and what's up with that when yesterday is clearly today here in Korea, and tonight when you go to sleep I'll already be halfway through tomorrow. Out here, time is space, not that other way around. I'm wandering through the wood and looking for the grail. San Greal, or possibly Sang real (check your sources). I don't have any other entertainment in Korea so I've been reading about all the things that turned me on as a kid. Mysteries of the past. Lost legends, kingdoms that never existed or disappeared before we learned how to write about them.

I posted the first chapter of a book called the legend of good women; it's a novella full of short stories about women at various stages in their lives. I'm trying to stay one week ahead of the reader, but I'm lazy here, even without the pot, I can't motivate myself too often, or I feel burned out. What do you want me to do about it? I feel like I'm in the zone, so I just keep typing when I should have stopped a long time ago, but it's only when I write that I feel like I can talk all I want. In real life, I try to stop myself before I say something stupid, but every time I open my mouth, I can't help myself. Maybe I should have studied harder in school.

I had a dream last night where I kept trying to fuck a pornstar, but she was upset and wanted me to stop; telling me she was too dry. I don't know why, but I didn't want to stop and get lube; I was in the zone. Now I can't stop writing and I have nothing important at all to say. Maybe it's because I haven't been masturbating since I got here, I have to do something with my hands, and I suppose this is cleaner, but a hell of a lot less fun.

To all you celibate people out there, what the hell is wrong with you? Touch yourself once in a while, you'll feel a lot better, trust me. Hot dogs for breakfast, beans for lunch.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Tuesday March 21, 2006

## **CY YOUNG HAD THE MOST LOSES OF ANY PITCHER**

Giving up is hard to do, I don't mean that soft pansy type of quitting, but I mean the hard stuff, letting go of your mortal coil and shufflin' off the buffalo. The first thing you should ask yourself, before you commit suicide, is: "Why didn't I do this sooner?"

Honestly, if you're thinking about killing yourself, why didn't you do it the day before, or the day before that, what is it about today that makes it so special that you want to die? Maybe it's a significant date, like the same day another relative died (possibly by their own hand). At any rate, if the day is significant, it is imbued with meaning by you, the person who chose the date, once you die it is no longer significant, and if you're lucky people forget you existed; if you're unlucky, they discuss the tragic implications of your death in college English classes, and thirteen year old girls wear t shirts bearing your picture until the next teen heart-throb blows their head off or stabs themselves through the heart (the way a real man should go).

I often think about death, and it scares the shit out of me; I don't have the balls for it. Some people think that suicide is a coward's way out, but these are the same people who tell you to take it like a man, and face the music when the piper pipes. Dying is a process as natural as fucking,

and as much as I like fucking, there's nothing about dying that makes me want to try it... and I'll try anything once, but that was long ago, and this isn't summer camp anymore. Still, dying turns me on.

Even as a child, I read stories about serial killers and mass murderers because I like to read, and let's face it, the babysitter's club is good whacking material, but it's only interesting while the cum is still warm in your hands. Some people even call orgasms, little deaths, so I suppose the two might have more to do with one another than I previously thought, but all the people who compare orgasms with death are still living, and they have, most likely, never died. For my death fixation, many of my peers looked, and continue to look, at me as if I were strange, but I never looked a vacant piece of pasture land and thought: "Boy, we should bury dead people and build monuments to them here."

Death and taxes are the only two things guaranteed in life, but that's grimmer than even my worst nightmares (in which everyone looks the same and they all want sun chips). I have yet to decide what to do about any of this, but as long as there is fresh porn in the world, I can't think of any reason I'd want to die; so, don't look at me like I'm weird, or I'll skull fuck your children and piss in the

decomposing remains of your long dead relatives... the good news is, the sun chips will be free.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Wednesday March 22, 2006



## WHEN I CONSIDER HOW MY LIGHT IS SPENT

If you write from personal experience, expect your output to suffer according to the limitations of your environment. I didn't say that, Dan Bern said it, and he said it much better and shorter and with more feeling. I'm working on the last two months of my shepherd's calendar, I started a novella, and I'm working on the next novel; I should feel more productive, but it always seems like time is slipping away from me faster than I can catch it.

Everyone gets one moment, a time when they're on top of the world, and nothing, not time, or slander, or failure will ever stop them; the only problem is that in order to understand and comprehend that feeling you have to experience a corollary moment of utter despair, when it seems like nothing will ever be good again. I've heard people describe the first time they saw their children in such terms, maybe there is nothing better you can do... propagation of the species and all.

Jerry Seinfeld talks about listening to Robert Kline as a comedian who made comedy seem accessible, like it was something anyone can do, and I remember listening to a folk singer or a musician (maybe it was Henry Rollins, but I don't think so) who said the same thing about developing their own material (maybe it was Dan Bern, who knows). There's always someone out there to hold your own work

against and wonder if you'll ever be as good. Milton wrote this poem when he was a young boy about standing in the shadow of Shakespeare, four hundred years later the words have a peculiar quality, if you were born before Shakespeare died, I can't imagine what it felt like. Tolstoy and Dostoevsky wrote their classics "War and Peace" and "Crime and Punishment" (respectively) at the same exact time, some of their books were literary responses to the other, I'm sure there were people just as blind as me, who spurned their books and said "I don't read any of that fancy new literature, just the classics." It makes me sad for all the contemporaries I'm missing.

The original Shepherd's Calendar ends with Colin Clout saying goodbye to everything and seeking his fortune in the city, but it is tied in with the larger idea of death at the end of the year. I wrote yesterday that no one knows what death is like, but anyone who has felt that experience of being on top, and has the wisdom to realize that the feelings that generated that experience are over, knows exactly what death is like. Maybe we only mourn for ourselves.

I don't believe in much, but I'll say it again. The secret of happiness is at least one good meal, one good spank, and someone to cuddle every day. To ask for anything more is criminal. I don't care if I'm repeating myself, I'm

too stuffed full of food to care. It takes the edge off me; maybe I should go for a walk. It's much harder to whack off at work. Plus, having children around puts a very dirty light on masturbation, I haven't done it, and don't know if I could. It's not clean and dignified like beating off in a factory after hours.

There are so many things you regret in life, but if you didn't regret them, you wouldn't be the person you are today. So much depends upon a single blade of grass. Suck on that.

Thursday March 23, 2006

## **I'M OFF THE WAGON AND I'M HITCHING A RIDE**

I walked home from school last night, and I walked back this morning freeing myself from the last vestiges of that awful feeling plaguing me, that I was alone in the far east, at the mercy of the people who brought me here; however, I must have eaten something bad for lunch because my stomach feels like someone has their hand up my ass, twisting my bowels in knots. If only good feelings came without punishment of some kind. I suppose I'm resigned to accept the good with the bad.

Mercedes and I went to lunch with one of the other teachers from the school, I had ojingo (squid) and she had tofu soup. Afterwards, we went back to the teacher's house, had a fun time drinking tea and talking about the differences between white and Asian people, and she sent us home with some foul tasting Kimchi, it was homemade.

Out here, the phone doesn't ring, music plays until someone picks up, as if everyone were their own private corporation; I'm waiting for a voice to come on the line and say (in Korean): "Thank you for holding, your call is very important to us, please stay on the line and you will be assisted by the first available monkey."

I saw the first Korean bug today, it looked like a lightning bug, but it didn't light up; I wanted to examine

it further, but it was hard to distinguish individual parts when it was crushed in a tissue and flushed down the toilet. I've re-evaluated my life, that's how I want to die.

Saturday March 25, 2006

## **I TRIED TO LEAVE YOU**

My vision of a perfect world, by Stacy Turner, age 16

In Korea, it is required for Police Officers to possess bachelor's degrees, stay physically fit for the length of their service, and learn basic martial arts.

What kind of crazy person makes it a rule that police officers should be educated? That takes away a good job from someone just because they can't pass a few stupid tests, and don't know how to read good.

Police should have guns, otherwise, black people will start to get violent, and then who knows what could happen. Everyone knows that policemen do not use their guns unless threatened, and what's more threatening than black people?

Why should Policemen stay physically fit? Does a fry cook have to look healthy? Or the mayor? Just because someone is overweight, and can't run good, doesn't mean they should be fired. That's discrimination, and everyone knows that discrimination is wrong.

I think that Korea should relax it's restrictions on its police officers, because it is wrong. San Demis High School Football rules.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Saturday March 25, 2006

## **WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR ABSOLUTELY NOTHING SAY IT AGAIN**

Watched most of Jarhead and Will and Grace with Mercedes and Ray last night. If there was ever a reason to hate America, Will and Grace provides ample ammunition for all the holy soldiers of Islam for a thousand years. I cracked a smile once, and Mercedes told me about a funny line that I missed, but damn is it a bad show. I think it's still on the air, which troubles me more than Bush being in office; I just checked; they're in their 8th season, what the fuck? To be fair, I never watched an episode of Will and Grace before last night, I mean, I'm prejudiced against pop culture in most of its forms, but I was shocked to see how banal TV can get; then again, they're on TV, I'm not; although, after watching an episode, I can't figure out why. Take every stereotype of a gay man you've ever seen and that's the show, in a nut sack. Spike Lee was right, if you pitched an old fashioned Minstrel Show to TV execs, they'd go nuts.

Jarhead, on the other hand, was Full Metal Jacket without all of Stanley Kubrick's exciting action. After an hour or so, which felt like seven, Mercedes and I copped out and went to bed. There was one good line though. Chris Cooper is showing pictures of children burned by Saddam Hussein's chemical weapons and drumming up the troops and then he gives them their assignment: "Protect these oil fields." Ahh, democracy. What can you say about a country whose best leader in the last five centuries was a genocidal dictator.



Sure Saddam killed his own people, but the live ones had water to drink and TV to watch, how many Americans die every day?

As I walk down the street in Korea, people look at me like my head was made of cheese and I whistle the Flight of the Bumblebee out of my ass with every step I take. The other day, they played The Final Countdown in a department store. I love this country, but I miss America. Keep her safe until I get back, and if you get a chance, put a bullet in the head of that idiot Bush. It won't kill him, but it just might make him smarter.

Sex Mahoney for President, 2008.

Campaign Slogan: Could you do any worse?

Saturday March 25, 2006

## **WON'T YOU LET ME SEE YOUR NAKED BODY**

Everyone has their own vision of heaven, and everyone has their own vision of cool; I don't give a rat's ass what people see as their ideal, I want to know their worst fears. The sad part is that, like even the most frightening vampire, when exposed to the light of day, they shrivel up and die, so that no one can ever know what scares another human being. In my perfect world everyone is a little devil, just waiting for a chance to rip off their clothes and throw down for some hot, dirty fun; however, I'm afraid, that everyone is much more conservative than I imagine.

What fun is it to behave? To stand in line with everyone else? Does anyone get joy from doing the same thing a million and a half other people do? Who out there watched Cheaper by the Dozen and thought it was a good movie? Is it even important?

There's a great movie from the thirties called "The Crowd" and at the beginning of the movie, this little boy hears his mother saying that her son will someday be president of the United States. Cut to the same boy at the end of the movie, thirty years later, one of his children is dead, he's just been fired from his shitty job, he's got a bunch of other snot nose brats, and his wife is busted from all the kids she's been pumping out. This lovable loser is sitting in a movie theater with a sad face, and, as the

camera pans out, he starts laughing with the rest of the  
braying masses. That scares the shit out of me.

What worries me most is that I won't know when I've gone  
insane, or that I will know, but will be powerless to stop  
it. Either way, I suppose I'll just start laughing. I laugh  
a lot as it is.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Sunday March 26, 2006

## **YOU CAN FIND ME IN THE CLUB**

Last night, after I got out of work, two of the employees from the school would not let me walk out of here; they insisted that I come with them to the house of another teacher, Julie, who was having a birthday party. I arrived at Julie's house around 10:15 and there were cold snacks (fries, chicken, and squid) as well as tons of Soju (think vodka, but only 40 proof). Mercedes and Ray were already at the apartment with another of the teachers from the school, Kayla, and they had just finished a power hour; the Koreans were impressed with the power hour, apparently, that is a uniquely western custom. After two hours of drinking someone suggested we go to a night club, I tried to get Mercedes to bail with me, but by that point I was too drunk to do anything but follow my eastern hosts into the back of a very crowded taxi.

The Korean nightclub was on the second floor of what looked like a warehouse. We waited in line for maybe ten or fifteen minutes, until one of the Korean bouncers (think short stocky Italian, now make him Korean) ushered us into the club.

On stage, a boy band, dressed in white leather pants and vests, with their hairless chests exposed, held instruments and pretended to play; I'm not sure if they were lip synching, I couldn't understand what they were singing and

it was all in Korean. There were tables covering 75% of the floor where we were served a plate of dried snacks (chips, sesame cakes, and something that looked like a cheeto, but was very spicy) and a plate of fresh fruit (watermelon, grapes, apples, pears). Mercedes and I had a fun time dancing, and, after the boy band left the stage, a hot little Korean girl trio came out and slowly disrobed and rubbed against each other (they may have little tits, but damn are they hot, still, not as hot as Mercedes, she looks like a woman, they have the appeal of a ten year old boy, but they all smell like flowers or fruit).

The other westerner, Ray, was loaded last night, when we got to the club he couldn't stand up straight, and the bouncers kept asking if he was okay (I think, it was in Korean, so I don't know). At the club, he kept taking off his shirt, and on the way home he bit Mercedes through her coat. We dropped Ray off at his room, and ten minutes later, while Mercedes was undressing and I was taking a shit, Ray came into the room asking after another westerner we met who lived on our floor. When he left, I remembered to lock the door, and then I passed out.

Koreans know how to party. The best part is that everyone at the club danced like a retarded white person, even I looked cool by comparison and I'm so uncoordinated I can barely walk in a straight line. Good lord do I miss

marijuana. If I had an eighth and a bong I could have talked them out of doing everything we did last night. No wonder people go insane. This whole country needs a weed enema.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Campaign Slogan: A chicken in every pot, and a joint in every mouth.

America, Fuck yeah.

Sunday march 26, 2006

## HOW DO YOU KEEP THEM IN VLADIVOSTOK

Two articles in the newspaper this morning.

The first: thousands protest the expansion of a wall between the US and Mexican border, which will now cover 1/3 of the imaginary line between our countries.

The second: nude scenes on the rise as more actresses choose to take off their clothes on screen.

You may ask yourself: "How are these articles related?" or "How did I get here?" And the answer to both of those questions is Tang, because if anyone knows how to get some tang around here, it's you. You have the power in your hands, right now, to put it all away, to ignore the third base couch and run for home. What I mean to say is this: "No more sweet potato salad, and keep your damn hands off her."

Some actresses said they love taking their clothes off on screen, some said they never would because it cheapens their profession; both of these people are clearly idiots. You validate them by paying ridiculous sums of money for their increasingly crappy movies, stop going to the movies, stop buying the DVD's, download them like a normal person, and maybe they'll make movies worth watching. If you look at world population density maps, you can see large clusters of civilizations springing up around natural water sources, if

you look at world monetary density maps you can see large clusters of ass fuckers springing up around semi profitable businesses. Actresses have no right to take off or not take off their clothes, they have their jobs because people want to see them, if people want to see them naked, then they should take off their clothes, because they're not much better than talking mannequins.

There is no wall between the United States and Canada, none, and that border is much longer and much harder to defend than the Mexican border, but Canadians are decent, god fearing white people, and we have no reason to worry about the security lapses, so says Senate Majority Leader Bill Frist (who told us all last year that we can get AIDS from tears), occurring to the north; on the other hand, you can't trust brown people, and brown people come from Mexico. You have an obligation to remember, that no matter what reasons they give, white people can't be trusted, if you're white and reading this, don't trust yourself, question all your actions, and kill whitey.

Sex Mahoney for President. I love you all.

Monday March 27, 2006



## **WE HAD A TIME OH WHAT A TIME WE HAD A TIME**

Pointless nostalgia

I've been catching up on everyone's blogs, even the offsite ones, if you write something I want to read it, because there's somebody out there reading me. I'm sure it's just the police and whatever other government agencies monitor the ravings of madmen, I'd like to return the favor to them, but every time I try to thank them, the voice breathing on the other end of my phone stops and then I hear some clicks and whirs. If I call you on the telephone we're talking to the eff-bee-eye.

I've never felt like I missed anyone more than I do right now, sure Mercedes is here, but what good is she? I tried teaching her how to spin plates and juggle poodles, but she wasn't any good at it; it's a good thing she likes me and puts up with my idiocy otherwise we'd have nothing in common except that I think she's the hottest thing under the sun and that's just because she's not the center of the universe. Not yours anyway.

Korean men love Mercedes, but they hate me, just like American men... I think. I can't really tell if it's the long hair or the androgyny or just that I'm a foreign devil sent to poison their culture with my Big Mac's and loose

morals; some people just eye me suspiciously, the rest of them cross to the other side of the street.

People in Korea talk about black people as if they were hellspawn sent to suck the souls and wallets of decent semi-white folks everywhere. I don't know why, I've seen two black people since I arrived here, both of them whiter than I. One of them was an 18 year old kid who had joined the army and got lucky enough to come to South Korea instead of Iraq. I asked him how he dodged that bullet; he said he just got lucky. We didn't talk much, but I told him to be safe, just in case. Western Culture is a disease, I wonder why they let us live. The greatest threats facing the world today are McDonald's and George Bush; guess which one leaves a bigger mess in your toilet bowl.

Mercedes found something neat in a Korean Outback Steakhouse, a toilet with heated seats, I wonder if that helps move the mail.

People don't give Sigmund Freud enough credit, I guess that comes with telling everyone that they want to screw their mother, what do you want, his mother was hot... well, not that hot, but definitely easy. If you had a son that could prescribe pharmaceutical cocaine, you'd do the same thing.

The last thing I want to be is judgmental, but I'm too much of a jerk for that. I need to change. Jesus wouldn't do that; I need to be more like Jesus. Who wants to follow me around the desert and screw prostitutes?

I'm sure Jesus had bad days, remember Lazarus, what about all those times that didn't work, and JC had to rig up a corpse pantomime show. You ever see a three day old dead body dance the Charleston? Let's all shuffle off to Nazareth. Here's to heresy and jealousy. Salud.

Sex Mahoney for President

Campaign slogan: Not quite as big as the Beatles, but 3/4 of an inch bigger than Jesus.

Tuesday March 28, 2006

## **TAKE THE BEST IDEA YOU GOT**

Pizza tonight, stuffed crust with some kind of topping, and cream supaghetti (Korean for Spaghetti). The chicken that comes with the pizza is all dark meat, it is very greasy and the last time I ate it, my stomach felt like it was collapsing on itself. Food in Korea is awesome, if you eat actual meals, the fast food here is much worse than America, they use Chinese meat. You can't trust those dirty Chinese, they eat cats. The Koreans eat dog, there's nothing wrong with eating dogs, and they don't deserve to live, but cats? Come on, they're filthy.


If you could eat one type of species that is currently prohibited by law, what would you eat?

I would eat Dodo; the whole, extinct thing really does it for me.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Thursday March 30, 2006

## KISSING TODAY, COMPONENTS THAT SHAKE UP A GLOW JAY

Current mood:  recumbent

If, on your deathbed, the worst thing you have to say about yourself is that you never accomplished anything, then you probably did more than you realized but some other fucker got all the credit. Go chase that person down and teach them a lesson. They have no right intruding on your business. I know, you may be dying, but what kind of a pussy are you. I suppose if you're on your deathbed and some wanker is taking credit for everything you've ever done, then you're a giant fucking pussy, but that beside the point.

I wanted to talk about diamonds. At one point in time, someone picked up a diamond and said, this shit is worth something, probably not, more likely, someone picked up a diamond and said, I've got a million of these things lying all over my farm, what the fuck am I going to do with all these useless diamonds. That's the precise moment advertising was born.

Actually, advertisers probably didn't have to try very hard to sell people on diamonds, people love shiny things better than things that make noise, and since it was much harder to add sound effects in the past, people probably

wanted plenty of shiny things. Now you can add sound effects to anything (my air conditioner plays a lovely little song when you turn it on or off), but that still takes us away from diamonds.

What good is a diamond for anything? Maybe if I spent my days cutting rocks, or leaving messages etched into people's windshields, I might have a use for diamonds; however, ordinary, sane human beings, spend most of their time sitting on their asses, picking pieces of dead skin and collected garbage from the crevices in their bodies and masturbating furiously (the happy ones anyway). I suppose having a shiny thing to admire while you're sitting, scrape lint out of your belly button, and rub against your naughty bits, makes all of those activities a lot more fun, but not for two, or more, thousands of dollars.

The next time you think of buying a diamond (maybe you're about to be engaged) or you want someone to buy you a diamond, ask yourself what you could do with that money that would be endlessly more entertaining. I'm sure that for two grand, or more, you could find a hell of a lot of midgets to do acrobatics, and don't tell me a diamond lasts longer. On my deathbed, I won't care what happens to my diamonds, but I'll still be thinking of those acrobatic midgets.

Fuck Colonel Sanders and his little chicken too.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Thursday March 30, 2006

## I TURN TO STONE, WHEN YOU ARE GONE

I've never been to prison, but I hear that it's no walk in the park; I have been to school, and it definitely sucks, but I can't figure out which is worse.

The other day in a debate class, I was talking to my students about the legality "Megan's Law," most of them agreed that sex offenders deserve harsher punishment, but none of them assented that to do so sends that message the prison doesn't do shit; which begs the question: "If prison doesn't work, and we need to keep track of criminals long after they're freed (for the rest of their lives), then why send people to prison in the first place?"

Seriously.

Why do we bother putting people in jail? So the wicked can't hurt us again? A good friend of mine once said that most crimes are crimes of opportunity, if that applies to child molesters, then I suppose all it would take is a little parental diligence and the whole thing would wash away as quick as you please. Parents are partly responsible for the rapes their children suffer, and that any rapist who is put on watch for violating "Megan's Law" ought to go on the list and report themselves as a pedophile as well. Child raping isn't even that bad when you think about it, sure the children are scared for life, but most of the time they get



to live; aren't murderers much more dangerous to let walking around in society? Shouldn't we brand them and force them to tell people in their neighborhood that they're murderers?

Prisons are not designed for the people inside their walls, they're to justify the self righteousness of the people on the outside; at least they haven't been to prison, that doesn't mean they haven't been anally raped. At school, they don't anally rape you, but they do make you go for thirteen years, that's longer than most rapists spend in prison, some murderers too. At least in school you get the weekends off, but in prison they teach you valuable skills, like how to stamp license plates and rape someone without making any noise. All I learned in school was that the policemen are your best friend, unless you piss them off, the government is always right, unless its run by Arabs, Jews, or blacks, sit down, shut up, do what you're told, and don't tell anyone... it's our little secret.

So maybe I rambled a little more than I wanted to, what do you want, I've never been to prison.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Thursday March 30, 2006

## **DISASTER STRIKES IN KOREA AND IT'S NOT A GIANT, FIRE-BREATHING MONSTER**

Last night I got food poisoning.

It's about to get personal, so don't read on if you want to respect me:

I get into bed, feel slightly sick, try to fart and end up shitting myself. I spend the next eight hours vomiting and shitting. I can't keep down any liquids. The next morning I go to the hospital they give me four pills to take, plus some kind of weird goo (remember the pink bubble gum chalk tasting medicine from your childhood, that shit). I have not vomited in eight hours, I still have bad shits.

Mercedes is covering my classes tonight, I can't write much longer. It felt good to get out for a little while, but I'm starting to feel sick again.

I am tempted to become a vegetarian, not too much food poisoning among those folks. Too bad everything in Korea contains meat (even the vegetarian selections contain ham, they don't consider that meat). This is the first time I've thrown up, without the help of alcohol, in four years.

If you have a vomit streak, let me know what it is, maybe we can race.

Sex Mahoney for President

Saturday April 1, 2006

## **FEELING MUCH BETTER**

Somewhat of a lie, but it's partially true so that makes it less of a lie than a real lie. It's been over twelve hours since I last expelled semi-digested matter in a violent way. Thank you all for your concern. One piece of advice:

If you're ever in Korea don't eat the meat pancakes, no matter what you do.

I've had food poisoning before, on several non-consecutive occasions and this was the worst of the bunch, by far. Usually it's puke a little bit, shit a little bit and that's the end of it, but I'm getting older, I can't put up a fight like I used to. I spent almost twenty four hours feeling like crap. It doesn't help when you're trying to read Stephen Crane's "The Open Boat." Worst Short Story Ever.

I love you all.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Saturday April 1, 2006

## **BURY ME IN SOME VALLEY**

Current mood: 🤪crazy

Sometimes regret gets so mixed up that I wonder what little Sex would think looking ahead at older Sex. Do you remember your desires as a child? Is there a moment to which you can point that defined your life? Are you a sell out?

It takes me so long to get moving in the morning that I think my body is sometimes sending signals to my brain, telling me to get the hell out of Korea and go back to America, but I sure as hell didn't make anything of myself there, and I think I'm doing okay here; at least in Korea I don't owe too much money and I live in a semi-decent apartment. Is that success?

I can't think of anything that defines success more than the people we love and the ones who love us in return, actually, the ones we love are far more important that who loves us back. Anyone can convince someone to love them; it's a lot harder to give a part of yourself to another human being.

I have trouble loving, it takes me a long time to fall in love with someone; you shouldn't just hand out love like it's getting cold or going out of style, love is earned. Why is it that I can convince people to fall in love with me, but I can't convince anyone to give me a job in my home country? Fuck you, Joseph Campbell.

How can we measure success, ask yourself if you're successful, do you want more? That seems to be the problem, everyone always wanting more, and not settling for what they have, but settling is so depressing that no one wants to admit they're doing it until they look back on the wasted years of their life. There's nothing wrong with settling, it's what ordinary, sane, rational people do every day, they settle for less than what they're worth; the only ones who strive for more are the ones who are too dumb to realize they don't deserve it. The smart ones realize that they're settling and it makes them angry as hell. Maybe that's why I used to be angry all the time. What did I want? Would young Sex like the pussy I've become? I suppose it doesn't matter because I could kick young Sex's ass.

You choose to be happy just as easily as you choose to be angry. If you give up choosing, if you let your world dictate your feelings, then you're no better than a wave on the ocean and you'll crash on some beach and vanish back into oblivion before anyone notices your force. I'm sitting at a computer terminal, thousands of miles away from my country of origin, missing the hell out of my friends and sick to my stomach with poisoned meat and I may never get published or have one of my movies made, but I'll keep writing books and making movies until someone takes away my

keyboard or camera and puts a bullet in my head because, in my own mind, I've already had sex with your girlfriend.

Sex Mahoney for President

Saturday April 1, 2006

## ALL'S QUIET ON THE EASTERN FRONT

Current mood: 🤬frustrated

Korea is the worst country in which to feel queasy, there are restaurants everywhere and the smell of food is unavoidable. On the plus side, I am feeling 78% better and everything is going well again; however, we're completely bored. Mercedes and I agreed that the most exciting time we've had since arriving has been in our dreams, so send us naked pictures, tell us how things are going in America, come on people, we're dying out here.

If you have a blog, I subscribe to it, even if you just have one entry, I read them; hell, yesterday, I was so bored I started reading myspace's most popular blogs, and boy do most of them suck. One was about a girl who got fucked in the ass for the first time the other night, and then shit herself the next day, that was the highlight. I love other people; they make my life seem fun by comparison.

I'm so hard up for porn that I have nothing but dreams of the most debaucherous sex, or had, now I'm having dreams of completely normal sex and I think they're so hot, just because I haven't seen a little white girl getting pounded by a big black man, or six, in weeks. I'm missing it; this is the longest I've gone without porn since I was six years



old. Even after my parents found my childhood stashes I was able to supplant them with scrambled spice or playboy channel filler. Here in Korea, there's nothing, what gives.

I was thinking today... given the advanced state of flavor technology, why don't we have more things like strawberry flavored hamburgers, the best we get is human flavored tofu? Come on!

And where are all the little white girls getting pounded by big black men, is that too much to ask?

Sex Mahoney for Fluffer

Sunday April 2, 2006

## MY FAVORITE THINGS

Current mood: 😊energetic

Here's to depravity, cupcakes, and cavities, also to moo  
goo the gai pan variety, so all of you chicks take all of  
the dicks that your inbred hick mothers stopped sucking for  
making them sick in the tits.

Give me some porno and some marijuana, let me smoke  
myself stupid and masturbate until the cows come home.

Bored as hell, let's withdraw in our tortoise shells.

Sunday April 2, 2006

## **FOR UNDERNEATH YOUR BORDERS THE DEVIL DRAWS NO LINES**

I've been trying to stay away from overtly political commentary, other than a few biting remarks here and there, but I saw something in the newspaper this morning that made me think. Iran has developed a new torpedo that current maritime war vessels cannot outrun; not to mention that the navy, to save money, mans most of their supply ships with non military personnel which do not carry live ammunition.

I want to say this now, before the congressional investigations and backbiting, and I should have said this before, but I'm saying it now, because I knew on the day Bush was elected that we'd end up fighting a war, and I knew on September 11th that we'd end up in Iraq, and I knew that before we went into Iraq that there were no weapons of mass destruction, but I didn't say shit because who am I to say shit. So I want to say this now and get it on record.

Iran developed this technology with the help of the United States or Russia, one or the other, or possibly both. It's what his father and that venerable idiot Regan did, and they're doing it again. I may be wrong, but I just wanted to say it first, just in case it came true. Here's to the state of George Bush. God Bless America.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Monday April 3, 2006

## WHO NEEDS WHO?

Current mood: 🤢nauseated

Let's get this straight right the fuck now, your boss needs you, you don't need him. So she/he's got money, fuck them, in monopoly, the banker got to keep all the money too, but that didn't stop the righteous from flipping over the board and shoving little green houses down said banker's throat until they shit out little silver thimbles.

For what are you working? Look around your apartment (chances are good that if you're reading this you don't own the place in which you live) and ask yourself if a plasma screen TV and the latest installment of Harry Potter is worth giving someone the power to tell you what to wear, how to wear it, and whether or not you can say fuck you to a client.

The free market makes us no more free than serfs, and at least the serfs could smoke all the weed they wanted, it may not seem peachy keen to reap wheat in a field all day, but if your idea of improved quality of living is slowly rotting to death in a Barca Lounger then maybe your priorities need a little adjusting.

What the hell do I know? All I know is that when I come back to America I will have money, and I don't know what the fuck to do with it.

The next time a police officer asks for your license and registration hand them a get out of jail free card still wet and sticky with your semi-dried semen.

Sex Mahoney for President!

Tuesday April 4, 2006

## **A HANDSHAKE, THEN A WHISPER, AND A GLACE**

I've been reading the most popular blogs on myspace, and having nothing but sex dreams.

Most of the most popular blogs on myspace are terrible, some are entertaining, but they all kill time, that's the important part of the equation. I need something that wastes a lot of time. I've already read every blog written by my friends, and I've already looked through your profiles. Give me something people. Entertain me. Dance for Sex.

The dreams are disturbing; all of my friends and acquaintances are popping in the strangest of places. I miss porno.

I'm starting to feel like I'm repeating myself... repeating myself.

Wednesday April 5, 2006

**I CAN'T THINK OF MUCH TO WRITE AND I ONLY HAVE FOUR MINUTES UNTIL  
CLASS**

Tom Waits is awesome.

I'm sure I've said this before but anyone with money becomes a giant magnet for leeches looking to make a quick buck, the hard part is staying a human being and not turning into a leech yourself.

I can't think of anything to write.

Anyone who wants to be in charge should be set on fire so they'll at least do something useful as the center of attention.

The law is an elaborate hoax designed to stop people from shitting on each other.

Anyone who writes short sentences and passes them off as maxims is a pompous asshole and you are free to disregard everything they say as puerile drivel.

Sex Mahoney for President. Here's to your mother.

Wednesday April 5, 2006



## HOW DO YOU KEEP THEM IN ATMOLYNSK

I keep posting surveys on myspace and reading blogs written by people I don't know, instead I should be writing something constructive, but I'm all out of energy. I decided that I will begin writing constructive and entertaining things today.

Wouldn't you agree that it's been too long?

Tom DeLay is resigning from congress, the deputy director of the TSA is in jail for soliciting sex from a minor, and George W. Bush is sitting in the White House, probably sleeping now, snug as a bug in a rug.

DeLay is an asshole and his protestations to the contrary have been a farce for months; still, I would like for him to receive fair treatment and serve a jail sentence befitting his crimes. Unfortunately, as a politician, his crimes affect a larger number of people; if I murder a hobo on the street, I only hurt one person (to be ultra-liberal, I'll say a hundred if the hobo had hobo friends or a hobo family), but as a politician, their actions affect hundreds, if not thousands, of people. Shouldn't politician's misdemeanors be treated as felonies? I jest, but there's a good idea lurking in there somewhere.

The deputy director of the TSA, on the other hand, didn't do anything wrong. He talked to an undercover police officer online, sent no pornographic pictures of himself (and received none from the officer), and never met the alleged 14 year old girl; he did tell the officer to think about him while the officer did sexual things with someone else, or herself, and had a dirty conversation with the officer on one or more occasions. The deputy director of the TSA did nothing wrong; Tom Delay is walking around as a free man, and this poor deputy director is in jail awaiting extradition to Florida for a felony trial.

Which leads me to George W. Bush.

Let's bring back that hobo, the one I killed. Under most state's laws I would serve a maximum of ten years in jail for killing said hobo, most likely, I would be out of jail in two to three years if I behaved myself. If I killed George W. Bush I would never get out of jail. John Hinkley shot Reagan, didn't kill, but shot that stupid, ass raping, cock sucking, god fearing, faux senile but really the devil in disguise son of a bitch, and they debated letting him out of prison for a vacation to see his parents. Two years for a hobo, Lifetime for bush. At least Tom DeLay was charged with a crime, the president sends children out to die every day and he walks around a free man.

I don't know what I'm saying.

Sex Mahoney for anti-President

Wednesday April 5, 2006

## **SOMETHING MESSED UP WITH HIS WING**

I can't get away from it, no matter where I turn.

Pathetic fallacy is a literary device whereby the external world changes to match the dramatic action or the internal world of a character, and the Germans thought they were so original with their expressionism. I've got this problem that isn't much of a problem: I'm coming back to America with money.

I haven't had any money in a really long time, and I don't know what to do with this new found wealth. Of course, wealth is a relative term, because I'm coming back with money, sure, but not enough to do anything meaningful with it. I could rent an apartment and live comfortably for a while, but what fun is that? I could go on a drug binge to end all drug binges and kill myself, but, despite the government's protests to the contrary, no one has ever died from ingesting marijuana, no matter how large the amount ingested. What the fuck am I going to do with the idiotic money?

I can't go back to school. I thought about that for awhile, but the first time through was such a fucking waste; I don't even want to think about grad school. The field I want to study, I can study on my own, so I'm not going to pay some institution thirty to forty grand a semester to teach me what I could get for free.

I won't have enough money to buy anything but a unibomber style electricless house in the middle of nowhere, which has its certain appeal.

What the fuck do people do with money? Sure, when I was poor I scoffed at money, but now I have some and I can't think of a single thing to do with the shit, it really is fucking useless.

I won't turn this into another rant about drugs (marijuana), but what the hell else am I going to do with this money, but trade it in for something useful (marijuana) at the first chance I get. I'd rather smoke my profits, even buying a house is no longer a guarantee at equity, now that the government can come in and condemn anything it wants and sell it off for far less than it's worth.

I refuse to convert my wealth into luxury products. I don't need a new computer, I don't want a car, I don't want clothes, I don't want jewels, music is free, the books I want to read are free. The only thing I can think to do is turn my assets into a giant money pile (made of ones) and fall asleep on it every night.

Send me your ideas. What do you people do with your money? I'll pay you to tell me.

Sex Mahoney for Treasurer

Thursday April 6, 2006

## **SOMETIMES YOU GOTTA LET YOURSELF MAW**

Daylight Savings time has nothing to do with farmers, like I always thought it did, it's a government plot designed to optimize the use of electric lights. Farmers hate daylight savings time because it fucks up their schedules, animals watch the sun, and they don't care about your clocks. More people die in traffic accidents on the day the clocks "spring" ahead.

When was the last time you held the hand of someone of the same sex because you felt a sense of togetherness?

If you were a classic poet, working on an epic, and you felt death approaching, would you plow ahead or just give up and leave an unfinished classic for the ages?

Is there such a thing as oversexed?

How many cartoons do you watch?

If you do a good deed for someone who is passed out, would you wait around to tell them what you did for them, or would you keep it a secret for ever?

If you were a Native American in the 17th century and some white dude offered you some beads for your land, would you accept them?

What would you do with a million dollars if movies,  
music, and books were free like they should be?

Thursday April 6, 2006



## EVERYBODY WANTS TO BE SOMEBODY GREAT

Current mood: 🤪geeky

I've been rereading my second novel, "Lower Neva St" and I usually hate rereading the things I've written, because you always look on your creations with a certain amount of disdain, but this isn't bad, in fact, I think it's the best thing I've ever written and I have to check to make sure I didn't steal the whole thing from someone else. The grammar needs cleaning, but I'm not good at organizing my grammar the first time around. I tend to think of writing as salvaging those golden corn nuggets from a turd, it takes time and care, and nobody gets it right the first time; mostly, I need to wash away a lot of shit.

If I could write something even half as good as Dan Bern or John Milton, I'd be a crappy hamper.

Mercedes, Ray, and I ate at the department store food court for lunch this afternoon, the first time, I thought it was pretty good, the second time (earlier today), it tasted like shit. Food courts suck all the world over.

Sometimes, Mercedes and I think our obsession with Dan Bern is unhealthy, but if he didn't want people to be obsessed with him, then maybe he shouldn't write so well.

When we went to the PC bang the other night, I listened to Dan Bern, but Mercedes wasn't happy. She only wants to hear him while we're fucking, then she asked me if I ever fantasize about anyone else while we're fucking. I said no, and then she didn't say anything.

After I read "War and Peace" I envisioned doing something similar about America in the days after September 11th, but Hollywood beat me to the punch. Suzanne posted a blog about a movie concerning the plane the FBI shot down over Pennsylvania; she thinks it's too soon, at first I wanted to disagree (no one ever wants to agree with their ex-girlfriend right away), but she's right. Have you ever watched those World War II movies made during and immediately after the war, I think they're partly responsible for President Asshole and Vice President Asshole and the way they act (other than the general personality defects engendered by great wealth). Pure Propaganda. Not that propaganda is a bad thing all the time, you can't tell people the truth, or they might start thinking for themselves or some other dangerous shit.

I try to be a nice and understanding person (when I was a young man I was angry all the time), but it drives me crazy sometime. I don't know what to do. Sometimes it seems like love isn't going to be enough to save us. At least love will get us laid, you can't say the same thing for politics (not

that I haven't been laid for politics either, but that's not for this propagandistic blog). All I want is a little patch to call my own, a little smoke to fill my bones, and a little lass roll my stones from time to time. Can't ask for too much.

The next time you're at a bar, lift your glass and give a cheer for Monkey Gang Bang, you may not have to know what it is, but raise your glass for it anyway.

I can't wait to have a laptop; do you know how long it's been since I've seen a white girl getting fucked by six black guys?

Sex Mahoney for President.

Thursday April 6, 2006

## THE GREATEST BAND THAT EVER WAS

Current mood: 🌱chipper

Journey, that's an easy question to answer, but music doesn't seem as important now as it used to; maybe when you're young you're just so starved for quality that unimportant questions seem so important. Tonight my students said that they only downloaded music, and they thought that made them bad people. I told them that art should be free and they wanted to know how artists are supposed to make money.

This is a subject I talk about all the time, but it's something I care about deeply. I suppose you could call me an artist, I write, sometimes I even make music, but no one pays me for it and that suits me fine, it leaves me free to play the things I want to play, to write the things I want to write, and to be as dirty as I want to be.

The other day I was not sure if love would be enough to save us, I didn't know if love was enough, but it has to be. If not for love, then we don't have anything, and we're in a much worse position than I thought. I may be out of money, and someday they're going to throw me in jail for something that shouldn't be a crime, but they can't stop me from

loving, they can only move away far enough that I don't get  
any on them. This is your brain on ska.

I love every one of you, now lotion up and get ready,  
because Sex Mahoney is coming.

You know who for President.

Thursday April 6, 2006

**AND IN THE EVENING IF WE GO OUT, LADIES KINDLY REMOVE YOUR HATS**

Current mood: 😊content

Someone sent me an email today and they asked me where I got my ideas. Now I know that it wasn't Katie Couric, or even the local reporter from the Punxatawny Times, but it's the first time anyone has ever asked me that question, so from now on, I'm a writer. Thank you, anonymous friend.

Of course I know who the person is, but I wouldn't want to share that piece of information with any Tom, Dick, and Harry who came along, that's private, between me and my friend. Still, I'm so excited I could plotz.

I also found out that I'm a slut today. It's refreshing to know, I've been with the same woman for the last four and a half years, and I'm still a slut. I'll never be able to donate blood, no one wants my organs, and churches get a little colder when I walk through the doors. Holy water burns when I pee in it. I'm going to have a custom suit made here in Korea (they only cost 100 dollars) and I'll have a giant scarlet S sewn on the left breast of the jacket. You know you're all jealous, everybody wants to sleep with the slut, and they just don't want other people to find out.

If you were president, what is one thing that you would do differently? First order of business (after legalizing marijuana, that goes without saying) would be to rescind all public decency laws. Anyone can take off anything anywhere they want. Anyone who has a problem with that will have to learn to deal with it, I don't mind the obnoxious sight of your overpriced clothing, automobiles, personal accoutrements, hair styles, eau du toilet, and other ricketa-racketa; you must get accustomed to my junk. Don't worry; it's very small, you won't even notice.

Sex Mahoney for the Board of Chosen Freeholders.

Friday April 7, 2006

## LE ROCHEFOUCAULT AND I ARE JOINED AT THE HIP

Current mood: 🤪quixotic


- Masturbating in the morning is the best way to start a day.
- Beware people who don't seem confused, they are trying to cheat you.
- If you explaining something to someone and you don't feel confused, you are probably trying to cheat them.
- Your mother's birthday is the only Holiday you should to remember until you get married.
- If you want to get married, remember the little boy who got everything he ever wanted and the bully who took half of it.
- Your boss needs you; you don't need your boss.
- If none of the employees come to work, the boss must finish everything himself.



- If something seems like a good deal, it probably wasn't good enough for someone else.
- People who want to share their religion with you are rarely the ones who will share their money.
- People who will share their kindness with you are easy targets for a loan.
- Your creditors have to find you first.
- If you can't make a go of it in your home country, head to Australia, no one will expect anything of you there.
- Success is best measured by the number of people who are angry with you.
- Exercise is for the weak. Diet is for the stupid. Discovering that you are exactly the weight you should be and enjoying your obesity is sublime.
- Don't take advice from thin people.
- Politicians get their salary from your pocket; they will never act in your best interest.

Friday April 7, 2006

## NO NEW BLOG TODAY, EXPERTS EXPECT ONE TOMORROW

Current mood: enraged

Busy reading the tenants of scientology and a report made by an investigatory journalist, are all religions this fucked up. Ha! Catholics makes Scientologists looks like Huckleberry Hound.

Sunday April 9, 2006

## ARE THEY IN THE BARN, OR WAITING IN THE YARN

Current mood: 😍loved

This is the third and last time I'm going to try posting this. The explorer window keeps crashing.

I've been reading about Scientology. Did you know they are ardently anti-gay? So when you see a Hollywood celebrity telling people that they are a Scientologist, they are also saying: "Take a hike, fag." You may think, well I'm a (insert religion) and I don't believe everything my church does, but that's one of the key tenants of Scientology; you do not question Scientology.

Mercedes and I were talking about religion on the way home from work, and I want to keep an open mind, but I just hate organized religion in a very deep way. I want to keep an open mind, but churches just suck.

I'm starting my own church. There's no money to join, and you never have to pay anything. All you have to do is believe that you are alive and no one else has a right to tell you what to do. There are no rules, no sins, and no excommunication. By reading the above paragraph, you are a member of my church, that's how open we are.

In the beginning, one of my favorite disciples was Kermit the frog, but then he got greedy, and said he wanted to be in charge. I said, "That's fine," but it wasn't good enough for him, he wanted to cut off my legs so he could be taller than me too. I don't hold it against him, it's not easy being green, but I ran away (it's easy to outrun someone who is much shorter than you). I still love the little Muppet; it's just dangerous for me to be around him. I wish him the best. Instead, I shacked up with a really hot chick, her name is Mercedes and she doesn't care that I'm an idiot. Someday she's going to get tired of me, and that will be all right too. I won't hold it against her. She'll try to chop my legs off too, and then we'll part ways. She'll move on to something that makes her happy, and maybe I'll go looking for a little frog that needs a little love.

That's the only parable of my religion, if something is dangerous, get away from it, if it makes you happy, go to it. Even if it destroys you, follow your bliss. Productivity is a farce. The earth is already a paradise if you know how to look at it properly.

Scientology says that you shouldn't debate, that you shouldn't question. I can't get in line with that, it sounds like Roman Catholicism and American Democracy. Is it so wrong to want a little love out of this life? Now show me

those titties again, and this time I promise I'll try not to  
get any on you.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Sunday April 9, 2006

## DEFEAT THE SO CALLED PRESIDENT BY THE NAME OF BUSH

Current mood: 😊calm

That's the biggest thing man has ever done

Scooter Libby talked, he named names, and he named the vice president acting under orders from the president. I can't believe how this story, from five years ago could come back to bite the president in the ass. I hate to see anybody get bit by the law, but when it's the lawmakers themselves, there's a wonderful irony to the whole thing; makes me wish I had more porno.

I like naked women, I like watching them get fucked. I don't really care if I'm thrown into the mix with them, but I like watching them. I guess that's what happens when the MTV generation grows up.

What is it about a little white girl, getting both her holes plugged, that I love so much? I couldn't tell you if I tried, but it sure is sweet. Maybe in porn I find the only release from the repressive world in which I live.

I miss porn so much that I'm starting to find myself oddly attractive. Someone suggested erotic literature, I used to like that a lot, but it's just not the same. I can

call to mind all the dirty things I love to see, but it won't ever take the place of plain old porn.

I'd settle for Seka.

Someday I want to make the greatest porno ever. I don't need to be in it, if you want to volunteer, and then just let me know, and make sure you're already 18.

On a lighter note, when I come back to America, we're going to make Revenge of the Prom Weekend. It's an old script that I wrote a long time ago, I'm fixing it up as we speak, so it can be ready by the time I come home. I hope you're as excited as I am, because I'm depending on you to help me make this movie. We're going to spend a week somewhere shooting this movie, probably not more than a few hours a day, but it requires a lot of people to pull this thing off, and I want it to be good. Not as good as Dr. Satanicus, or The Purple Monkey, but good nonetheless. I don't want people to think I've sold out now that I've hit the big time.

This movie is so good it's going to bring down the presidency, clearing the way for what we all really want:

Sex Mahoney for President.



Sunday April 9, 2006

## WILL NOT WEEP FOR THESE DYING DAYS

Current mood: 🤨predatory

I don't end all my blogs talking about porn, but I happen to like porn, and my mind, if left to its own devices, will frequently wander back to the subject, so this time, I'm going to start by talking about porn and let me mind wander to other areas of interest, or possibly back to more porn.

Mercedes and I were sitting in the PC bang last night listening to Ben Folds, I was checking porn on one of my favorite porn torrent sites, and she was doing whatever it is that she does, because she's not looking at porn. We went to see Ben Folds in concert a few years ago, he was playing somewhere in New York and on a whim we bought tickets and went to the show. The opening act was a guy named Duncan Sheik, ever heard of him?

Now, I like depressing music as much as the next... I don't know what, but that pretty much stops with Leonard Cohen, beyond that I can't take too many songs with slow, repetitive guitar and lyrics about feelings. Duncan Sheik played an hour of that type of music, and it just about drove me up a wall (that's why I don't like radiohead either). To make it as a musician, you have to have at least one rocker, take the band James, most of their album of the

same name sucks, but "Laid" is getting to be a classic (I even heard it covered in the straight to video, "American Pie: Band Camp"). If you want to talk about feelings and be depressed all the time, there are places for that, and I suppose there is a fan base as well, but it isn't for me.

I can be depressed all the time, it's not very hard. If you pick an object, a person, or an aspect of your life with which you are unhappy and focus on it long enough, you can make yourself downright miserable (that's how people get unhappy in the first place); however, if you can do that to make yourself unhappy, then why can't it work in reverse. People don't seem to think it can, to be miserable (they say) focus on the self, to be happy, turn to... (Religion, drugs, music, community service, etc). Happiness is not a commodity, money is a commodity, that's why lots of people have none but few of the people have lots. Happy is free and its everywhere, you just have to know how to look for it.

A friend once told me about some Monks, living in the mountains, who smile all the time, they just smile and smile and smile until eventually they're happy. It seems ridiculous, but if you're unhappy, the chances are good that you've been doing something similar, just in reverse.

I'm in Korea, I miss my friends, I don't have any porn, I haven't written anything meaningful in weeks, and, by

now, my body has flushed the last vestiges of marijuana out of my system. My only friends here are some guy I just met, and my wife. I have to eat Korean food, and no one speaks my language. I couldn't be happier, just because I choose to be. My wife thinks that's not true happiness, but you can't trust her judgment, look who she married.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Sunday April 9, 2006

## OUT OF VLADIVOSTOK AND INTO KOREA

Current mood: 😊thirsty

Mercedes, Ray, and I met a Russian girl tonight, her name is Ekaterina Vladimirovna, Katya for short, and it makes me excited. I can go a whole year without pot, but I couldn't go a year without a Russian, they're vital to my survival; I need their bleak world view and bitter complaining to make my world feel complete. Katya is a nice girl, she's from Vladivostok, and she is very quiet (a first for the Russians I've met) and works in a place called English Town, where everybody speaks English and... I don't know what else they do.

Ray, Mercedes, and I also finished watching Arrested Development the series. I always forget how good that show is, and I can't understand how something like that can come off the air while American Idol draws millions of viewers. Come on people, what's going on out there.

I've been asking myself about happiness a lot recently, it's one of those things I like to do, pour endlessly over something that brings me joy until I no longer derive the same pleasure from whatever object on which I'm fixated. That's not true; I don't like to question a good thing, until it's too late to save it from slipping away. Why

question happiness, just enjoy every minute of it, until you bleed it dry. Only you can make yourself happy, and if your goal depends on someone else, then your priorities are all out of whack.

Take a friend of mine, for instance, he's got this strange fetish for girls that hate him. I told him that it's more rewarding to chase after girls that love you, but he didn't want to hear any of that (you see for him, he has to put the effort in, or he's not interested). So everyday for a week, he waited outside this girl's house and pretended to be a Mormon. When the girl left her house he would follow her and give her religious literature.

Now, my friend picked this particular disguise, because the girl worked at an abortion clinic, so after she arrived at work he would stand outside the building with a picket sign, protesting the evil of abortion. At night, when the girl left to go home from work, he would throw rotten tomatoes at her car. You would think that after all this abuse, the girl would hate him, and at first she did, but whenever she confronted him about it, he would just stare at her with the most intense passion in his eyes. Eventually, she gave in and fucked him in the parking lot of an abortion clinic, she got pregnant, but she worked at the right place for it.

You can't ask for a more perfect romance, they're married now, and they keep the unborn fetus in a jar on the mantelpiece. If only we could all be so happy. Follow your bliss.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Monday April 10, 2006

## IF I COULD SAY SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL...

Current mood: 🍷 indescribable

I'd be a much better writer. I try writing beautiful things, and sometimes I think I come close to success, but I work much better when I'm dealing with tits, ass, filth, and cumshots, it's just where my mind wanders. Those of you, who know me well, will not be surprised by that revelation, those of you who don't know me well do not read this blog, so I guess I'm just telling everyone what they already know (it works for Rush Limbaugh and George W. Bush).

The thing is, I don't know much about life beyond the sensual pleasures of your standard gang bang video, because... well, that's just the way I was raised, I can't help myself. What I find odd, is how odious that kind of life is to so many people, you'd think their parents never told them about bukkake.

So you'd think that I'm some kind of crazy sex addict with all kinds of weird perversions, but that's just not the case at all. For instance, the other day, while my wife was sticking a trash can into my ass, I took the banana gag out of my mouth and said the safety word, because there's only so much I'm willing to do, but the Koreans who were paying for the whole thing said that they weren't going to pay if I



was going to be such a pussy. I was all about to get in their faces, but Mercedes took out the double sided, metal studded dildo and stuffed it into my mouth. I can't really blame her, fifty bucks is a lot of money.

I've also been wrestling with this problem for the last week. I used to think I was a real bastard, a jerk, not a nice guy at all, but it turns out that I'm not so bad. I was walking down the street with the other English teacher at my school, and we saw this bum. The other English teacher took whatever change was in the bum's cup, scattered it all over the sidewalk, and started pissing on him. I pissed on him too, but I dropped a penny into his cup. That other English teacher wouldn't even spare a coin, what a jerk. What does he have to do with his money that's so important?

When I came home from work, my wife was upset. It turns out that some Korean pornographer, to whom I promised to sell some videos of the two of us having sex, called the house and accidentally told her about the videos. My wife was all, you don't respect this, and how could you that, but then I started having sex with this little Korean girl I found unattended in a day care center, and that shut her up right quick.

On the weekends, I usually volunteer at the local park. I wait in the bushes and perform abortions on pregnant women

as they're walking around. I don't really speak Korean very well, but most of them seemed happy. One woman was so overcome with joy that she couldn't stop crying. I'm such a nice guy. I just wish I could write something beautiful and that the police won't bother me for writing this when I come back to America.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Tuesday April 11, 2006

**FOURTEEN MINUTES IS HARDLY LONG ENOUGH TO WRITE SOMETHING  
MEANINGFUL**

Current mood: 😊artistic

I lied yesterday when I said that I couldn't write anything beautiful, I've been doing a read through of my most recent book called "Neva St" and there are some truly touching scenes, even in my first book, there are some moments of exquisite beauty that the world will never know about because... well, no one is every going to read these books. Someday, I suppose I'll get published, but until I learn how to write good romance, or find a killer recipe for the next fad diet, I'll just keep plugging away.

I want to write a story about lost continents, magic, and mystery; I've got plenty of knowledge about this crap stored away in my excuse for a brain, now I just have to figure out a way to tie it all together and make a book out of the damn thing. How hard could that be?

The eve story is coming along nicely, I like the last installment, I can't quite tell if the story should end there, but if I don't think of anything to write by the end of the day today then it's finished. There will be a second installment on Friday, for anyone who is interested, and I promise that this one will be sublime, and it won't have any

dick jokes in it... because this is story about women, I'll try to think of some pussy jokes.

I think about all the great books I've ever read, and each one of them has the power to make me laugh and cry, if I can do something like that, then I'll be a better writer, but it's got to be something good, or I have to write for a shallow and weak willed audience.

Sex Mahoney for Poet Laureate

Wednesday April 12, 2006

## INSERT MEANINGFUL YET FUNNY QUOTE HERE

Current mood: 🤔 nostalgic

How do they do it? Those poets of the page who always have something to say and never run out of them. I want to be like that, I want to be one of those people who can sit down at a keyboard and write like the wind is blowing through their fingers onto the page instead of out their ass back into the wind. My father used to say that if you can't say something meaningful, cut a silent one and get out before it ferments.

I'm a lucky man, I convinced a woman I was worth enough time and energy to marry me and I haven't regretted a moment since. Sure, she found the poison French fry before it could do its job, and she never gets out of the car when we drive deep into the woods, but I love her all the same. If only she had more hot girl friends and didn't mind it so much when I shit on them. I don't know what her problem is; they only have my feces, she has my heart.

I've been trying to figure out why I can't write anything beautiful and the reason I'm so fixated on porn; perhaps the two are connected. I guess the problem is based on perception, I can ask five hundred people what they think is beautiful and I'd get five hundred different answers; how

many of those five hundred would say gangbang? Maybe four hundred, I don't really know. I feel like I'm out of touch with the mainstream, what kind of porno are the kids watching these days? Aren't they teaching them anything useful in those American schools?

Perception is such a big problem, so many women and men think they're not good enough, but I can't, for the life of me, figure out what they're preparing for. None of us are going to be in the Olympics, but if Jackson Pollack can make a living painting a canvas, then there's no reason that we can't all be artists. I've been trying to convince my wife to write a book about a twenty-something girl who is unsure what to do with her future, but is disillusioned about... something. She doesn't want to do it; I think it would be good. I want all of my friends to create, that way I can guilt them into reading my books.

I'm a little under two thirds of the way through the read through of my first draft, and you've got to check out "Lower Neva St" if you get the chance. It's a really good book, and I only hope that the next one I write will come close to what I achieved with this one. Then again, I haven't finished reading it yet, so don't quote me on that; I always think I'm sexier when I'm masturbating, it helps keep things going. Nobody wants to look in the mirror when they're doing that, it takes a true hero to look

themselves honestly while they're whacking off. Try it next time, if you have the balls.

Masturbating in front of other people is just ridiculous; you don't bring a snack with you to the supermarket.

I guess I can always write something if I set my mind to it, Dostoevsky had great quotes about the nature of man, and I use metaphors to compare masturbation and Little Debbie snacks; at least now you don't wonder where they get that cream filling.

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday April 12, 2006

## THE REAL CURE FOR HIGH GAS PRICES

Current mood: 🤨determined

In the last few hours, I saw two people post a bulletin about a way to combat high gas prices. I've discovered a way to combat high gas prices, and it has saved me about thirteen hundred dollars a year. I stopped driving. I no longer have a car. Granted, it took a repo company to bring me to this state, but I saved a bundle on gas, car insurance, and car payments no thanks to Geico, a gas war, or a break in interest rates. I feel like a million dollars. Well, more like eight thousand dollars, because that's how much it cost to drive around all year.

I now walk everywhere, in Korea this is great because so does everyone else; in America, it sucks, because everyone drives, and the government has no need to invest in things like sidewalks. On the road in America, I'm constantly dodging cars, weaving through broken bottles and other trash on the side of the road, and slogging through mud; Korea has solved this problem by paving over everything that resembles greenery. I don't like either solution, but more people ride bikes in Korea than they do in America.

In America, most places have one bike rack, tucked far away in a corner, usually near the dumpsters; in Korea,



there are bike racks everywhere, old people, young people, even high level executives in business suits ride bicycles. It warms my heart; there are just as many cars here as there are in America, but more people ride bikes.

So you want to find a way to lower gas prices? Stop driving your car, take a bicycle, walk, and use mass transit (if it's available). If you take a bicycle, walk, or use mass transit even half the time, you're cutting your gas expenses in half. When I was driving, that meant a yearly savings of about six hundred dollars, and I drove an economy car; those of you who have autos that burn more than twenty-five miles of gas per gallon will save even more money. Give it a chance, it won't kill you. It might give you an extra few years of life, but you'll lose most of that because of the exhaust fumes you breathe along the side of a road.

Some people actually need cars for work, they drive for a living, their jobs include delivering things to other people, the government pays for their gas, so why should they complain. Except... doesn't the government get it's money from us? And it's much more than 2 or 3 bucks a gallon.

I know that no one will take this seriously, people will not give up their cars, anymore than they will give up the right to smoke in public... Wake the fuck up, America. You,

the consumer, have the power to end all of this right now. Stop buying from companies that gouge you, stop shopping at Wal-Mart, you don't need more than one pair of black pants, one pair of black shoes, two pairs of black socks, one black undershirt, and one black shirt (underwear is optional). Your boss needs you; you don't need your boss.

Let's take to the streets and protest, and if anybody drives to the rally, I'm going to piss in your frosted flakes and corn hole your mother the way you know she likes it, but won't admit it until you see it in front of you.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Wednesday April 12, 2006

## BEWARE THE MONSTER

Current mood: 🙄sore

I asked some of my students if they would give up talking to their families if I paid them a million dollars; one of the girls said: "You don't have a million dollars." I love children, they're so much smarter than any adult will ever be, it's too bad that they're forced to waste all of that knowledge on memorizing the quadratic formula and the theme of Romeo and Juliet. It makes me wonder why we don't just let those little fuckers run everything so we adults can slack off and have fun. I suppose that's what retirement is for... Here you go children, I left a giant fucking mess and owe a lot of money, please clean it up while I go gamble away what remains of your inheritance in Florida.

I'm running out of things to write, I can't think of anything meaningful to say. I want to hear from my friends. Send me some emails so I can pretend that you care, otherwise I'll have to start befriending Koreans, and that's no fun, I don't know their sizes... they don't even believe in me.

The wife and I went to a DVD bang tonight to watch a movie, but it turns out that the place costs six dollars per person, so we left, it was too expensive, not as expensive

as a night at the movies, but it's difficult to fork over that kind of money for a mere two hours of entertainment. Movies are getting worse at the same time that the price of admission is rising, I just can't tell if the movies are declining at the same speed at which the price is increasing. When is the last time you went to the movie theater and saw a really good movie?

My wife thinks my blog isn't about anything, I need to find an issue to champion so she'll forgive me, if she doesn't think I'm interesting, she might leave me. I'm not worried about that in Korea, but when we get back to America there are many bachelors far more eligible than I will ever be, and what about the bachelorettes? It would be just my luck if my wife left me for another woman, and I wasn't allowed to videotape it and sell it on the Internet. I never regret getting married, but sometimes I wish I had bought a pornstar instead.

That's really all that's coming out of me tonight. Forget everything you've ever read written by me, it's not worth reading anyway. Sometimes I just wish I was Ernest Hemingway, and then I'd be too drunk to care that I can't write worth a damn.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Thursday April 13, 2006

## **A BLOG WITH A PURPOSE IS A TERRIBLE THING TO PASTE**

Current mood: 😞listless

Is my blog about anything? That is the question. Whether it is nobler to suffer the slings and arrows of fortune (because no one reads this blog) or to take arms against no one (because this blog is read by very few people). Is it disturbing to read a blog about nothing, but is not really about nothing, because it has a logical flow to its events and their sequence; however, only a truly depraved mind can follow the kind of logic practiced in this empty box I call my brain. Am I preaching to a choir?

I like the fact that this blog is out there, not because anyone might read it, but because I don't have the energy to write a very long project right now. The serial is fun and all, but it's not writing every day, which is taxing. I've been trying to write a little every day, not because people are interested in what I have to say (I don't really say much, and no one is really interested), but if I don't write them I'll just waste away, my fingers going to useless pursuits, like scratching lottery tickets and playing with my cell phone. I don't even masturbate anymore, there's never a moment when I'm alone in this country.

I've said it before, this blog isn't about anything, this is my masturbation, this is what I do to keep my fingers busy until I have the time and porno for my true love: Rosy Palm and her five lovely daughters. I write to achieve the cathartic release that is only possible from orgasm, or a really clever turn of phrase. That's why I try to end every blog with at least one funny line. If I can't do that, then I've failed myself, and I should just hang it up, but if you've ever read this blog and had a little chuckle, then I'm doing okay. Remember, it's not really for you anyway, that's the fun of masturbation. If anyone is reading this, now is when you'd reach for some tissues.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Thursday April 13, 2006

## **LIFE IN KOREA GETS BETTER EVERYDAY...**

Current mood: 😞exanimate

...the only shame is that I have no one with whom I can share the experience. Sure, my wife is here, but what fun is that?

Tonight (that's tomorrow morning for you Yanks) we are going drinking with some of the other Korean teachers to send off one of our own. This teacher is leaving for America, to study at Temple University, which is pretty neat, because we will have a Korean friend when we come back to the states.

I don't usually experience much, because I work all the time. Mercedes is a better source for actual life in Korea, but I will hopefully have a story about drunken Koreans tomorrow afternoon (the middle of the night for you Yanks), when I wake up and drag my ass into work.

If I see another boy band, hopefully I will get pictures or video to send out.

Sex Mahoney for Designated Driver...



Fuck that shit, you should drive drunk. Give the police something to fear.

Sex Mahoney for Road Menace.

Thursday April 13, 2006

## **HOT CABBAGE MAKES MY MOUTH DROOL AND MY ASSHOLE TRUMPET**

Current mood: 🤔dirty

I have a new favorite food, Fried Kimchi, if you've never eaten Kimchi, it's pretty good, but if you've never eaten it hot, then you're missing out. I ate so much Fried Kimchi last night that my stomach would not let me forget it this morning. Luckily, I was drunk enough that I passed out last night and only Mercedes had to smell the awful fermented cabbage and garlic farts emanating from my lower region.

Fart jokes aside, we went out drinking last night to send off one of the Korean teachers, he's going to the states to study. We had dinner at a Korean barbeque, and they kept bringing out food, it was incredible. The meat was nothing special (think bacon in strips an inch thick and a foot long), but they also had tofu, ojinggo (squid), roasted garlic, raw onions, cheese corn, and soju. It was quite a repast. After we left the restaurant, we went to a bar around the corner from the school and ate some cold noodles while we drank beer. Koreans all think I'm hilarious, but I never say anything all that funny. What seems to make them laugh the most is when I flash the thumbs up, they love that.

Mercedes and I came back home and went to a twenty-four hour bakery; I got a flat cinnamon sugar cake and a chocolate chip cookie, she got a bean paste filled pastry. I don't know if she did anything after that, I passed out hardcore.

I woke up with pain all through my neck and back and stomach. I ate too much Kimchi and shitting feels like someone is pouring Tabasco sauce into my butt hole. My neck and back hurt, because, for some reason, I always fall asleep in the most uncomfortable positions when I'm drunk. Does this happen to you?

I like the Korean style of drinking. It makes drinking semi-fun. Until this morning when I came into work and they handed me the bill. \$16 per person? What the fuck is that? I don't understand the willingness people have for spending large amounts of money on booze. I can get a 40 for two dollars and that's enough to fuck me up on a good night. For \$16 I can get 8 40s, and that's a fucking party.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Friday April 14, 2006

## GET THE HELL OUT OF MY WAY OR GO BACK TO MONGOLIA

Current mood: 🐼 predatory

Mercedes is always complaining about Koreans who don't watch where they're going. It's true, a lot of them are busy playing with their cell phones or contemplating existence while they're walking around, but I don't mind, I think I'm aware enough to get out of their way. The other day I saw a girl with her eyes glued to her personal whatever, listening to mp3s or checking stock quotes, and she walked right into a tree. That's the kind of thing for which I live.

I like Korea, but I pretty much like any place I happen to go. I don't like America so much, but that's more for the people who live there with whom I am not intimately acquainted. If I get to know anybody long enough, there's always something I can find to like, and maybe I can even convince them to be a little bit nicer.

So I was thinking about it the other day, thinking about spending an afternoon with President Bush. He looks like a really fun guy, someone you can really party with, the only problem is that he's been away from real people for so long that I don't think he understands them anymore. If we could hang out, I'm sure there are things we could find to pass

the time that wouldn't involve invading any other sovereign nations or sentencing people to death.

I don't make any claim to know the president personally, but I like to think that laughter is infectious, so I try to laugh all the time. I like to think of myself as a disease, it helps get me through the day.

My wife and I are very different people, she's always complaining about something, and I'm always trying to get her to make friends with hot chicks so I can fuck them; somehow we come together.

I don't think that makes me a bad person; I just like the idea of sharing women. I've never been all that keen on the ladies; sure, they're nice and soft (and I've got a real hard on for breasts), but I like the company of men much more than I like women. So it really turns me on to think of getting into a threesome with another guy and a girl, I don't know how I feel about my wife getting thrown into the mix (because part of the joy is slightly degrading the woman, but it is a team activity, so not that much), but the whole idea sounds like it would be a fun way to pass an afternoon. A threesome with girls is kinda fun, but it always feels like someone is being left out.

So if I had a chance to spend the afternoon with the president, then maybe we could have a laugh, and double team Laura Bush. I hear she's a real inspiration, and I don't think Mercedes would mind. My wife is a dedicated patriot, and if she knew that I was trying to save American lives she'd support my decision. I'd offer to share her with the president, but there's no way I'm letting that filthy cocksucker touch my wife. And I'm not kissing Bush, I'll suck his dick, I don't mind that, but I have no desire to find out what Dick Cheney's sperm tastes like.

Sex Mahoney for President

Saturday April 15, 2006

## AN ODE TO DENNIS MILLER

Current mood: 🙄grumpy

How hard is it to build an external hard drive case that works? I bought two cases in the last two years. The first had a bad chipset, so that whenever windows tries to write to the drive, it corrupts the mft. The files stay mostly intact, but I can't access any of them, because winblows can't recognize the drive until I format the fucker.

The other case I bought had a bad connection on the main board so the power supply slowly stopped working and then eventually shut down.

Come on people.

Technology was supposed to be great by the year 2000, hell the government should have been able to read our thoughts and monitor our dreams twenty years ago, what's taking them so long. The most infuriating thing is that computer technicians are worse than doctors, everybody is a goddamn expert, and no one knows how to fix very simple problems. Except for one guy.

This blog goes out to Dimitry's friend Pete, he's a quiet guy, not many pretenses, but he gets shit done. I have never

seen anyone with a better track record than Pete, every problem I have ever seen him face, he has been able to solve in a simple and straightforward manner. My hat is off to you, sir. You are the only competent technologist I have ever met in my life.

I don't trust PC techs, and I don't trust doctors. I went to school for English, and it gave me a lot of useless information and sure I can tell you how to conjugate your verbs, and I can fix your spelling and punctuation, but most of that shit is on a case by case basis; even the great writers bend the rules when they need. Doctors on TV are all wonderful. They receive one piece of information about a patient and they know exactly what to do, in real life I can give a physician my entire medical history and they can't cure a simple fucking cold. I don't want to go off on a rant here, but isn't it about time that we stopped overpaying this auto mechanics of the medical service industry and treating them like the pissant public servants they are. Don't tell me that people will stop desiring jobs as doctors if they get paid less, there are always idiots out there who want to serve the public good or keep them supplied in cash to support their drug habits, that's why I'm teaching.

The last time I got a good piece of advice from a doctor was when I met one at a party and he told me to try the cheese dip. I perform a better diagnosis of my own illnesses



than most of the doctor's I've met in my lifetime, and I'm just a part time junkie. The problem with doctors is that they're heads are so full bullshit and self-aggrandizement, that they think they're as qualified to cure sick people as I am to criticize other people's professions. Doctors are ineffectual at curing disease because no disease suffered by a live man can be known, for every living person has his own peculiarities and always has his own peculiar, personal, novel, complicated disease, unknown to medicine--not a disease of the lungs, liver, skin, heart, nerves, and so on mentioned in medical books, but a disease consisting of one of the innumerable combinations of the maladies of those organs. This simple thought could not occur to the doctors (as it cannot occur to a wizard that he is unable to work his charms) because the business of their lives was to cure, and they received money for it and had spent the best years of their lives on that business. But, above all, that thought was kept out of their minds by the fact that they saw they were really useful. Their usefulness did not depend on making the patient swallow substances for the most part harmful (the harm was scarcely perceptible, as they were given in small doses), but they were useful, necessary, and indispensable because they satisfied a mental need of the invalid and of those who loved her--and that is why there are, and always will be, pseudo-healers, wise women, homeopaths, and allopaths. They satisfied that eternal human need for hope of relief, for sympathy, and that something

*should be done, which is felt by those who are suffering. They satisfied the need seen in its most elementary form in a child, when it wants to have a place rubbed that has been hurt. A child knocks itself and runs at once to the arms of its mother or nurse to have the aching spot rubbed or kissed, and it feels better when this is done. The child cannot believe that the strongest and wisest of its people have no remedy for its pain, and the hope of relief and the expression of its mother's sympathy while she rubs the bump comforts it.*

Don't take my advice for it; that last part comes from Leo Tolstoy himself. We people are so dumb that we can't design machines that actually work, or even figure out what's wrong with the machines when they do break down. Until computers start running smoothly, then all you MD's keep your hands away from my remaining testicle, but that's just my opinion, I could be wrong.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Monday April 17, 2006

## **I LIT THE OLYMPIC FLAME AND ALL I GOT WAS THIS LOUSY T-SHIRT**

Current mood: 🙄distressed

Do I complain too much? Sometimes my vitriol gets backed up a bit, and it comes oozing out, especially if the subject is right (like doctors or politicians), but most of the time I have nothing about which to complain. I'm thankful for the things I have, but everybody needs to vent a little sometime. Maybe I don't give doctors a fair shake, maybe they're just people, trying to earn a measly living in this crazy mixed up world. Who knows? Maybe all the doctors I see driving around in cars that cost more than six of me are mortgaged to the hilt and indebted out their ass. It's possible, but, just like me getting raped by the Easter bunny, it ain't fucking likely.

I'm not going to complain anymore, no one is interested in the poorly thought out ramblings of some idiot Jew halfway around the world. Instead I'm going to spend this week doing something constructive. Each day, I'm going to write a prose panegyric for my loyal subscribers, it's time to give something back to the community who supports my idiocy. I'll start later today, just let me get a little drunk first, otherwise I won't be able to sing Mercedes' praises.

Sex Mahoney for Repentance

Monday April 17, 2006

## HERE'S TO ZEKE

Current mood: 😊thankful

I'm writing panegyric prose pieces for all my faithful subscribers in the order that they subscribed to this blog, the first one goes out to the Mighty Zeke, blog subscriber since March 5th, 2006.

I first met The Mighty Zeke in college, but I can't remember how; I think he was just hanging around the stoop of Demarest with Christine and Rob and we got to talking. Unlike most of the people I met in college, Zeke was a straightforward guy, who didn't beat around the bush, and always had a good story to tell. The first real memory I have of the Might Zeke is when he detailed a plot from Johnny the Homicidal Maniac and told me a joke that I still tell to this day.

There's a cop sitting in a parking lot, just as a bar is about to close, and this guy comes stumbling out. He drops his keys a few times and even takes a piss out in the middle of the parking lot, but he eventually finds his way to his car and gets in; then he falls asleep. After a few minutes he wakes up and tries to pull his car out, but he hits a light pole because he's accidentally driving in reverse. Then, he swerves out of the parking space and stops his car

abruptly because the cop is standing in front of the parking lot exit. The cop motions him out of the way and then proceeds to the guy's window. The officer examines the man, who hiccups the whole time he's answering questions; the cop gives him a bunch of drunk tests, and the guy fails them all; meanwhile, people start leaving the bar and driving away. Finally, the cop gives the guy a Breathalyzer, and it comes up clean. The cop is surprised and asks what's going on, the guy immediately drops the facade and says, "I'm the designated decoy."

So you've heard my version, but ask Zeke, he tells it much better. That's the best compliment I can pay to anyone. The Mighty Zeke told me a joke so original that I haven't heard it from anyone since, and I spread it around as much as I can; it even made it all the way to Asia. Here's to the Mighty Zeke. Huzzah!

Tomorrow we do Mercedes and Mike.

Monday April 17, 2006

### **MERCEDES AND FIEST**

Current mood: 😊indifferent

Who comes first, they both signed up on the same day. To be fair, I've known Mercedes longer than I've known Fiest,

but Mercedes gets to hear me sing her praises every day; I only praise Fiest once a week. He goes first.

I don't remember much about Fiest until he started nailing my sister, which didn't win him any points (my sister and I feuded constantly until we were both in college). It turns out that Fiest is a pretty talented musician, I'm even listening to his killer bass lines, you can check them out on Myspace at [<A%20href=">Copasetic](http://blog.myspace.com/). Fiest is impenetrable, you can't faze him. I've seen the man's face remain placid in the middle of a simultaneous bank robbery, terrorist attack, stock market crash, and flagrant jaywalkery. I want to keep these panegyrics truthful so I have to tell you that the last sentence is an exaggeration, but you can't faze Fiest. His emotional curtain is impregnable. I respect that, but I would still like to see him play something really funky, I know he has it in him.

Mercedes is easier, and I don't mean that I can think of more nice things to say about her, but she's easier, pretty much anyone can talk her into bed, it just sucks for the rest of you that I got to her first. It's much harder to think of nice things to say about Mercedes because she reads these blogs, but she's the only person who I see, so she criticizes me every day for the idiocy I post online. Still, she is the only confirmed habitual reader. She keeps me

honest, because she's never impressed. I could have found an easier girl, who was just amazed by my Semitic good looks and artistic prowess and I would, right now, be in the middle of writing some awful, trite garbage, like a book of short stories praising women, but Mercedes keeps me working hard for her approval. She knows I want it.

Here's to Mercedes and Fiest, Fiest and Mercedes, the only word with which it rhymes is ladies or rabies. Huzzah!

Sex Mahoney for National Poetry Month

Tuesday April 18, 2006



## JASMINE

Current mood: 🙄sore

Jasmine was the fourth person to sign up to read this blog whenever I put up a new one, isn't that sweet. That's Jasmine to a T, sweet. If you were diabetic you could collapse into an insulin coma in her very presence, I shit you not. I've even known Jasmine far longer than it seems, but I didn't see her for a very long time, that's why it's shorter than it seems. It's too easy to think of nice things to say about Jasmine, because she's so nice, so I'm going to take the easy way out and treat this as if it were an advertisement. I'm selling you Jasmine, and not in the fun, white slavery way, as if I worked on Madison Avenue and had no soul, which is more meaningful.

Rated number one in her class for four years running by JD Power and Associates, Jasmine is a four star, first class machine with the superb handling of a Barca lounge, but the elegant stylability of a Jeep Four by Four. You'll love her sleek new exterior, complete with a racing stripe to impress your friends. Jasmine features a five-disc CD changer and a seven speaker sound system designed by the finest scientists in the speaker industry, all leather interior, and sunroof. Finance the new Jasmine for as little as 199 a month for the

first twelve months\*. Visit your tri-state Jasmine dealer, and take home your Jasmine today.

That's not really the nicest thing I can say about Jasmine, but it's the nicest thing I'm going to say about her. If she ever needs to throw down, I've got her back.

Huzzah for Jasmine! Huzzah!

Perez is a hard word to rhyme like an orange, so the cute little poems that I write here are ... orange. Jasmine.

Taxes and title not included, void where prohibited. Lease prices are based on figures pulled out of my ass in conjunction with USCC 19956. Sun roof, leather interior, and Jasmine herself are not included in the list price. Consult your pharmacist for more information.

Wednesday April 19, 2006

## DIMITRY

Current mood: 🤬cynical

Ah, Dimitry. I can't tell you how much love I have for Dimitry, a hell of a lot more than I have for my wife, that's for damn sure, but we lived together in America, and that's just not an option for two men in America. Dimitry was the fifth person to sign up for my blog.

I first met Dimitry way back in the dorms, all of seven years ago, but I can't remember under what circumstances we met; the first real memory I have of Dimitry is him asking me to go to a pool somewhere at Rutgers. I did something to get ready, but we never made it to the pool, instead we wound up at some kind of free food and games festival. It turned out that Dimitry and I shared the same love of making bad movies, and that's how the partnership of RJ Productions began. The short version.

Dimitry is following his dreams in Washington DC; not exactly Washington, but Maryland, and while it might be hard for you to understand what kind of dreams someone goes to Maryland to follow, that's only because you are not Dimitry, and you do not have the intelligence to comprehend such questions. At one time, Dimitry said that he was going to take over the world; the last I heard from him, he was

performing a monkey's job. Now Dimitry was griping about this, but I happen to know a thing or two about the future history of the earth, and if there is one group that is destined to take over, it is the monkeys. Dimitry is now in a prime position to lead a rebellion of apes through the streets of century city and take over the world. Just give the apes guns, and stand back. Go Dimitry.

Plus, Dimitry is Russian, and there's nothing wrong with that.

Huzzah for Dimitry!

Wednesday April 19, 2006

## TAKE BACK THE NEW MILLENNIUM

Current mood: 🏆accomplished

Ten thousand years ago, humanity was nothing more than a bunch of rag tag miscreants dragging giant stones around to build temples to nothing. Here's to nothing, fellas! Here's to nothing.

Ten thousand years later, and humanity is at its absolute peak, I mean we've got a McDonald's in every corner of the globe and I can get all the porn I want within seconds, but there are still some countries out there that need to throw their dicks around and prove that while they might not be the biggest boys in the pool, they can still kick some serious ass, by waging war and executing criminals. There are not many countries left in the world that execute people, just Botswana, Burundi, Cameroon, Chad, Ethiopia, Somalia, Iran, China, and the United States. What the fuck? There are more countries on the list, but not many developed countries still use the death penalty, only the ones where religious or political extremists control the government. Mercedes pointed this out to me today, and I was beside myself with astonishment. I come from a country of barbarians.

I wouldn't mind so much, but I object to living in a world where medals are pinned to the chests of people who are really good at killing while those who kill outside of the law are punished and the porn world goes unrecognized for its contribution to society. I propose that we establish a new order of congressional recognition for those who show excellence in the field of fucking. The highest honor, which we will reserve for the truly magnificent, will be the Congressional Medal of Boner, or Bony for short.

All kidding aside, I don't see why we should bother invading a country when it would be much more effective to send trained sexperts within their borders to procreate with the females of their nationality or just seduce them away from their husbands, or seduce the husbands away from the wives. Service in this elite group of sex soldiers would be mandatory, everyone, once they turn 18, would be forced to spend two years in the Sexual Service. What is more effective at winning over a rival country to your point of view 250,000 men with guns, or 125,000 eighteen year olds dropped to the gills and ready to fuck? I forgot to mention that part of the sexual service training would include an ability to operate while heavily intoxicated; it's rough work, some people would not be able to withstand the vigors of this duty (not to mention the boot camp).

Like all my ideas, I don't want any credit for this, if it ever came to fruition. I'm just a simple man who wants to live in a peaceful world full of ass and titties... ass and titties... ass, ass, titties, titties, ass and titties. Amen brother.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Thursday April 20, 2006

## SUNDAY

Current mood: 🤔 nostalgic

Sunday was the next person to subscribe to this blog; of all the readers I have had the least contact with Sunday over the last few years. As hard as I might try, I cannot recall a single misdeed committed by Sunday, she is above the pale of any criticism, and, as she is currently studying in Holland, she is my new hero. I want to attend a university in the marijuana Mecca of the world.

The earliest memory I have of Sunday was sitting with her in my underwear one morning while I waited for a load of laundry to finish drying. I passed out sitting on the floor (I had been up all night) and Sunday was lying on my bed. At some point in time, after I passed out, Sunday must have left; I don't remember if she closed the door or not. The strange thing is, that Sunday started dating someone soon after, but I don't ever remember seeing them together. My amnesia might be caused by my drug use.

Sunday is, and will always remain, in a position very dear to me, partially because I never slept with her, but also because she had the good sense and decency not to sleep with me. As Groucho Marx said, I wouldn't want to be a part



of any club that would have me as a member. Good luck in Amsterdam.

Huzzah to Sunday! Huzzah!

Friday April 21, 2006

**WE INTERRUPT THIS REGULARLY SCHEDULED MESSAGE TO BRING YOU  
MAYHEM BY THE BARRELFUL**

Current mood: 🤪horny

America. Fuck yeah.

So why is it that the land that I lived in and love is despised the world over?

I was reading a book yesterday about the worst presidents in American history. After the subjective section, I got the part where they did quantitative analysis based on successful legislation, cabinet members resigning or charged with crimes, and policy effectiveness. The president who had the worst policy was Buchanan, who pretty much left the country to rot as it was leading to civil war. The president who had the most underlings charged with crimes was Reagan. When it comes to successful legislation, the Bush administration takes the cake, other than the brief period after 9/11, the Bushes couldn't get a bill passed if it was called the American's for Free Money Act which would promise free money to Americans.

Bush has perfected a system of attachments to laws in which he writes a brief detailing how he, as president, will enforce the law. It's almost like if you were arrested and the police told you why you were arrested, and you proceeded

to tell them which charges you were going to admit. Or if I put a bunch of groceries on a conveyor belt and told the cashier not to charge me for the lobster and caviar, because I don't think I should have to pay for those.

I've spent the last few days distracted from my normal blogging; I've been reading September 11th conspiracy pages. I've spent my whole life reading up on the half cracked theories of conspiracists, and there is a whole shit load of information out there that is just plain wrong (like the Bushes are really space aliens) or plain old misleading (such as the flash animation of the pentagon), but there are some things that do make sense.

On the day of September 11th, I said to those around me that George Bush was responsible. I told the same thing to a student a few days later, and the principal of the school where I was subbing, called me to his office to ream me out for saying so. I defended myself, because I did not actually tell the student that George W. Bush was responsible, but I did say that Osama Bin Laden had not taken responsibility for the attack, and the person with the most to gain was the president. I stand by those statements.

George Bush, if not responsible for, knew of the planned attacks ahead of time and did nothing to prevent them. All the presidents who used similar tactics to gain approval did

so successfully, but Bush has taken the enormous popularity given to him after the attacks and transformed it into a mountain of shit for which he and his buddies are responsible. The only person to pull off that kind of a stunt was Richard Nixon and he ended up on the cutting room floor of the political motion picture that is American politics.

I hate talking about politics, because ten years ago I couldn't give a shit about it, but now I'm of the impressionable age when I think that the world can be changed for the better and I can make a difference to push the world in that direction. I also believe that there is no one who is above or below the possibility for redemption. George Bush can be saved, and I'm here to tell you how.

The best way to save face is to do the thing of which you are most afraid. In the case of a republican, that involves a black person, because the biggest republican fear is that something will happen to you involving a black person (at least as far as I've been able to figure out). As a conservative Christian, the second biggest fear is that it will involve a sexual act with a man, because this is what pushed Bush into office for the second term (we can be sure of this because John Kerry did not run with a Jewish vice president); therefore, George Bush should take a big black dick in the ass, live, on national television, on the white

house lawn, to restore the nation's faith in his ability to lead.

I know what you're thinking, what will a big black dick do? If you've never seen a porno involving a big black dick, you might ask the same questions, but I've seen a lot of porn and I'm here to tell you that a big black dick can do wonders. I've seen some ugly, rank, nasty ass women - women I wouldn't look at on the street for fear of catching some of their unattractiveness - turn into the most gorgeous, hot, sexy, pieces of ass with the simple insertion of a gigantic black cock.

Give it a chance people. Like George Bush says, his decisions may not be popular, but history will vindicate his actions.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Saturday April 22, 2006

## CHRIS

Current mood: 😊peaceful

What can you say about the guy who used to nail your wife? I don't know Chris as well as some of my readers, but he is a quiet man and I respect that. I hadn't really thought about what to write here beyond the first line, but you have to admit that it's not bad as first lines go; if only I could follow through with something even better... Chris is the only other person I've met who had sex with my wife, which is not entirely true, I've met one other but he's Jewish and they're not people.

So thank you Chris, for reading this blog and keeping my wife from sleeping with a crack addict.

Huzzah for Chris! Huzzah!

Saturday April 22, 2006

## THIS ONE GOES OUT TO THE FRIENDS I NEVER HAD

Current mood: 😊optimistic

One of my favorite things on Myspace is the ability to check on all the alumni from high school who are currently signed onto the site. A part of me wishes I were back in high school, because the lack of responsibility was nice, but the downside is living with your parents and the constant humiliation of being trapped inside a state sponsored prison.

Thinking back on high school is a lot like reading about conspiracy theories, because all the information makes so much more sense after the fact, but it's completely fucking useless at the time. All the best things in life come too late. You learn how much fun high school could have been long after you graduated, you learn that the girl you had a crush on secretly liked you back when she's been married long enough to confess to it, and you learn that the stove is hot just after you pull your singed toddler flesh away from it's burning surface. Everything good in life comes a little bit too late.

I've been trying to beat those odds.

There was a time when I wanted a lot out of life, when I thought I could change the physical world around me to suit my needs and lifestyle; the whole thing blew up in my face and I wound up alienating nearly everyone around me. I no longer look to change the world from without, but look for ways to find peace within.

Let's face it, the world is one fucked up place. The people you love will betray your trust, your best friends and family will die, and if you're lucky you'll live long enough to end up diseased in a nursing home, waiting to die. There are few moments in between birth and death that afford happiness, unless you're willing to change your perceptions and bring happiness (or at least peace) to yourself. Mercedes thinks that all I do is convince myself that I'm happy, and she's partially right, but that's what being happy is in the first place, I fail to see how applying the same standards to a different situation change the end result.

There are countervailing forces in the world around us and we act in tandem with them to catalyze our emotions. There is always a choice in the way we perceive the world and the way we let the world work on us.

Currently, I'm faced with a pornless world, and I'm a man who likes breasts. Over the years, women have done their



best to make me dislike their entire subspecies, but I've never had the ball to go full on gay because breasts are nice. In Korea, there are no breasts, none. The size of the women here is appealing, but they consider C cup breasts large, and that's just a load of malarkey.

Korea is also burdened by the fact that many of the people here want to learn English, but there are not enough teachers to go around.

I'm putting out a call. All large breasted American women should come to Korea to teach the Koreans English and to show me their breasts. Now I know what you'll say, we like it here in America, and why would we want to show you our breasts. I have no real argument in response to that; I just want to look at some titties.

America, help a brother out. Otherwise, I'm going to have to return to a country run by, and populated with, idiots just to see some breasts.

I tried to change my reality in Korea, but my experiment failed when I tried shoving oranges down the blouse of a pedestrian; first, because it turned out that the pedestrian was male, and second, because when reading the previous sentence you should replace the world pedestrian with

captive, oranges with cock, and blouse with roofies. I miss America. That's not entirely true, but I do miss titties.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Saturday April 22, 2006

## **AWW, WHAT A CUTE LITTLE DOG, HOW DOES HE TASTE?**

Current mood: 😊hungry

I did it bitches; I'm one step closer to becoming a real Korean.

I Ate A Dog Today.

I don't need you to understand, and I won't make any apologies, it didn't taste that great, but I ate your man's best friend; it was a malamute.

Mercedes and I met a Korean at the PC bang and he took us out to lunch at a dog-serving restaurant. It was a first for all of us, our Korean friend had never eaten dog and neither had Mercedes and myself. The restaurant was outside the city limits, we drove a few minutes out into farm land to a little dilapidated looking place that smelled a little bit like a kennel. The owner was very nice and friendly, I smiled at her and said the Korean word for delicious (mashiktta). The dog was served in a bowl of soup with some leafy greens that taste like mint leaves; like other Korean meals, it came with a few different kinds of kimchi, some kind of bean paste, and more kinds of kimchi.

Dog tastes like venison, the meat is very stringy, and a little gamey. There is a lot of fat on dog meat, and they serve portions of the liver in the soup. Dog liver tastes pretty good as far as liver goes.

The hanguksaram (Korean people) think that eating dog increases your sexual virility, and when the hostess was preparing the bowl of dog soup at our table she smiled and humped the air to show me what my meal was about to do. Korean women are all very sexy; especially when they hump the air and tell you that the food you're eating will make you a man.

I'm in the mood to eat other pets, the next person I see walking down the street with a little dog in tow better watch out. I'll chow down on that motherfucker, little boots, sweater, hat, leash, and all.

Sex Mahoney for Carnivore.

Sunday April 23, 2006

### **GET THE HELL OUT OF MY CHAIR**

Current mood: 🤔dirty

Maybe you don't remember, maybe you weren't conscious, but there was a time when people used to respect each

other's space. How many other infants came crawling into your crib, looking to score some of your banky, or suck on your bottle, or watch your mobile? None, that's how many. Now you got bitches runnin' all up in your shit, trying to score a piece for themselves. It never ends.

Take income tax. What right does the government have to tax its citizens? What right does a republican government have to tax its citizens? Call me old fashioned, but the government should only need taxes to support their war efforts, and I can't think of a good god damn reason to be at war with any country right now, unless you're not the United States and think Uncle Sam needs attacking.

Think about it like this, if you lived next door to Kimmy Gibbler and she came to your house and asked you to borrow money, except instead of asking she just took it, and when you asked her why she took it, she says: "To improve your quality of life. Don't worry, I'm looking out for your best interests." Since when do we trust Kimmy Gibbler to look out for our best interests? So we ask her, what are you going to do with the money and she says: "It's none of your business. That information is classified, but I'm using it to keep you safe."

That shit won't fly.

The next time I see Kimmy Gibbler digging into my wallet, I'm going to shoot her in the forehead, except replace the words "Kimmy Gibbler" with "IRS agent", "digging into my wallet" with "stealing from my paycheck", and "shoot her in the forehead" with "ejaculate in their mouth". Take that IRS.

Repeal the 16th amendment.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Tuesday April 25, 2006

## LIFE IN KOREA KEEPS GETTING BETTER

Current mood: 😊mellow

So I have the day off tomorrow. Mercedes and I are taking a walk to the largest man made lake in Asia and we are going to... I don't know what. What would you do at the largest man made lake in Asia?

There is precious little to do in Korea that doesn't cost money. It's the same way in America, that's why I never left the house much (that an my fear of being outside). It seems as though the only way people can have a good time is to spend money: go to a bar, go shopping, see a movie, take a drive, rent a movie, go to a restaurant, etc.

I don't like spending money, it drives me up a wall whenever I have to leave my house and spend money. Why can't we all think of something fun to do that doesn't involve any cash?

The problem isn't people, the problem is the government. To protect the interests of big business, the government has outlawed everything that's both free and fun. Growing and smoking marijuana, it occurs naturally, it's free, of course it's against the law; the same goes for killing hobos and throwing large objects off high buildings. Our founding

fathers wouldn't stand for this shit, and I'm not going to either. Not anymore.

Of course, there is one thing that's still free and can occupy a few hours time: fucking. Now that the United States Supreme Court has banned anti-sodomy laws, it's now legal to fuck all you want, in any way you want. So call up some good friends, turn off all the lights, and spend a few hours doing what even God condones. Fuck your friends.

Sure, it may seem like a strange idea at first, but what else are you going to do? Sit around? Watch a movie? Stare blindly at the television and think of things to talk about? Things!!! To talk about!!! Where did we all get this crazy idea that our friends have important or interesting things to say? I'm completely uninteresting and socially awkward, top all that off with the fact that I'm a jerk, and I'd much rather have a good friend come over the house and stick various household objects in my ass than try to think of tactful things to say.

Think about it, before the government imposes the new thinking tax and you have to pay for that too.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Tuesday April 25, 2006





## **SOMEONE SAYS YOU'RE IN THE WRONG PLACE MY FRIEND**

Current mood: 🤬irate

A few years ago, I was reading a history book about the Republican Party.

After the passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1965, a number of prominent Southern Democrats left the party and wound up republicans. I'm willing to believe that a majority of white people are not overtly racist, but in the South, in 1965 (the same year that Medger Evers was killed and many more blacks were lynched), I think it is safe to say that real racism was rampant. As a result of their opposition to the civil rights advances, the Republican Party lost considerable support throughout the nation. Americans may be racist, but they don't like to talk about it. The Republican Party spent the next fifteen years attacking the government services provided to black people, earning the enmity of Americans everywhere.

In 1980, Ronald Reagan came along and the Republican Party changed their tactics. American's don't like to see their racism, and the Republican Party capitalized on this, instead of attacking social programs, they attacked taxes. Nobody likes taxes, people like social programs, they don't like taxes. The only problem with cutting taxes is that the

government depends on taxes to survive, so you can't cut taxes too much, just in specific ways.

The government then has less money than they ordinarily would after they cut taxes, but these government types hamstring themselves, because they never cut spending, they just redirect it... to the military. Build up military spending, wait for someone to piss you off and then go to war. The best part is that after cutting all that funding to social programs, you have a lot of poor people with nothing better to do. In fact, I could argue that the military is the most successful social program of all time, take that anti-Welfare republicans.

Why is any of this a problem?

I don't know about you, but I am not inclined to support anyone who would make war on their neighbors, for any reason. There are times when excessively evil people gain exceptional control. America is currently suffering from such a tyrant and it has been steadily declining for the last forty years, if not longer. There are certain tenets that designate a fascist state: (Dr. Laurence Britt, Ph.D.)

#### 1. Powerful and Continuing Nationalism

Take a look at the faded American flags hanging on the back

of people's cars, how faded are they?

## 2. Disdain for the Recognition of Human Rights

America is the only developed nation that still uses the death penalty, enough said.

## 3. Identification of Enemies/Scapegoats as a Unifying Cause

Iraq, anyone?

## 4. Supremacy of the Military

Protesters during Vietnam had the balls to throw shit at soldiers, now America is too afraid. It's not the troops fault, it's the president. The president isn't shooting anyone, or blowing anything up. Take a look at the official budget for the US over the last half a century; the military takes up more money from the annual budget than any other government aspect.

## 5. Rampant Sexism

This one is tougher to prove, you'll have to draw your own conclusions about this one, but let me put forth that of all the executives charged in recent corporate scandals, none were female. Maybe women are just more law abiding.

## 6. Controlled Mass Media

There are two companies that own almost every television station in the United States, both of them also own companies that make military equipment.

## 7. Obsession with National Security

Have you tried to fly anywhere recently? Smoking marijuana aids terrorists.

## 8. Religion and Government are Intertwined

Bush doesn't even try to hide his religious leanings, and Reagan couldn't have been a religious nut job, he came from godless Hollywood.

## 9. Corporate Power is Protected

All the companies that have been mired by recent scandals represent a small fraction of the large multinationals that operate in the United States

## 10. Labor Power is Suppressed

Wages have not risen since the 70's, inflation is rampant,

more people are now in debt than ever. Labor doesn't need to be suppressed; manufacturing jobs have fled to countries that don't have labor laws, like China and Guatemala.

#### 11. Disdain for Intellectuals and the Arts

Bob Jones University is considered a "real good school" by the President, who spoke at the University during his first run for president, not that Bob Jones University isn't a fan of the arts, they have a number of pieces in their collection that have not been seen since they disappeared in Germany during the 1940's.

#### 12. Obsession with Crime and Punishment

See Death Penalty and mandatory minimum sentencing

#### 13. Rampant Cronyism and Corruption

The head of FEMA was a close personal friend of the President, and had no experience running a similar agency, but he had served as President of an Arabian Horse Association. Jack Abramoff? The President did not know the man.

#### 14. Fraudulent Elections

This one is my favorite.

Since I left America, my stomach is feeling better, sure it may be due to no longer eating pizza and fat sandwiches, but it's also due to stress. In America, I was constantly looking over my shoulder, every knock on the door made me nervous. I hardly ever left my house, and I couldn't see a police car without breaking out in a sweat. It didn't even occur to me how bad things are in America until I left. I have lived in a fascist country. My Jewish ancestors would be ashamed. I'm filling out an absentee ballot for the elections in November. If you read this blog, do your duty and go vote some of these bastards out of office. It's time to shake things up, and I'm not going to segue this into a porn joke. I can't come home to a dictatorship. If you read this blog and you don't vote, then get out there and protest, write letters to newspapers, talk to people, it's not too late to take back the new millennium.

I'm sorry there are no jokes in this blog. Penis, Boobs, Dick, Cunt, Vagina. There you go.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Wednesday April 26, 2006

## HERE'S TO THE NEXT THOUSAND YEARS OF DARKNESS

Current mood: 😄giggly

I've drawn some criticism, as one of my alter ego's, Dr Satanicus, would say: "This is so exciting."

I'm not a big fan of social programs, corruption eats away at whatever good is done by these programs until the only thing that remains is a large bureaucratic mass of public money funding the private lives of otherwise worthless citizens. There are social services that work, for a short period of time, and the federal highway program is an excellent example. In order to make strong gains, like the federal highway system or rural electrification, you need a strong centralized government that is willing to keep its head down and bear a lot of heavy costs. The problem occurs once the problems created by your solution to the problems of yesteryear.

I've got mixed feelings about social programs. I've got definite feelings about the military.

Near where my wife went to school, there is a gigantic concrete pit, where anti warship guns were constructed during the First World War. The guns are hidden in the hillside so they can remain out of sight to attacking ships.



At the time they were constructed, the pits and guns cost about half a billion dollars. Except in tests, they have never been fired.

Every year, the government spends billions of dollars (borrowing large amounts of money from foreign countries) developing new military technology, and except for September 11th, the United States has not been attacked since 1812. The United States has never been attacked by a foreign power without first instigating a war. No one is trying to attack us; the only thing we have to fear is ourselves.

Mandatory taxes keep money flowing into the hands of the government and it creates a government addicted to money. George Bush says that America is addicted to oil; the government is addicted to money. I can't blame them, if you offered me a ton of money to sit around and look pretty, I'd probably take the money too.

The point of government is to protect those who are weak in society from those who would become warlords a la the numerous sovereign powers of the later middle ages. The military does nothing to protect the weak in society; the police do nothing to protect the weak in society, unless you consider that the rich (due to their low numbers) are the real weak in society.

America bears a lot of resemblance to the Roman Empire, but Rome eventually fell, and, if we're not careful, America will, too. Rome collapsed on itself because it got too hungry, or too greedy, and America is getting to that point.

I don't mind taxes, but I don't like being robbed. Politicians want people to justify them by voting them into office. I say, justify the government by paying your taxes. If you want people to continue to make laws, then go ahead and give them your money, but don't let them take it, unless you want to give it. For my part, I'll pay to send poor children to school with clothes on their backs, and a free lunch, but I'm not working to make sure that a school full of poor children in Iraq gets blown up by the kid when he or she grows up.

Don't pay your taxes.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Wednesday April 26, 2006

## KSENIA

Current mood: 🤔blah

Only two more parts in my ongoing series to pay homage to all my readers.

Ksenia is special. She is the only magnetic person I've ever met in my life. You should see her when she walks into a room, she attracts all kinds of objects, mostly metal, be careful about wearing metal objects when approaching Ksenia.

I met Ksenia a few years ago when I was at Rutgers; she came to visit me when I was in my underwear. I think she was looking for peanut butter.

Ksenia and I have come to blows over the years. There was one memorable confrontation a few years ago when we were arguing over the best attribute of Miller Lite. I said it tasted great, she said it was less filling. Never argue with a Russian girl unless you like things shoved up your ass. Ksenia beat me senseless, broke off one of her heels, and shoved it in my rectum; now I shit like a soft serve ice cream machine.

Huzzah to Ksenia! Huzzah!

Thursday April 27, 2006

## THE BIGGEST MAN MADE LAKE IN ASIA

Current mood: 😊calm

Mercedes and I went to Lake Park today, we will post pictures soon. The other English teacher, Ray, had a digital camera and we took plenty of pictures; hopefully, he will be nice enough to let us steal some of them; there are some that I really want to show you, faithful readers.

Lake Park is awesome. I'm not much better than a grown child, so Mercedes and I spent the day walking around and being silly. There are no illegal drugs in Korea so there were a lot of older people in the park playing on playground equipment. We saw these two old women jumping up and down on a balance beam.

Lark Park has my favorite toy in the world: the barrel roll. I like standing on things that roll, what can I say. After I spent a good few minutes playing on the barrel, a Korean man, who had been laughing at us the whole time, showed us the proper way to use the barrel, and then, before he walked away, gave us a hug. It was touching.

The Lake is not very deep, at its shallowest point it is half a meter, at the deepest it is three meters; I want to rent a paddleboat, but we didn't see any around. On Saturday

nights, there is a musical fountain that puts on hour-long concerts; I can't wait to go back there this weekend.

I'm saving the best part of Lake Park for another blog, so I can insert pictures.

The second best thing in Lake Park was a cactus exhibit. All those super huge cacti that you hear about or see in picture books, they had those cacti. Mercedes and I stood next to cactus plants that were twenty feet high, at least. Some of the cacti were covered in a thin material that resembled a spider web, only if you were to touch it, it would shoot thousands of tiny spikes into your skin. Plants are cool; I'm not.

As we were leaving the cactus museum, we saw a child by a water cooler. Korean children are constantly staring at Mercedes and I, so I decided to take the opportunity to break down some cultural barriers; I said: "Annyong Haseyo" (Korean for hello). The little girl started crying.

As Mercedes and I were walking near the musical fountain, we saw a group of Korean men playing keep away with a soccer ball; the ball got away from the group and skipped over to us. When the "monkey in the middle" came to fetch the ball, I juggled it away from him and kicked it back to the group.

Mercedes and I went to the bathroom and took a different path back through the park, as we were passing the circle, again the soccer ball skipped away toward us, by now a good distance away. The same guy came running to get the ball back, but I kicked it away from him again. He made the international sign for "Fuck Me" and huffed back to his friends. Mercedes says she's embarrassed to be seen with me.

Lake Park was an awesome time; I can't wait to go back. I have deliberately withheld the best part of the trip. Will post more later.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday April 27, 2006

## **DON'T TELL ME WHAT TO SAY**

Current mood: 😍loved

Hello = Annyong Haseyo

Goodbye = Annyong He Kaseyo

Thank you = Komapsumnida

Cheers = Konbae

Please give me beer = Maekju Chuseyo

Where are you going? = Odi Kayo?

How are you doing? = Chal Chinaesoyo?

Hello (On the telephone) = Yoboseyo?

I am an American = Miguksaramiaeyo

I am Korean = Hanguksaramiaeyo

My name is... = Chonun (insert your name)iaeyo

Long time no see = Oraeganmaniaeyo

This is my wife = Uri chipsaramiaeyo

Stop doing that = Hajima!

Yes = Ne

No = Aniyo

I hope that helped some of you. Korean is an awesome language, but it's like German in that everyone always sounds like they're yelling at one another.

My goal is to learn to speak Korean so I can pretend like I don't speak Korean and hear what people have to say about me, and then surprise them by speaking Korean.



Sex Mahoney for International Linguistic Expert

Thursday April 27, 2006

## A HOLE GENERATION LOST IN SPACE

Current mood: 😞discontent

Listening to children talk about the future is the most depressing thing in the world.

The other day, I asked some of my students: "If you didn't have to go to school anymore, would you still go?" Almost all of them said yes, because going to school means that they're going to have a good job and lots of money.

Meanwhile, the only reason I'm in debt is because I spent all of my money on school instead of taking the time I would have studied and getting a real job, like being an uneducated police officer or fire fighter.

I wanted to tell them that things are not so easy as they imagine them; that you grow up and you never have enough money; that your education doesn't matter when ten thousand other people have the same education and more experience than you; that you will spend your time obsessing over tests and homework which don't matter thirty seconds after you graduate.

I always told myself that when I grew up I would never lie to children. I do my best, but it's impossible, there

are some things that society will kill you for truthfully saying to children.

The next great revolution will come from the youth; children represent an enormous mass of disenfranchised population. When the children rise up they're not going to be happy, and, if you're over thirty, you're piggy. Time to die bitch.

I will write more later when I regain my will to live.

Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday May 2, 2006

## WHAT KIND OF ILL TRICKS DO THE MACKS DO?

Current mood: 😊bouncy

It's been a few days since I posted, things are getting busy in Korea, and by busy I mean poor. Mercedes and I are about to embark on a great experiment.

Can you live on \$150 a month?

We're betting that we can.

The UN says that a number of people live on 1 USD per day or less, that's thirty bucks a month, those people are hardcore. I don't know if I could do that. What we're trying to do is a respectable five dollars a day, each. That's can't be too hard, can it? It's five times as much as most of Africa and China.

Perhaps I'm being insensitive, maybe I owe it to all those starving children in Africa to spend more money than I make in a month, to rack up a huge debt (at 18% interest) to show them that there is hope, that one day, they too can have a big screen TV and guns, all at retail price, 20% off, only ten dollars a month.

I haven't had much of a chance to write because we've been saving our money, which means no more going to the PC bang every day. That means I have to come into work early so I can use the PC's here. Yesterday I got distracted reading and replying to emails that you, my wonderful readers, religiously send me to keep me entertained; today, I was swamped with actual work.

Work!!!???

I'm a teacher. I don't do work.

Actually, I had to handwrite about thirty evaluations for my students, just a sentence or two, nothing descript. For next month, I'm keeping track of their homework so I can have something to say about the wonderful little bastards. The problem was that they handed me these evaluations today and wanted them back... today. I guess it's not that bad, the rest of the time they just pay me for being cute and speaking English.

A bit of positive news, Korean movies are awesome. The most recent one we watched was called "Vampire Cop" and it was about a crooked Korean detective who gets bitten by a vampire mosquito (the mosquito bit Dracula and then got stuck to the windshield of a Korean bound jet-liner passing over head) and then fights crime. The best part is that

Vampire Cop only turns into a vampire when he drinks blood or gets sexually aroused. The best scene in the movie is when Vampire Cop is running away from bad guys, watching porn on his hand phone (cell phone for you Westerners), but drops it and the screen cracks. Things look grim for Vampire Cop until he sees a gorgeous woman in a red dress, who bends down and flashes him some camel toe. As he's transforming (and getting ready to kick ass) the woman turns around and she's got the Korean equivalent of a butter face, erection gone, vampirism gone. Vampire Cop is on the run again. Great fucking movie.

Of course, we can't all be vampires, but we can save money by switching to Geico. How much money do you spend in an average month? Add everything up and see where you stand, then toss that number in the fire and light up the bong, Negroes. I never worried about money in America when I had none, now I have very little and it drives me insane. I want to be a monk.

Sex Mahoney for Economist

Friday April 28, 2006

**I DON'T MEDITATE AND I DON'T PRAY BUT I EAT TWO SAMOSAS EVERY  
DAY**

Current mood: 🍋indescribable

There really isn't any food better than Indian food, I can't think of a bad thing about it. The food is so good that India is the most densely populated place on the planet; everyone is waiting for some nan. Mercedes and I went out for Indian food last night, it wasn't too expensive (about the same as it is in the states), but the portions were much smaller. Except at Indian buffets (where the food is never that good), I've never sat down to an Indian meal and walked away stuffed. It makes me very sad. I want to meet an Indian friend and exploit that friendship to get invited to a family dinner, where I will hoard as much food as I can (a la Dan Aykroyd in Trading Places) and make off like a maniacal cackling bandit.

I learned how to say penis in Korean.

I've been waiting my whole life to have this moment. The one where a foreigner tells you to repeat something in a foreign language that you don't understand, because they're trying to get you to say something stupid or dirty or both. On Friday, one of the other teachers here taught me how to say, "I am a fucking, fucking idiot." (Korean uses two

different curses to mean fuck, or something like that.) If you see someone, a Korean, doing something stupid and you want to look very rude, or very smarmy ask them: "Chollababo issaeyo?" Are you a fucking idiot? It's great isn't it.

The best part of any language is the curse words, everything else is immaterial. When you learn how to curse, and how to curse well, then you've mastered a language.

In a country like India, there are so many regional dialects that it's hard to curse at people (I imagine, I've never been). The best part of America is that you can piss people off everywhere by walking up to very small children and asking them to tell their mother's to go fuck themselves. It's delicious fun. What I don't understand is the morality some people exert over using "foul" language. The moral majority hates gays, drugs, porn, and all other fun things, but I don't understand the language thing. No matter who you are or what you do, everybody curses. I can't imagine that they call it "intercourse" with a sheep.

When you cut off particular words from a language, you're suffocating that language, no matter your reasons for restricting them. One of the most beautiful things about our world is its variety, and if you can choose from all 31 flavors of Baskin Robbins, there's no reason you can't go home and fuck every once in a while. Americans love



restricting themselves (I'm currently on a budget), but from very odd things. I meet Americans all the time who are abstaining from the strangest practices and behaviors, and if you're reading this and expressing disbelief, then I hope you've given up the Atkins diet and gone back to eating carbohydrates (fuck all you people who say carbs).

One of the many things I dislike about America is its lack of flavor; Korea is great for flavor, everything is very spicy. America only likes one flavor, salt. If it ain't salty, we ain't eating it. When you live in a world without flavor everything gets stale and you start thinking strange things are interesting, like Rosie O'Donnel and Big Macs. India's got the right idea, let's start fucking in the streets and bring some flavor back to the far side of the globe. I'll bring the nan.

Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday May 2, 2006

## MORE QUOTES FROM THE DARKSIDE

Current mood: 😊working

- If laughter is the best medicine, then tears are the best poison.
- People who can't control their emotions are worse than people who can't control their bladders.
- Money is the root of all weevils.
- If you see one movie this summer, make sure it's one you make yourself.
- Give every book at least one hundred pages before you give up on it, even if Nicole Richie wrote it.
- The more time you spend with someone the less you'll like them; if you really love someone, stay away from them.
- Nothing is better than hearing about awful things happening to people who deserve them.
- Awful people never get what they really deserve.
- Jewish comedians give the best advice.
- Nobody thinks they're nobody.
- Don't be afraid to stop at gas stations and ask for directions, gas station attendants never know how to get there anyway.
- The more you anticipate something, the bigger a let down it will eventually become.

- Don't look forward to anything.
- The past is an illusion, no more real than the future. The difference is that you can learn from the past.
- The best way to seduce women is to be honest with them about the size of your gargantuan penis, the riches in your bank account, and someone else's phone number.
- The best way to seduce a man is to tell him that he's the best \_\_\_\_.
- If people work hard so they can relax in their autumn years, then why can't they relax just as well in the spring when they can enjoy it?
- It's much harder to get time off work for a heart transplant than a cold.
- Weddings and funerals are the biggest wastes of money, and the corpse has the best time at both.
- It is impossible to teach anything to children that they don't already know.
- The key to any woman's heart is to give her dominion over yours.
- You will never beat the claw machine.
- Everything you believe in is someone else's lie.
- Three thousand years from now, someone may be using your bones to better understand the past.
- Nobody likes Grape Nuts.

- Vincent Van Gogh could hear twice as well without his ear.
- The more books you read, the less time you spend having sex with other people's family members.
- Wal-Mart is not evil, but the people who run it are.
- All the best detectives start by using conspiracy theories.
- Most of the time, it is the most likely suspect.
- Terrorism is to Communism as Herring is to Herring.
- The first sign of a countries downfall is the sovereignty of a foreign leader.
- People who write short quotes are not to be trusted.
- I will try harder next time.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Tuesday May 2, 2006

**IT'S BEST TO TOOT MY OWN HORN ABOUT MY IDIOSYNCRASIES. I VIDEO  
PINK PUSSIES**

Current mood: 😊good

In the course of my life, I've met three people through the Internet.

The first was a girl who looked up my name on a medical chart and tracked down my screen name while I was a junior in high school. It was flattering, I suppose. I met the girl for a date, it was terrible. We are tentative friends to this day.

The second was a girl who did the same thing when I was eighteen, got in touch with me, asked to meet me; she ended up being sixteen years old and dumb as a post. I haven't met anyone from the Internet since then.

With one exception. A few years ago, a friend of mine went on an Internet date with a girl he met, and talked with, who was eighteen or so, I guess, I never got to know her that well. It was your classic Internet story of a girl with a great looking picture who turned out to be very fat in real life. The girl and her fat friend wanted us to stop at a Walgreen's so they could pick up pictures or something, and while they were thus engaged I talked my friend into

slipping out the back of the store and ditching the two girls. We sat in traffic for two hours to get to the girls and two hours to get back, but it was worth it because that was the cruelest and funniest thing I've ever done.

So no Internet dates, until last night. Mercedes and I went to meet a guy that someone on the Internet, whom I've never met, recommends we should meet. At one point we were worried about his being an axe murderer, but he showed up sans axe and we had a fun time drinking and laughing about various cultures and their customs.

The Internet broke up my parents. My mother started meeting people in chat rooms and eventually had an affair with one of them; my father met his current wife on the Internet. I love technology for so many things, but call me old fashioned, I still like to find pussy the old fashioned way. Friends are a different story. So far, the number of friends I have met, via the Internet, begins and ends with that one girl I met many years ago and the guy we met last night. Maybe I like to find friends the old fashioned way as well.

What is the old fashioned way? When I was a child, my friends were largely determined by the other party's willingness to beat the crap out of me or the cool toys they have. As a child, I had very few cool toys, but I'm kind of

a jerk so that number stayed pretty low. Of the friends I had in my childhood, I'm still friends with only a handful. Until I came to Korea, I hadn't made a new friend in a while, it seems that I stopped looking for them for quite some time; however, the decline in meeting new people came at a time when I started smoking a lot more marijuana so I might just be lazier in my old age.

I think it has a lot to do with farting. I fart a lot, and I enjoy the shit out of it, but you can't fart too much around new people without coming off as very strange. You put time into your friendship and it takes a while before you're comfortable enough to really let loose around your friends, I can't go back to holding it in. I'm doing that right now, at work, and my stomach is getting very angry with me.

I'm always advocating sex with your friends, but that's only because I like reducing things to very simple arguments and if you're willing to start a serious friendship then you should be ready to share all kinds of things with these people you consider your friends. Let down your standards, lets all fuck each other and fart our brains out, but that never really works out.

I've got limits, not many, but I've got some and they're different from what other people consider acceptable

behavior, but their acceptable behaviors are out of line with mine so it's hard for us to come together. I think it's wrong to burn villages and kill women and children in the name of God and country, but a lot of people disagree and think it's perfectly acceptable. I guess I just want to have a good time.

If farting and fucking and war can't save us, then what are we left with? There is still hope, but it comes from a very conspicuous and unlikely place. Pop Music. The signs have been all around us for years, music is happy; it brings people together (at least the good music does). Even the most depressing Radiohead song draws a big, and peaceful, crowd; however, I detest Radiohead, so that's not going to save us. I like Dan Bern, but judging from his concert attendance, album sales, and hate mail, a lot of people dislike Dan Bern, so that's not going to save us. I look to people like Brittany Spears, those bland pop tarts who will usher us into a realm of peaceful, docile, servile understanding. Pop music will eventually suck all the will to live from all of us until we no longer care or we're too busy fucking and farting to care.

So maybe I can't be friends with everyone, but we can all bob our heads along to Brittany Spears and stop killing each other long enough to accomplish something, even if that's



only to invent a new and more efficient way to keep killing each other.

Of course these are only the precursors, the real saviors are out there, and they're getting better at what they do with every passing day. Wylde Stallionz Rule!

Sex Mahoney for President.

Wednesday May 3, 2006

## I'M THREE APPLES HIGH I LIVE IN A TOADSTOOL

Current mood: 😊drunk

My Internet time is dwindling; I have to teach class in a few minutes. I haven' t been coming to work as much and they finally gave me a day off, so I'm not sure what to do when I come in: answer emails or write a blog. The blog wins today. I haven't written anything since Wednesday.

Korea is getting more exciting by the day. On Thursday, Mercedes and I were supposed to go to the international flower exhibit with the other teachers from the office; we slept too late and missed the bus. Thursday was my first official day off since I got here and it was wonderful, I sat in bed all day, made pasta for myself, and we met David for some drinks late at night.

When I woke up on Friday morning, I discovered that I had another day off; Friday was a holiday called "Children's Day" in Korea. The streets of Ilsan were packed with children, given the rare opportunity to do whatever they want for twenty-four hours. Normally, Korean children spend an average of twelve to eighteen hours a day in school learning how to take over the world, so it was a nice chance for them to relax and relieve stress, but it packed the streets with Korean children and prevented us from doing all

the fun things we wanted to do, like go to a flower festival.

Instead, Mercedes and I walked around Jongbalsan Park, a series of small hills for hiking that has a pagoda and a nice view at the top. During our walk, I saw a small bird that looked injured and I walked up to it to check it out. The poor little bird had it's wing broken and it was hobbling along the ground looking sad and I contemplated bringing it home and nursing it back to health, when all of the sudden Mercedes screamed. Another bird, possibly the mother, flew up behind her and hit her in the head with one of its claws. The bird then flew up into its tree and started pecking at the branches and making furious sounds whenever I approached the injured bird. I couldn't stop laughing.

I told Mercedes that I would give her a chance to tell this story before I wrote anything about it, but I don't have much time and I can't think of anything else to write.

Except that's a lie.

Badminton, a game I never respected much, has gained considerably in my eyes. Right after the bird incident, Mercedes and I wandered into an indoor badminton court where every court was full and there were people waiting for their

chance to play. I watched as doubles and singles games of badminton were intensely played. People were sweating like mad, and, I swear, you've never seen a shuttlecock move like this before. Serious, hardcore, extreme badminton; it makes me want to resume my erstwhile lawn dartery.

I also had the pleasure of meeting the most Japanese man ever. He looked like he stepped out of a samurai film into the sushi restaurant we found, while walking around, yesterday. It wasn't anything in his clothing or attitude, but he had one of those awesome Japanese beards, the kind you don't get anywhere else. Asians are not big into beards, you don't see a lot of them, and this Japanese man had a hell of a beard. Technically, it may have been a sushi bar, but I didn't see any other fish but eel in the tank outside.

In Korea, there are lots of seafood restaurants, and many of them have tanks of fresh fish outside the establishment, I suppose it's a form of advertising. I love watching the octopus trying to escape their cages, they're so wily. Some of the restaurateurs tie the octopi in mesh bags so they can't get out and harm the other fish. They also have some kind of sea worm in these tanks, it looks like a swimming dick and they swim around looking very phallic, uncircumcised of course, and try to escape their cages.

I also finished reading a book called "Guns, Germs, and Steel" about why some cultures have lots of shit and other cultures have very little. It also talks about early farming and offers a few good theories about why, when and where it developed. I've been a have-little my whole life, and when I came to Korea I became a have-less, but possessions are fleeting and if you can't let go of the things you own, they end up owning you (as someone wealthier than I once said). I see people everywhere, who fill their lives with shit, and I'm no exception; it turns your world into a cage, and no one wants that.

We can't be happy unless we're willing to give up everything at a moments notice, but trapping oneself is the very nature of life and society; it is the glue that binds us together; we depend on each other to live. I can no longer grow my own food, but a farmer can teach his children to read, and so, my value to society is very low; even lower when you consider that I am not going to procreate. I have nothing to fight for, like that poor injured bird, I have nothing to protect, and so I look out for others and I don't like to see anyone bullied.

This puts me in conflict with many people in the government, and I learned a very fun word to describe those governments: "kleptocracy." Once upon a time, everyone owned everything they could get their hands on, and carried very

little because it wasn't worth it. Once farmers started growing their own food, other people decided it is just as easy to take part of it and call itself a government or a religion; kleptocracy. We built a society, everyone serves their function, but like any body, there is always some fat. I love being a piece of fat, I'll feed a whole starving family one day; that would make my life worthwhile, otherwise, I'm just pissing into the wind.

All I want to do is escape from this cage, and I love watching the octopi and sea penises do it, because it makes me a little happier; not because I have escaped from my cage, but because I know that I'm not going to be eaten by a Korean before the week is out. Mercedes calls me crazy, she says that I convince myself to be happy, and that's all it is; I ask her if that's all there is, and then she tells me I'm being obtuse. Sometimes I want to be normal, to not care about anything or anyone, to treat people like garbage because I don't know any better. All I can do know is consciously treat people like garbage because of some sick sycophantic urge that lives somewhere between me heart and my dick. To let go of the things around you, doesn't mean that you don't care about them anymore, but you appreciate them, and you cherish the things that are most import; like women who get changed without closing their windows and the nice ones who will touch your cock. Here's to building a better tomorrow.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Saturday May 6, 2006

## TAKE TOO LONG AND THIS IS WHAT THEY DO TO YOU

Current mood: 😞discontent

I've been drunk for the last three nights, it has an odd draining effect on my brain, and I have nothing about which to write.

Which brings me to my first point, why? Why anything? Why are we bothering with all of this? Couldn't we direct our energies into more efficient and worthwhile pursuits? What the fuck are worthwhile pursuits?

Today, instead of focusing my attentions on writing, I've been reading episode descriptions of Lost because no one posted an episode script online this week. What the fuck happened? Is this a worthwhile pursuit?

Art is the music, and other fruits, of the god, so technically, when I'm watching television, I'm feeding that primal need that made cavemen draw on walls, but the programming on television is worse than the things that come out of my asshole, so I don't think it counts. Lost is a terrible show, I love it, but it's a terrible show. In the same way, that I can't help giving my hand a sniff after a bout of fervent asshole exploration, I can't stop watching Lost; at least with the finger, it's shit that I've made.



I continue to practice my art (even I think it's pompous to call it that, but I'm alone in the office at work so there's no one here to stop me). Mercedes and I finished reading my second novel about a group of terrorist children, and we both found a lot lacking. Second novels are apparently the hardest. I don't say that as an excuse, because there are a lot of things about the book that I enjoy, but too much of it is pure shit. It smells nice, but it's nothing you want to save.

In addition to my work on a book of short stories about women, we're now underway on a musical for possible production when we return to America and I'm almost finished with the stupid shepherd's calendar I've been working on for the last year. It's a productive time, and it may not be any good, but it's all mine and I love them all. That's why I bother, because at the end of the day, it's either write something down or go completely mad, and I'm already completely mad.

Last night, a Korean man yelled at us for making too much noise. He had a drunken domestic disturbance where he was yelling at his kids in the hallway a few days ago, someone called the cops. He saw us smoking last night and he got very angry. It's the first Korean we've made angry, but he yelled at us in English. How disappointing is that?

Sex Mahoney for President

Sunday May 7, 2006

## A HAND JOB'S A MAN'S JOB, YOUR JOB'S A BLOWJOB

Current mood: 😞disappointed

If you don't care about these blogs, I'm going to post another part of "The Legend of Good Women" during my break tonight.

I met a rarity the other night. I was on the phone talking to the other English teacher with whom we hang out, and he said something funny at the same exact time as this drunken fool fell off the back of a motorcycle. The drunkard was a little upset because he thought I was laughing at him and he got up, ready to throw down. The drunkard and his friend vacillated a few times before they finally approached us, angry and looking for a fight. I should have felt a little scared, I supposed, but it's hard to take an angry Canadian seriously. How can you do anything but laugh when a tipsy Canuck starts weaving toward you saying: "I'm about to kick your ass, eh." Hilarious.

The tension dissolved fast enough and we had a cigarette, talking to the Canadian; he's been in Korea for three years, idolizes Jack Black and Tenacious D, can't handle his liquor, and plays guitar. People who lose all control when they're drinking always amaze me. I've been plenty drunk in my life, but never to the point where I lost my common sense

and made a complete fool of myself. It makes me think I'm a much better drinker than I thought I was. I've never blacked out, have you? I don't know if I believe in black outs, certainly there are times when my memory fails, and I have only disconnected memories (say of car rides and drunken trips to eateries) but never to the point where I don't remember anything.

The lack of porn is starting to kill me, I can feel my soul withering up and dying. It started out being funny enough, but it's verging on ridiculous; I feel like a thirteen year old kid. I can't control myself. I'm falling apart and my wife is starting to get that tired look around the eyes that people get at the end of Peter Jackson's "King Kong," you know the look, the one you sported many a Sunday morning as your parents shook you awake and told you it was time to leave church. She's bored, I'm ashamed. What the hell am I supposed to do? Masturbation is a religious rite, I certainly do it more frequently than even the most ardent spiritualist goes to church, but I've been deprived for so long that I'm having religious moments all over the place. I wouldn't mind so much, but I was on the bus this morning, and, apparently, Koreans like it even less than Americans when you accidentally cum on them.

I'm starting to feel sufficiently disconnected to America that I'm missing more back home than just my friends and the

food... although, I can't think of exactly what that is just yet, I know that it's something. I miss something about America, but I'm starting to like Korea more and more.

Last night, Mercedes and I were walking around exploring and we found a miniature restaurant city, there was nothing but gravel roads and the swankiest restaurants we've seen since we got here. Where we live, there are thousands of restaurants and shops and everything else, but it's a very urban center so nothing is in it's own building; even the churches are just neon crosses on top of buildings that contain a pc bang, a DVD bang, and a handjob massage parlor. Now that's the kind of church I'd go to every week, except, what is the point of paying for a handjob, when I can do that myself. Mercedes says that if you're willing to pay a person to do it, then it's worth it, no matter what, but I can jerk myself off pretty much anywhere (it makes for fun staff meetings at work), I don't want to have to travel to whack off. The whole point of sex is to find someone who can do something for, or to, you that you can't do for yourself; otherwise, what's the point of putting up with all that other malarkey, like herpes crabs, and in-laws?

I'm running out of things to say, I'm saving up energy for the story. Telling them is the only thing I know how to do. I only hope I can learn to do it well before too long.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Monday May 8, 2006

## FORTUNATELY WALGREEN'S HAS THOUSANDS OF LOCATIONS

Current mood: 🤔pensive

I don't understand greeting cards, but I just heard an advert that says Walgreen's has thousands of them to choose from, for Mother's Day. The next time I'm obligated to give someone a gift because it's a Federally mandated meaningless rotation of the earth on its axis, I'm going to hand them three dollars and tell them something saccharine, like: "You're the sweetest thing since salt."

Greeting cards? Come on, people. I've got more sentiment in my penis and you don't see me flashing that at my mother unless it's pickle night at the Coliseum and she's paid the cover charge.

(Just a side note, I will continue the story of Melanie later, but I wanted to post a non-literary blog before I have to go teach class, and there's no way I'm going to finish Melanie before I start working. I'm not dragging out the conclusion; I just don't have time to finish the damn thing!)

I'm all for giving thanks to the person who brought you to the world, but it's not automatically due because she shat you out one morning however many years ago you've been

alive. My own mother, she's a wonderful woman, and I've only started to appreciate her as a person in the last few years, once we got past that whole mother madness. Let's face it, your parent's fuck and shit you into existence for themselves, they take care of you because they're socially obligated to. It's no more legal for them to put you in a dumpster than it is for government's to decide which days are special, but not special enough for you to get off work.

Respect has to be earned, if you give people respect just because then you're going to stagnate, curl up, and choke on your own refuse. Look what happened to China, they had a huge head start over Europe at the start of the second millennium, and they blew it for a little bit of Opium and a lot of Confucianism. You can't just respect people without them earning it.

I'm a teacher. In America that doesn't mean dick, actually it means that I make a shitty salary and look after your idiot children, hoping like hell they don't burn down the school or shoot me or get really angry and charge me with sexual misconduct because I gave them a bad grade on a test (or they can't aim an m16 as well as they think). In Korea, I'm instantly respected, students will go out of their way to appease me, and one little girl has fallen in love with me, I think. On the days that we have class, she always comes into the office and pulls me by the hand,



making sure I'm not late. On one hand, it's nice, I feel like a D-List celebrity, on the other hand, it makes me very uncomfortable because they only listen to what you say, they're so afraid of offering a contrary opinion that it's tough to get them to learn anything. The nice thing is that none of them have handed me a greeting card.

Time to go teach children. This would suck if I weren't the greatest teacher in the universe. That's the thing about Jewish guys; we're all revolutionaries until they nail us to a cross. I'm going to take a picture of myself, all cut up and bloody, with a slim cloth draped over my loins, and a crown of thorns over my head, surrounded by Korean children, and then I'm going to flash the thumbs up.

Sex Mahoney for Messiah.

Tuesday May 9, 2006

## NEGATIVITY NEVER YIELDED POSITIVE RESULTS

Current mood: 🤪mischievous

What is the use of complaining if no one wants to listen to your complaints? Besides, who am I to complain about anything when I find joy in so many things? I will no longer use my blog to complain, I will celebrate the joy and diversity of life to its utmost and I will not frown on the smallest, bent blade of grass or the lowliest mosquito. I am here to love. I am an agent of that all-powerful feeling of brotherhood.

Which brings me to double penetration; the greatest gift that god ever gave mankind. Sure, women and men could have sexual orifices designed to fit only one penis, but that would only be the case if all those Christians, Muslims, Jews and etc were right that God doesn't want us fucking each other like animals, which obviously can't be the case because of double penetration.

I've seen lots of porn in my day, I've gone through all the phases; when I was ten years old I thought cumshots were the bee's knees, but, like all life, my appreciation of the pornographic arts grows and evolves more every year. Right now, I think that double penetration is the apex of my pornological appreciation, but I'm sure that in another few

years I'll have moved on to something else and say the same thing about that.

Let me get back to the subject, double penetration. Things are just more fun in threes; even God hangs out with his buddy Jesus and the Holy Spirit. I never understood what those religious types were talking about when they said that all three were the same being, but I'm getting a clearer idea now. Sure, the holy spirit makes the most sense for the recipient, because a spirit can assume whatever shape it wants, but that's the great thing about God: even the ancient Hebrews used a word for God that meant man and woman; Elohim. So maybe, sometimes, the Holy Spirit takes it in both holes, but maybe God takes a little DP from time to time. Let's not discount Jesus; the ass stretches more than any vagina, any day.

So go out, find yourself two friends, and have yourself a party; you deserve it. As someone wiser than I once said: "Everyday give yourself a present, don't plan it, don't anticipate it, just let it happen."

Sex Mahoney for President.

Thursday May 11, 2006

## YOU MAKE MY KARMA PUKE

Current mood: 🤪nerdy

Togetherness is something we can all enjoy. I've been reading a copy of the bible I caged from the other English teacher that I work with, and Jesus wasn't all that I remember him being. Everybody's always going on about how great the guy is, and don't get me wrong he does come out with a zinger every now and again, but he spends a lot of time talking about hell and chastising the people who won't believe in him. Hey-sus is as much a hypocrite as the rest of us, and I'm tired of being a hypocrite.

Does anyone truly disbelieve in the power of love? Huey Lewis knew it, I know it, Jesus knew it, and, if you didn't already, now you know it too. Love is the only thing we have that separates us from the animals. I'm not saying that the animals don't love, but it's a protective love, they love their own and only their own, so they want to protect them, but we, the people, have the power to love even those that want to do us harm. All it takes is putting your anger away from you, like you would push away a dish of cold or inedible food. Anger is inedible, it will eat you. Love is consuming, it will eat you too, but only if you let it.

There is a man out there who has done me a great wrong, but I have harmed him far worse than he harmed me by not forgiving him and showing him my love. I no longer harbor a grudge; it's foolish to do otherwise. One only has enemies of one's own making. I can't stand it anymore, I gave up most of my hate a few years ago, and even though I still complain (I'm not perfect), there's not a person out there to whom I wouldn't offer some compassion and a little bit of love.

We all need a little love, from time to time, but what is the proper way to express that love? By kindness? Understanding? Double Penetration? The answer is just being, live in love, do not look for it, and you will have love returned to you. People get angry all the time, and they will get angry with you too, no matter what you do, but it is just as impossible to escape the opinion's of people as it is to fly to the moon on a thimble full of petrol. When someone is angry with you, love them in return and then go sleep with their girlfriend/boyfriend. If their significant other can love you, then why can't they?

The most important thing is to let go of your protective impulse, like the line says: "If you love something, set it free." When you try to horde the love that someone brings you, it withers in the darkness and dies, when you let that love out, sometimes it brings back diseases, but most of the

time, if you wear a condom, you'll be okay; unfortunately, condoms don't protect against genital warts, but that's another story. We're all in this together and when we get protective we build walls around ourselves and our friends as real as the walls of a city.

I joke a lot, and people say that there's nothing constructive in comedy, they're right, there isn't. Comedy is meant to tear down those walls, those protective customs that separate us from the savage and the alien, when you can laugh at yourself, the highest king and the lowest slave are as equal as when they are sitting on the bare ground.

I also criticize society... a lot. Whenever people come together, the only thing they seem to produce is a big pile of shit, literally and figuratively. I love people and I hate gatherings, as someone much wiser than I once said, but I have hope that someday we're all going to love each other the way it was intended, in a giant, hermaphroditic, happy humping, circular gangbang. Nobody gets to fuck without getting fucked. Here's to the new millennium.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Thursday May 11, 2006

## MORE QUOTES FROM THE DARKSIDE

Current mood: 😊shocked

- Le Rochefoucault can suck my balls.
- Never buy anything that promises to make your dick bigger or your hair grow.
- Be careful of women who spend too much time with their family.
- Your children are ugly.
- When a boy hits puberty he starts noticing girls, he only stops when he dies.
- When a girl hits puberty she...
- 9 out of 10 people can play the guitar, of those; only 1 in 10 can play it well.
- The harder you try to accomplish something the less likely you are to succeed.
- Fate provides opportunities only to the fools who believe in fate.
- It is better to take advice from a live fool than a dead wise man.
- Don't trust people who don't know how to pleasure themselves.
- There is no better way to die than having sex with someone you loathe.
- The less often you see someone, the more likely you are to miss them.

- There is nothing so satisfying as being right, but nothing more satisfying to our friends as when we are wrong.
- The best way to steal something is to ask for it openly and promise to pay it back later.
- The people who give the best advice have the worst personal lives.
- If you cannot be happy, pretend to be and no one will be able to tell the difference.
- Making love is to fucking what a peanut is to a starving man.
- Masturbate daily; you could do a lot worse things with your free time.
- Not even you can prevent forest fires.
- Chuck Norris jokes are funnier than anything Chuck Norris has ever done.
- History is the story of guilty winners to explain their good fortune.
- There is no greater pleasure than getting to the toilet after holding in for a really long time.
- If sex is the fruit of the gods, then masturbation is the cheese.
- Your four camels are no match for my short hare.
- The good farmer knows to spread his seed to the far corners of his fields, ejaculate wherever you go.



- Laugh at your own flaws and forgive the virtue of others. Laugh at the virtue of others and their flaws will become your own.
- I regret that I have only one penis to give to my cuntry.
- Do not take time to carefully revise your own work; there are always people ready to criticize who will do it for you.
- Everything I say can be neglected as trash and I'll still keep saying it.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Thursday May 11, 2006

## IN THE ROOM WITH THE DAVENPORTS WHERE MEN BECOME CUCKOLDS

Current mood: 🐼chipper

Very exciting news! I've finally finished my modern update of the shepherd's calendar and it only took about a year to write. I will post a new month each week on Myspace and on my geocities page, but not until this weekend when I get my laptop.

For those of you who are unfamiliar with the shepherd's calendar, you can check it out at [Luminarium](#). It was written by Edmund Spenser, and if you've never read him then I'd say you're missing out, but he is rather boring, a little long winded, and extremely prejudiced (he once suggested that everyone in Ireland should be killed so that the English could repopulate the country), but he's a hell of a poet, even better than Milton.

The Shepherd's Calendar is a poetic/philosophical musing on various subjects told in various metrical forms, with one long poem for each month of the year. Spenser invented an alias for himself named Collin Clout, who is the "main character" of sorts, I call mine Sam Iamb. One of my classes might be cancelled tonight so I might have the prologue and the first month online by this evening. You could read a lot worse, believe me.

Which brings me to the subject of this blog (now that I've shamelessly pimped myself), the most popular blogs on Myspace. I read a lot of them at work, and most of them are blog "parties." I put the word parties in parenthesis because I usually think of a party as a gathering of people in a physical space, but here they are like chatrooms, only not in real time. I read a lot of the topical blogs; I don't read the party blogs. Think of all the fun and worthwhile conversations you have with people at a party.

I remember when chat rooms first hit the scenes, they were great; prior to their introduction, the only real communication you could have with someone, via the Internet, was posting messages on bulletin boards and waiting for a reply, it sometimes took ages. Then, all of the sudden, real time conversations with people miles away, and that was in the mid 90's when the Internet was still pretty slow and people's connections were shit. Now it's aught 6, most people have a cable or dsl connection, and everyone has gone back to posting messages on fucking bulletin boards. It doesn't make a lick of sense.

I like the Internet, it has wonderful things like porn and lots of porn and porn you never knew existed. Sure, the internet is a great tool for getting in touch with people, but the more people you bring together, the more likely that

you're going to get some kind of disease. In a book I read a few weeks ago, it turns out that most major diseases from colds to the flu to AIDS came from people having sex with animals, which I can understand in ancient times; there weren't as many people so sometimes you had to make do with what you had; however, this is the future, there are people everywhere, there's no reason for us to keep screwing pigs, goats, sheep, cows, and fatties. There's plenty to go around.

So when it comes to the Internet, I don't like communicating with people. I don't like using it as a means to connect to people, or rather, I didn't. Now that I'm in Korea, it has become indispensable. I'd never be able to call everyone without this wonderful machine, but I think we're all forgetting what the Internet is for... pornography. There needs to be more pornography, so go have sex with a stranger, and post the videos online. The world will be a better place for it.

Some of you may think it's disgusting, having sex with a complete stranger, so, if it will help, go to a glory hole; it doesn't count if you do it through a glory hole. I'm glad I can count on all of you. Keep fucking your way to a better tomorrow.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Friday May 12, 2006

## I'M THROUGH WITH HONGDAE; I'M THROUGH WITH LOVE

Current mood: 🤢nauseated

There's a place in Korea, called Hongdae (Hongik Univ. for the Westerners), it's nice, has a lot of nice bars, there's lots of attractive women, but it's like New York, if the Subways stopped running at midnight in New York, which, if you live in New Jersey, I suppose they do. Except, from NY to Jersey, the trains at least give you until two AM to get your drinking done and still get the fuck home. Not in Korea. I think that the government actively condones drunk driving.

I'm all for that. What's the best way to teach people responsibility and improve their driving skills by loading them up full of booze and setting them out on the roads? Unless you buy that myth of the drunk driver killing a little girl at two AM, the worst thing that could happen is that a drunk kills some cops, and that's never a bad thing.

So rather than get stuck in Hongdae last night, Mercedes and I decided to try and make it home, but before I tell you about that, let me tell you about Anjeet.

We went to meet another English teacher, named Corey, at an Nepalese restaurant in Seoul, near Dongdaemun, and when

we arrived, he was talking to a man he befriended at the restaurant. His name was Anjeet and he was from Nepal, he was in Korea on a vacation of penitence because of some mix up with a girl. He was very friendly, talked and joked a lot, bought us some beers, and gave us his business card, but his eyes never smiled, only once or twice. I've met people like that in my life, they're always smiling, but their eyes are corpse cold. He was a nice guy, but I don't know if I'd trust him.

After the restaurant, we went to a bar where a generic band was playing a generic set, and, realizing that we were about to get stuck in Hongdae for another night (on the first weekend Mercedes was here we waited in the cold for the trains to resume running at 6 AM) we decided to go home after a few minutes. We made it about 15 km away from our house when the trains stop running, which means, no matter what stop you are currently at, you have to get off. So we were stuck, until a taxi arrived, and what fun, they charge double on the weekends.

Coming back home, we were both a little peeved and ready to get drunk, which is were I come to the best thing that ever happened to anyone anywhere. We went to a bar called Pirate bar, where, for 15 USD@, they bring out a cask of 5000cc (5L, or a wee bit over a gallon for you Western types) of beer. It took awhile, until 5 in the morning, but

we polished off the whole thing. Afterwards, I went to get breakfast with one of the other native speaker teachers, he went to the bathroom and saw his first Korean transvestite. I admit, I was jealous, because I have yet to see a Korean transvestite. There is still so much to see and do here.

I miss America, but the days pass by one at a time, and before you know it I'll be home. Pictures are coming, this week.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Sunday May 14, 2006



## READ THE FINE PRINT AND YOU'LL DISCOVER WE'RE NOT EVEN HUMAN

Current mood: 😄ecstatic

Last night, I was watching "Singing in the Rain" with Mercedes and thinking about how movies used to be, talented as hell, but boring and so saccharine you could sweeten your tea and give yourself cancer all at the same time with just a few lines from Gene Kelly. I love old Hollywood; it's like a dangerous animal in a shoddy wooden cage, ripping things apart like they were made of paper. I can't stand new Hollywood, for all the autonomy they have now, they turn out crap that stinks like yesterdays fish. The nice thing about dictatorships is that they run smoothly.

But...

At the risk of sounding crude, let's all take a cue from a science fiction writer and imagine that there's a one little child, all alone in the world, with no one to love for and care for and all our happiness depends on this child; is all our happiness still worth it? I like it better when artists don't receive patronage, and I think it's ridiculous to assume that failing to support the arts will suppress the arts; that's as ludicrous as saying that by taxing the rich, no one will want to work hard anymore. Art comes from a deep place, and a desire to produce or at least

convince people that they should like you. It's plumage, the same as muscles, intellect, and money. The best kind of art comes from people who are trying to impress a cutie.

TS Eliot looked like a bank manager; Dostoevsky was trying to have an affair with a young woman when he wrote his best works. Somewhere, in the middle of the country, there's a tax attorney writing the world's greatest novel that no one will ever read. If I ever find him, I'm going to burn his manuscripts.

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday May 15, 2006

## **TOMORROW, THE DARKSIDE CHANGES**

Current mood: 🤪silly

Hello America, how are you? Don't you know me? I'm your ill-conceived bastard stepchild, raised in the grand tradition of people who've been kicked out of their home countries and I'm saying hello to you from the darkside of the world. Tomorrow, we're going back online with the ill communication, and I've got a thing or two to share with you.

First, there will be pictures; I'll post the really good ones in a blog. You can see the others (the fifteen shots of trees and various Korean flora and fauna) somewhere on the web, but I haven't yet decided where. Mercedes is taking care of that business. First there was nothing, then was Sex and said spoke words and say that they were good, and so Sex said, "Let there be pictures" and there were, and they were good.

Second, there will be another chapter of the woman story. This one is a doozy, I've been kicking this line around in my head for the last week and I can't wait to write it down. I hope it looks as good on paper as it does in my mind.

Third, there will be chatting. We're getting an Internet connection in our apartment, so I'll be online most of the day, and if you want my AIM screen name, then you have to send me a message through Myspace, because you can't IM me unless I add you first. Remember, if I don't answer you right away, it's probably because I don't like you, for one, and because I am thirteen hours ahead of most of you, for another. If I wake up before noon (a rarity) then I might get back to you, but I might not (see number one).

That's all I have to say for the moment, but I have a few more minutes before I got get some lunch, so let me take this time to tell you about food. Today, for lunch, I'm having Karaedobap, which means rice and curry, it's very tasty. Mercedes is having BiBimBap, which is rice and mixed vegetable, it's also tasty. One of our favorite dishes is Kimbap, which is like a sushi roll, but without fish, it has rice, veggies, (Chamchikimbap is tuna fish) wrapped in delicious seaweed, very tasty.

Across the street from our apartment is a pizza place that tastes like pizza hut, but the pizzas only cost 5 dollars (or Ochon won). We don't drink a lot of soda, but when we do buy it, we usually buy Chilsung Cider, which is exactly like sprite and bottled by Coca Cola.

The three most popular beers here are Hite, OB, and Cass all of which taste like Coors. I've been drinking too much. I need to limit my drinking to one night a week or less. There are many other things that we've been consuming in Korea, but I'll save that for the pictures. Not that we have any pictures of food, but... you get the idea.

Only 288 days until I come home to America, not that I'm counting or anything. I miss you all, and the only decent pair of breasts I've seen, in the last two months, belong to my wife. Korea is many things, but not a land of mammaries.

I watched "The Sound of Music" last night, and it's a charming movie, nothing offensive in it at all, you could eat it whole and it wouldn't turn into shit in your colon. I've got half a mind to watch it again, but I don't think I have it in me. I plan on writing a musical while I'm in Korea. Say what you will about the genre, but at least it's honest.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Tuesday May 16, 2006

## THE BEST IS YET TO COME

Current mood: 😊content

I read the top blogs on Myspace when I'm at work; these blogs are always about the same things, masturbation and sex. I hate being unoriginal, but yesterday was a very important day for me. I masturbated for the first time since March 8th. I have never gone that long without masturbating in my life. Now that I'm back, I'm back with a vengeance, I can't stop masturbating. I wish I were a lady. I know a lady who masturbates when no one is looking, right out in the open. I wish I could do that.

I was trying to decide if I was desperate enough to watch a girl with copious amounts of pubic hair and I figured, why the hell not. There's time for all of them. I can't stand pubic hair in real life, but on porn stars, it's not so bad; it's not great, but there are worse things. I once saw a porn of a woman who had recently given birth, she was distended. It was terrible. Who would ever want children?

I don't have much more to say beyond that, I will write more later, but first I have to masturbate some more... and more.

Thursday May 18, 2006

**ONE TIME JOHNNY TRIED LCD, HAD A GREAT REVELATION AND COULDN'T  
PUT IT INTO WORDS**

I've got nothing to say today, but I've got this feeling buried somewhere between my feet and my brain.

Some people think the world is an ugly place, while others tell you its beautiful. You can't trust anyone when they tell you about the world, no more than you could trust an ant who says: "Yeah, this farm isn't bad; sure we've got earthquakes, but at least it never floods."

I don't know how to play any instruments, I can strum a guitar and I can blow air through the holes of my harmonica, and both of those activities produce noise, but it's no closer to playing an instrument than it is to making a sandwich. Sometimes, when I'm sitting at the keyboard, I just close my eyes and let my fingers find the right keys, from memory. The keyboard is the greatest invention of the modern world; because I can shut off my rational brain and let the words flow out of my fingers the way an expert pianist will unleash music from his hands. I try to defend art all the time, and I argue about its purpose, and whether people should be paid for it, and whether you're in it for the love. I write for that moment, when the words are coming out of my head so fast that I can't keep my eyes open or I'll spoil the magic, it feels so good to shut down your rational brain and let things come.

You can't force something that doesn't want to come, as someone wiser than I once said: "If it doesn't come naturally, leave it." Nothing that's forced can ever be right. Try forcing a puzzle together and you'll need to get a pair of scissors. Try forcing someone to love you and they'll hate you instead. Sometimes, you just have to be, and if people want to hate you, they'll hate you, and if they want to love you, they'll love you. Nothing is constant, if you're hated, it will pass; if you're loved, that too will pass. The earth only holds the same position for a fraction of a second before it revolves this way, and rotates that way.

I feel so tired; I don't know how long I can keep living. When someone tells you they're 70 years old, even if you're 69, you can't comprehend that kind of time. When I stand before infinity, I can translate the numbers into something tangible, but I shrink from fear. The worst thing about life is that just when you think you can't take anymore, it keeps going.

I don't know much, but I know that you only love and hate as much as you let yourself. Fuck God, we're in control. I'm sorry God, I didn't mean that, please don't smite me. It's cool; I can say that to God, we're tight. Fucker still owes me twenty bucks.



Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday May 18, 2006

## **THIS LOST BULLSHIT IS KILLING ME**

I finally got a laptop the other day and I caught up on all the episodes of Lost and Bullshit that I haven't yet seen; although since I've seen them at this point, I should say I hadn't yet seen.

As bad as the show is, I love Lost. There's very little redeeming about the show, except that they kill off main characters. I'm hoping to see more of that in the next few episodes.

The other show I've been downloading is Penn and Teller's Bullshit, which is not terrible, as documentary style shows go, but it's not great either. Penn and Teller are almost never objective on the show, but I still think its funny to watch people (the magicians as well) making Asses of themselves.

The only nice thing about a rise in conservative governance is the rise in quality of artwork. Lost and Bullshit are not masterpieces, not by a long shot, but they're better than anything that was on TV during the Clinton years; excepting of course, the Simpsons. Nothing is better than the Simpsons.

Sex Mahoney for President

Saturday May 20, 2006

## I DARE YOU TO FIND A SQUARE IN IT

Current mood: 😞anxious

I'm feeling lost myself these days. I'm not sure which way is up.

It's been awhile since I wrote anything overtly political, because I was starting to feel like a sham, but then I remembered something a good friend once said to me. If you want to know how good you've got it in America, go live in a foreign country, which I am currently doing, and it's fucking great.

I don't understand much of politics in Korea, mostly because I don't speak the language, but what little I have come to understand puts me in a much better position to view America from afar. I thought that absence might make the heart grow fonder, and it has, in a way, because I miss my friends, but I do not look forward to going back to the US. The place scares the crap out of me.

When I was a child, my father used to joke with me about people who were dumb enough to want to build a fence between the US and Mexico, because, no matter how high a fence you build, people will still find a way to get around, under, or over it. Do not forget the old adage about locking doors,

because, after all, what is the US trying to keep from getting out?

How many of you have ever killed anything? I've never killed anything larger than a rabbit, but you can't mistake the look of fear in a creature's eyes as it's dying. I've seen it on people lying in hospital beds. It comes at the moment when the pain is too much, when they can't take it anymore and they give in to the fear, but before that comes the anger.

Injuring a creature will often make the animal very angry, if you don't believe me, go slap the lions at the zoo and punch a cop in the face. Injuring something makes it mad, but won't make it vicious, that comes later, when the injury becomes life threatening. When it sees there's no way out, some animals try to do as much damage as they can before the lights go out.

The Republican Party has had an inordinate amount of power since 1994, and it did its best to squander everything as quickly as possible. I love hearing people talk about the book of revelation, as if it expresses some far distant future when mankind will end. Actually, if you break down the allegory, it's not a bad analysis of a society's downfall. There are lots of books like Revelation, the show how groups and societies eventually chase their tails faster

and faster until they finally bite themselves on the ass. In 1994, when the Republican Party gained power in Congress, they initiated their own ass biting.

With the mid-term elections coming up in a few months, I wonder what would happen if the Democrats regained legislative power. With the Republicans sitting in a lame duck position, the opportunity would be rife to pass and implement a number of wide ranging and ridiculous measures, like building a fence between the US and Mexico, cutting government revenue, and increasing government spending. I'd like to think that the Democrats are closer to human beings than their Republican counterparts, but more likely, they'll try to impeach the president and set the whole mess a running again.

The whole thing seems completely useless. What's the point of caring about the government if that damn thing never stops crushing and abusing the people it's supposed to protect?

I hate bullies. It doesn't seem like you can govern without being a bully, maybe I'm being naive.

Sex Mahoney for President

Saturday May 20, 2006



## PUT ME ON YOUR GUEST LIST

Current mood: 😄ecstatic

Before you read this blog go check out [Movie Reviews](#) and read about an awesome movie called "Jesus Christ: Vampire Hunter.

I've finally made it. Ever since I saw Boogie Nights, I wanted to be a film maker, while I originally thought that involved moving to Hollywood and sucking an old man's dick, but once I got a little older and wiser, I realized that it meant nothing more than making a film. Of course, film in this case is fallacious, I couldn't afford film if I sucked all the old dick in the world, but I like the term better than saying digital video maker (which sounds like I videotape girls on their 18th birthdays doing fun things with speculums and champagne bottles - non-alcoholic, they're under 21). Fuck it; I'm a filmmaker.

The reason I'm so excited, and incoherent, is that my film [The Evil of Dr. Satanicus](#) has been reviewed by [Sporedtodeath tome](#) at blogspot. If only one person sees Dr. Satanicus and likes it, then it's me and I should have spent that time masturbating instead, but if two people see it, everyone will think they're faggots and the won't take either of them, but if three people see it... can you



imagine that... three people sitting down watching Dr. Satanicus, enjoying the movie, and then gouging their eyes out? People will start to think it's an organization. And can you imagine 50 people? 50 people sitting down and watching Dr. Satanicus and enjoying themselves? People will start to think it's a movement. And that's what it is, The Dr. Satanicus Anti-Boredom Piece of Shit movement, and all you got to do to join is to watch it at [archive.org](http://archive.org)

Sex Mahoney for President.

Monday May 22, 2006

## WHY WON'T COACH ROMERO PLAY BAUER AND FILOSA

Current mood: 😞exhausted

If you could go back in time and change just one thing, what would you change and why?

Humans are such retrospective animals, we're always hemming about what we would have done under similar circumstances and warning people that they are acting like those treacherous criminals of the past, but the last I checked, bad things happened because good people were too afraid to put their shit on the line when the time came. I don't know if I'd have the courage to stand up to a tank in Tianneman Square, but I know that I live every day, with a firm belief in the inherent goodness of my actions, and I don't regret any of the ones that helped people.

So I was rolling along the streets of Korea the other day, picking up teenage prostitutes and dumping their bodies in hard to find places (it's a little game I play with the police)...

So I was tripping old ladies in the park with some fishing wire I tied to a tree...

I couldn't think of a good joke to complement that last paragraph, so I'll continue with my blog and pretend like nothing happened.

Stories are my interest and my business, so when I come across stories that interest me, I remember them and use them as analogies in my writing. I hate power. People who hold power think that because they have power, nothing bad can happen to them, or perhaps (I wouldn't know because I don't have any power myself) power corrupts because people in power know they won't be in power for long and so try to do as much harm as they can before everything turns to shit.

Take the Devil for instance, he used to be pretty high up there as angels go, sat at the right hand of God, and now burns forever in eternal hell fire amen and hallelujah.

Look at Adam, that first man, he used to be God's best friend. They hung out and worked together all the time, but Adam died just the same.

I mention these two examples because they probably never existed, and because they both illustrate the same theme, just because you was the favorite, don't mean you gonna be the favorite forever.

So we take a look at America's erstwhile dictator, George W, who once had the highest approval rating of any president ever and blew it so hard that porn stars all over the world stood in awe of his magical lips. Still, I can't hold it against the man, I was handed a nice cushy job by my parents friends and I fucked it up, the only difference is, no one got hurt when I screwed up at my job. When you're the president, your fuck-ups affect millions.

As much as I dislike the President, and his cronies, I'm programmed to root for the underdog. I don't like winners, no matter who they are, and I like to sympathize with the down trodden. There are some winners out there who are gracious in glory, but their numbers are few. What keeps me from defending the president is that he's a sore loser, and a spiteful son of a bitch.

All of us remember those times as children, when we lost a game to an opponent we did not respect and proceeded to beat their heads in with lead pipes and other fun toys. Perhaps that was just me, but I had no impulse control as a child (hell I still have none, my penis looks like a bicycle grip); I'm willing to bet that most of you have thought of beating in the winner's head from time to time. We denigrate, we go on the defensive. With catcalls of "you only won because you cheated" and "this game is stupid," we

expose our own idiocy with great dexterity and little reserve.

When Bush and his buddies first took office they accused Clinton and his people of wrecking the white house, smearing feeces, and leaving "porn bombs" to the new tenants (that widely reported claim was never substantiated, it was a lie). Bush is a sore fucking winner.

Now the lame duck president and his lame duck congress are trying to pass laws that would ensure their asshole legacy for years to come, including a tax break for the wealthy, mandatory conscription for all Americans 18-46, a giant fence between the US and Mexico, and English as the official language of the land.

If English is the official language of the US, then why don't we change the name of the country to England? The English went through years of trial and error before they had a language named after their country, and for America to try and co-opt the English language is ignorant and wrong. Korea has a language, the king gathered all the smartest people he could who built a language that even I can understand; the language is named after the country, they get to do that, they invented it. America only gets to choose a national language when we come up with one of our own.

The night before he left office, John Adams signed countless bills into law and appointed numerous judges to the bench; the legacy lasted until the 1830 and arguably longer. No one liked John Adams, he was a cock, but he had higher approval ratings than GW, and as much as I want to root for the underdog, when they're a whining, sore loser, I've got no sympathy. Adam probably took a mean shit in the Garden of Eden before he left, just like Satan spray painted "Hail Satan" on the side of God's throne before he was cast into the abyss. It's petty, but sometimes it can be fun; the rest of the time, you're just being a dick.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Monday May 22, 2006

## **SORRY IF I VIOLATED SOMETHING, I'VE NEVER DONE THIS BEFORE**

To those of you waiting to read part nine of the Legend of Good Women, I'm sorry I haven't been able to finish it yet. At work, there's a computer lab that we had been able to use, but the Koreans are upset about something, so now we're not allowed to use the lab, or bang. I won't have as much time at work to write. This will slow down my blog output, but don't worry. I'll keep plugging away when I can. In the meantime, I apologize.

Wednesday May 24, 2006

## WHEN I CALL YOU UP, YOUR LINE'S ENGAGED

Current mood: 🤔 lazy

I haven't written a blog in so long that I don't know what to write exactly. There are so many ideas swarming in my head that I feel like a kid in a candy shop or a nymphomaniac at a narcoleptic's convention. First, let me relate some of the goings on in Korea over the last week.

As per my agreement with the Internet provider, I now have a bicycle (picture not available); not only is the bicycle my favorite mode of transportation, but in an Asian country, there's plenty of bike parking available everywhere. I'm traveling in style... the same style as twelve-year-old children and poor old people. It used to take me twenty-five to thirty minutes to walk to work... I can now do it in fifteen to twenty.

On Friday, we went out to "Pirate Bar" with some people from work and David (I don't mean to exclude David, but he is not some people from work, he works somewhere else). Most of the bars in Korea are not like the bars in America, where there is a literal bar, one or two small tables, and a whole lot of dank. There are no real bars in Korea except at sushi restaurants. "Pirate Bar" is pirate themed, which means



there are large plastic statues of pirates near the entrance and nothing else reminiscent of pirates anywhere else.

The bar was a blast. One of the Korean teachers, Julie, got so drunk that she was stumbling all over the place. Mercedes and I took turns taking care of her, she told both of us that she loved us and gave us many kisses, usually after she lost her balance, and stumbled into one of us. Koreans are hilarious when they're drunk, because they don't notice when they're shifting back and forth between English and Korean, I just try to smile and flash the thumbs up.

Because we got shit ass drunk on Friday (and Mercedes did the same on Thursday) we resolved not to drink on Saturday; we were sitting around all night, watching crappy television shows instead. Around midnight, we heard shouting in the hallway, so we went out to investigate. Someone on our floor was having an altercation, and there seemed to be an angry woman, without shoes, jumping up and down and shouting. The police showed up, and everyone quieted down, except for the woman, who was still yelling and making a scene. Eventually, she came to where Mercedes and I were smoking a cigarette, and started crying, we held her hands and told her everything was going to be okay. She started talking to us in English and we gave her a cigarette. Her name is Inyung. Her husband, Sango, and his friend, Unchong, came out to say

hello, and then the whole party broke up and went back home, which turns out to be just down the hall from our apartment.

About a half hour later, Inyung knocked on our door and asked to come in, she gave us a painting she made as a present and asked us to come party with her and her husband. We walked down the hall, and she started asking us about religion. Unable to communicate that I am Jewish, we went back to our room and got the language dictionary, and when we told her the Korean word for "Jew" she got a look on her face like I just asked her to fuck my wife with a strap-on; however, because she was so drunk, she overcame her prejudice quickly and we went back to her room.

Sango and Unchong were so drunk that they were swinging their wine glasses back and forth, spilling booze all over the floor. We sat down and started talking to them, Sango works for the government pension office, Unchong manages an Outback steakhouse. Inyung ordered chicken and beer, which was delivered at 2 o'clock in the morning; we sat around drinking and Inyung showed me her bibles. After an hour, they started singing; we joined them for a few songs and then got the hell out of dodge.

Koreans are a blast, but it's a booze-oriented culture, and I have the same problems with that here, as I do in America. Why alcohol? When they were picking which drugs to

make illegal, how did alcohol make it to the finish line over marijuana?

To those of you who read this blog regularly, I apologize for my dearth of writing. There will be more to come in the near future. Stick with me and you won't be disappointed... by lack of reading material. I mean, I can disappoint you in plenty of other ways, but I'm usually productive enough to keep you busy, busy being disappointed. I love you all.

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday May 29, 2006

## **LIFE IS UNFAIR**

I'm studying up, so I can write something really funny. I can't remember if it was Baptiste or Frederick, but there's a great movie by Marcel Carne called "Children of Paradise" where the villain says that drama is easy, making people cry is like sandblasting a soup cracker, but comedy is the hard stuff. At one point, I used to write things that were funny and I want to try my hand at it again. For some reason, all of my last major projects have been very dark and overly dramatic, I want to do something light and comic, the way Dr. Satanicus turned out.

It's not that I don't respect dramatists, I have a lot of respect for all kinds of artists, but comedians are the best-developed minds. The height of perfection is to be funny, anything else is uncivilized.

Let's face it, people have been inflicting misery upon each other for millennia, and there is no shortage of natural disaster in the world. I was reading a newspaper article about the earthquake in Java and how the earthquake was just the precursor to a massive volcano about to erupt and kill thousands more people. Even in the worst tragedy, there still exist some of the best jokes. Comedy is largely centered on misfortune, and rare is the comic who can create laughs without making someone or something the butt of the joke. In the case of Java, it is God or Fate or Luck or

whatever that decided the best punch line to 5,000 dead people is a massive eruption of molten lava. The universe is the best comedian there is.

I often wonder if I'm chasing something I'll never reach.

At the end of his life, Geoffrey Chaucer renounced everything he ever wrote as sinful drivel.

If you can't laugh at yourself, then you're nothing. There is nothing sacred, there is no taboo; the people who try to impose their beliefs on others are the ones who are not secure enough to face them:

"Don't make fun of my mother, because I've never gotten over the fact that she fucks my father with a strap on and I saw it happen one Christmas morning. Why they decided to do it after he dressed in the Santa suit, I'll never know."

"She's my girlfriend, and just because she'll only have sex with me if I buy her expensive things, doesn't mean she's a whore."

What do you have that's so serious you can't view objectively enough to have a nice guffaw? If you can't laugh at yourself, there's always someone willing to do it for you... in fact, they're probably doing it right now.

Sex Mahoney for President

PS. I apologize to you readers again, for not putting up a lot of new material, I will try to continue the one blog a day, but it's difficult now that I can't do it at work anymore. This week, I am also revising an old script for a movie called "Revenge of the Prom Weekend" which I must submit to a contest by Friday. I promise that I will have a new chapter of my woman story up by Monday along with a new month of the Shepherd's Calendar.

Tuesday May 30, 2006

## TIE A YELLOW RIBBON ROUND THE OLD OAK TREE

Current mood: 😊pleased

I've been reading about soldiers for the last few days. About two weeks ago, a woman went on Fox News to explain why she was protesting soldier's funerals. She was a religious nut, completely insane, and besides soldiers, she was also protesting against homosexuals, Zionist Jews, and Hollywood. The blogs on Myspace are largely in response to the woman, regardless of whether they acknowledge her or not. While I will agree that the woman on Fox news was insane, protesting against soldiers is exactly what is necessary to stop wars.

People get defensive when you attack soldiers, blame the politicians, they say. Fuck that, I say. America is an all-volunteer army, the people who are in the army are there because they want to be, they fucking volunteered.

I also object to the term volunteer army, because yes, they did ask to join, but they're getting paid, and in my book a volunteer does their job because they want to, not because of monetary rewards.

I blame politicians for starting wars. I'm a tiny guy, I new better than to pick fights with people who were bigger than me, or had lots of friends. One politician may want to

start shit with another country, but it's the soldiers who do the dirty work. President Bush may be an ass, but he's not doing any shooting in Iraq.

In the war of 1812 and World War 2, Russian soldiers were forced off to war, and more of them died in those two wars than in all of America's wars combined. American soldiers are pussies, and have only once fought for our freedoms. That's the last argument people use to defend soldiers, "You wouldn't be free if they weren't fighting to protect your freedom." As far as I know, no one has ever started a war of aggression against the United States. Even the English, in the war of 1812, only attacked after America tried to take over Canada. We would be free with or without soldiers. In fact, freedom is an inalienable right, you're born with it, no one can give it to you, and they can only take it away. Throughout history, the principle means by which people lose their freedom is through soldiers and the army.

It about time that we stop looking at soldiers as if they were heroes; the real heroes are the ones who fight without guns. So fuck the soldiers, sure it might be insensitive to protest their funerals, but maybe that might wake their parents up long enough to stop playing with their SUV's, iPods, DVD players, sanctity of marriage, and tax breaks long enough to convince their sons and daughters not to fight in a useless fucking war.



Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday May 31, 2006

## **I FELT HER KNUCKLE ABOVE MY BELT BUCKLE**

Current mood: 😊rejuvenated

One of the books I have for my speaking class has an article about pornography. The article says that pornography is okay, but it can be exploitative of women, because everyone knows that women don't enjoy sex, but they do it anyway to get paid, so in a sense that's exploitation. I have a friend who doesn't watch porno; they think it's exploitative.

Another friend is having problems at work. You see, my friend has to go into work everyday and perform a job they hate just to have enough money to pay for four walls, a roof, cable TV, and a pot to piss in. Everyday, this person goes into an office for a minimum of eight soul crushing hours just to make ends meet, if that's not exploitation, then I don't know what is.

Sure, a lot of porn stars did end up there because they were abused as children or adults, or whatever, but you could say the same thing about any profession, especially acting. My real complaint is that you can't have sex with children. If I wanted to grab an eight year old off the street and pound them senseless (assuming they consented, of course, I'm not an animal) I would get thrown in jail, but

if I wanted that same eight year old to hawk shitty toys and crappy cereal, well then, just come on down and smile for the cameras.

All work is exploitation, unless you're one of the few people who possess actual skills or products that are in demand with someone else. Most people, myself including, are too stupid or unimaginative to do most jobs, so we plod along shuffling papers, or teaching children, or whatever just to get those few measly dollars so we can go out and buy a few measly ounces of marijuana. All work is exploitation.

Why do pornstars get such a bad rap? I want to laugh it off and say jealousy, but that's too easy. I need to probe a little deeper, and if you're willing to relax or wait here for a minute while I get some lubricant, then we can proceed.

Almost all my life, people have tried to tell me that sex is special, that there's something to the act of sticking your winky in someone else's cooch that makes the earth move and stars explode, and if a pornstar, or a prostitute, can just give it away, then what's so special about what's between your legs? The answer is nothing. Nobody is special, unless you consider the mentally retarded, but most of them can't fuck to save their lives either... I hear.

Everyone enjoys sex in the same way that middle aged men love getting together to play softball and relive their glory days; in both cases, the concerned parties think they're a lot better than they really are, and very few people will ever tell them any different. The problem with everyone enjoying sex, is that, as people, we can't be happy unless we know that someone is not having a good time (and most of us won't admit it's the person with whom we're currently having sex), because when you can't make yourself happy, at least it's nice to watch someone else be miserable.

Fuck the whole thing, the greatest lover in the world is the person with whom you're currently sleeping, and if they're willing to get naked and touch your defect covered disgusting body, then be grateful that someone will and leave it at that. The greatest sex you'll ever have is the sex you're having right now. Leave all that other shit for the porno, stop giving the pornstars a hard time, and someone find me a child actor to molest.

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday May 31, 2006

## **I HAVE ALWAYS DEPENDED ON THE KINDNESS OF STRANGERS**

I used to be a real asshole, and some people will tell you that I still am one. Semantics aside, about five years ago I had a change of heart, shortly after September 11th, although the two events had little to do with one another. What turned me around from being a real asshole to a pretend one is that I suddenly had to depend on a whole bunch of people? I had to ask for help, I lived my life by the favors granted to me; I lost control.

Since that time, I've lived by a particular motto: "Be as nice as you can to other people, especially the ones in need, because someday you might need them more than they need you." If that's not enough to make you a nicer person, then I don't know what is.

Which brings me to the president, you know Bush. An easy way to get people to like you is to find a scapegoat and pick on them until they're dead and bleeding. Most people will go along with you because they're afraid of being picked on themselves, others will do it because they're needlessly cruel and get off on antagonizing people. This strategy works great at building alliances, but it has its drawbacks. Namely, you make a lot of enemies.

When the GWB came into power, he was intent on scapegoating as many people as possible (hell, it's

partially what elected him in the first place), but now that the tables are turned and he's on the way out, everyone is getting their shots in and making sure they stick. I feel for GWB in a way that I couldn't before all these bad things happened and September 11th, because it's not easy when you have to look yourself in the mirror every morning and people think you're a monster. Now, I never started a war and I never infringed on the liberties of thousands of Americans, but in my own way I am equally responsible for his atrocities. That does not diminish his culpability, but at least I understand.

I'm trying to be good; I try real hard. I'm not going to change the things I find funny and I'll never be able to overcome my awkward social skills, but I don't have to be an asshole; neither does the president. To those I've hurt, I ask their forgiveness and for those I have yet to hurt, I ask for their understanding. Nobody can make it through this life without pissing off someone, and I've got worse odds than the rest of you.

I'll have another woman story up tomorrow morning (that's Friday night for you Americans), but I'm focusing my attentions on "Revenge of the Prom Weekend" a script I wrote a long time ago. I've got to finish revising it and submit it to a free script contest by Sunday at 1 PM. If you're never read it, or if you've read it before, after this

weekend, you should check out the revised version, allow me the humility to say, it kicks ass.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday June 2, 2006

## **I'M TAKING A BREAK**

I need to get away from Tiffany for a day or two, I know where we have to go, but I don't know how to take her there. Instead, I'm taking a break to muse on a subject close to my heart.

Gay marriage.

Now I'm a married man, and I got married to exploit the system that gives so many benefits to married couples. Benefits to married couples, you say. But if marriage is a family institution, then why should society offer any benefits to people who get married. Social scientists will defend this view saying that for the good of society, governments should offer rewards to people who do well and punish those who do wrong.

Of course, this invites a certain type of thinking to the equation, namely that any marriage that does not contribute to the raising of children is wrong. My wife and I are not having any children, as far as we're concerned, society ends with us (I know it doesn't but let a dying man humor himself), so we're just as wrong as a same sex marriage, but we still get tax breaks, it's easy as sin for us to adopt or foster children if we want, and we are considered different that regular people, by virtue of our wedlock. We have been given a privilege, denied to other, non-married people. That



sounds like the government is arbitrarily distributing rights based on moralist judgments.

The strange thing is that freedom is something that can't be denied or taken away from people, but if you control the game you can limit a person's access to special favors.

Everybody is free. I'm free to lie in the street and starve myself until I die. Sure someone would probably come along and move me, eventually, but I'm free to go right on starving myself in prison and the mental institution up till the moment of my death. How many of you remember playing Monopoly with a crooked banker? Society works in much the same way as Monopoly, you're free to flip the board over and walk away at any time, but if you want your colorful bits of paper, then you have to sit there and endure all manner of shit. I got tired of being cheated in America; I flipped the board and got the fuck out.

Mercedes and I said that we would leave the country if Bush II got re-elected; he did and we kept up our promise. That's freedom.

The more news I read from America, the less optimistic I feel about returning. At the turn of the century, the government was rife with fears about organized labor, so they diverted the public's attention to women's suffrage,

slaughtered or jailed the big union organizers, and everyone went on happy assholing their way through the world. Now the powers that be are up to their eyeballs in a river of shit and they're trying to pass the buck to happy humping homos. As if the reason we're in Iraq is that men can't stop fucking each other. If anything, you'd think that conservatives would try to keep people out of the military since that's where a large amount of the (non-prison) gay sex takes place, on the front lines.

That's the problem with conservatives, and people in general, a house divided against itself cannot stand. How many times does humanity have to witness the downfall of anti-gay advocates who turn out to be closet pedophiles, Drug czars who can't keep their hands off the black tar, and politicians who campaign for the public good while taking money from the collection basket?

Governments think that because they get to play banker, that they're above and beyond the pale of the law; when all we're really waiting for is someone to flip over the board so we can grab as much colored paper as we can. Here's to riots and revolution.

So why not let gay people get married, the worst thing that could happen is that politicians unmarriedable to two genders instead of one. And lets not pretend that

governments can bar people from getting married, no one can do that, they just don't give you any houses, hotels, or community chests when you do. And that's one to grow on.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday June 9, 2006

## FROM OUT OF THE SHADOWS SHE WALKS LIKE A DREAM

Take your rock star gods and stuff them down the toilet, none of them can compare to Eddie Wilson.

A lot of people from New Jersey remember Bon Jovi, and Bruce Springsteen, and Kevin Smith as the gods of New Jersey super celebrity, but they forget Eddie and the Cruisers. It's hard being ahead of your time, the way Eddie Wilson was, but, like Eddie said, if you can't be great then there's no sense ever playing again.

Apparently EatC is one of those movies that did nothing in theaters and then blew up on cable and home video. I think about Eddie Wilson a lot, but to be honest, I'd forgotten about him for a long time.

People who build monuments are wasting their time. Here's to nothing. A great big monument to nothing.

One of my favorite things about America is that it has no history, not compared to the European countries. Everything in America is so fresh. We're all a bunch of wide-eyed Horatio Alger protagonists imagining that we can pull ourselves up by our bootstrap, and we're so engrossed in that dream that we don't notice the jackboots pressed against our backs. The dream worked on Eddie Wilson, and it worked him so hard that he couldn't handle it anymore.

Eddie Wilson drove his car off the side of a bridge and disappeared into popular mythology.

Some people say he's living out in Canada, there's lots of myths out there, people say the same thing about Big Foot; last time I checked, neither of them has shown their face recently.

Sometimes I wonder about mediocre wonders, like the contestants on American Idol and how many of them would run themselves off the side of a bridge for their art.

I don't like artists, or at least stereotypical artists. A part of me dies every time I write something, because I don't want to be a stereotype. I don't want to be mediocre, but there doesn't seem to be a way to win.

JD Salinger and Eddie Wilson keep me awake at nights, thinking about throwing the whole thing away and living a life of peace and ease somewhere where no one can find me. That's called running away, and as much respect as I have for people who can do it; I think it's a cowards way out, like suicide. A soft option.

I want to be in the middle of it. If a thousand distractions, and a thousand adversaries do not surround you

then you'll go soft, end of story. Not everybody can rise to the challenge (most of the time you get crucified, if you're lucky), but to give up isn't in my blood.

There's more than one way to run away. You can stop challenging yourself; you can start making albums about fuzzy bunnies and Pepsi ads and pretend that you're still made of broken glass and rusty nails. I've got a dream, but it's not quite the American dream.

I dream of dying in a bicycle accident. A car pulls out of nowhere, hits me, and kills me. That's why I don't carry any identification around. I don't want them to identify me. I want to work hard until the moment that blind fate ends my life and then I want to vanish from the face of the planet and leave a giant pile of collected writing behind. Let my memory live on in stories about people getting crabs on their prom weekend or blowing up construction projects to fight big business.

Here's to Eddie Wilson

Here's to nothing.

[Read the best movie review ever](#)

Sex Mahoney for President

Saturday June 10, 2006



## GREETINGS FROM LAKE PARK

Current mood: 🤩excited

It's been so long since I've written a blog about Korea (or a blog in general).

Things are wonderful here in Korea, the World Cup is on and the country is gripped with fever... additional seating capacity fever.

So far, we've watched four or five world cup games, and the country slows to a halt when World Cup soccer is on TV. Tonight, Korea plays their first game of the series and I expect the activity to become Geological.

Two weekends ago, Mercedes and I rented a tandem bicycle at Lake Park and went riding around. We stopped at all kinds of interesting Lake Park attractions, including a folk festival that showcased medieval Korean life, music, tools, and games. One of the games was a kind of darts, where contestants threw long wooden shafts into baskets. I got to participate in the other kind of games.

It was wrestling, similar to Sumo, where each contestant wraps a cloth around themselves, they grab onto each other, and try to throw each other to the ground. I was matched up



with a Korean guy about my age and I lost twice (but I lasted a while in the second match).

After the first match, while I was recuperating, an old Korean man, who spat when he talked, came up to Mercedes and myself and started blathering away in Korean. We couldn't understand anything he said, but he kept holding our hands and saying something. We all hugged and I went for a second match.

After the second match, the guy pulled us away from the crowd, grabbed Mercedes, and started wrestling with her. Mercedes put up a good fight, but the guy totally floored her. When it was over, he grabbed Mercedes by the wrist, and dragged her to a tent where some other elderly Koreans were drinking Makkoli (Rice wine).

We had already tried Makkoli earlier (it tastes like alcoholic milk) and Mercedes hated it, but the guy insisted she drink it; I ended up drinking it for her. We tried to get up to leave, but the guy wouldn't hear of it, until I said "Choesung Hamnida" which is Korean for I'm sorry. Once I said that, the man looked like I killed his puppy, let us go and walked away.

We rode the bicycle over by the fountain and there were children jumping and playing in it. Have you ever been

walking through the city on a hot day, seen a public fountain, and wanted to go swimming? This is exactly what the Korean children and their parents were doing. If you're a kid, this is a great country.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Tuesday June 13, 2006

## LET'S PUT THE FILM BACK IN SNUFF FILM

I've been busy working on a screenwriting competition all week, reading scripts that range from very bad to excellent. I've only got three more scripts to read by Friday, so I've got some time to relax and take in the World Cup tonight (not that I haven't already watched many games, when it comes to sacrifices, the blogs are the first to go). I haven't written much all week, I've been busy reading.

I don't know about some of you, but I get a thrill out of reading, even if it's something bad. Now, I'm often accused of being closed-minded and snobby about literature, movies and the like, but to be fair, I give a lot of things a chance. I've read a ton of books, I've watched thousands of movies, I've read millions of lines of poetry, and, for what it's worth, I studied all three of those things at University. I'm always willing to give something a chance, even if it looks like it stinks to high holy heaven like literary road kill.

There's a lot of mediocre stuff out there, some good, some bad, but there are few things I despise more than "The Butterfly Effect." It's got a script much like the ones I've been reading for the last few days.

Most of the bad scripts are not bad because of poor writing, but bad logic. The hardest thing about writing is

making logical conclusions that your audience will understand. Jerry Seinfeld compares it to the Road Runner and the Coyote, the Coyote, while chasing the Road Runner, runs out over the cliff and doesn't start falling immediately, he has to look and see that he's standing over nothing first. A crappy movement in a book or a screenplay is just like that, the audience will follow blindly (because that's what people do best, Mr. President) and only when they're out over the middle of nothing, will they realize they've been had.

On one hand, "The Butterfly Effect" is hilarious because Ashton Kutcher is anything but a serious actor and all his attempts to act turn the movie into "Dude, Where's My That 70's Time Machine." The real problem with the movie is not the acting, but the leaps in logical storytelling that the writers ask the audience to make; for instance, Ashton Kutcher beating someone to death, a twelve year old boy stabbing his friend with a piece of jagged metal, and Eric Stoltz as an unrepentant child molester. Everyone knows that the original Marty McFly would never molest a child, unless they were really asking for it.

Stories are easy things to invent, you've all been doing it all your life, and the important thing about stories (for those of you who got good at it) is that the more simple the lie, the easier it is to believe. When you try to make

exaggerated lies, they're harder to believe, like Paul Bunyon carving the Rio Grande because he was too tired to carry his axe, George W Bush being democratically elected as President in 2000, or Mr. Bush claiming that he won a mandate from the people with 51% of the electorate supporting him.

There are many good movies out there, here's a list of ten good movies. I'm going to review these movies over the next few weeks, go check them out, and see if I'm lying:

1. It's a Wonderful Life
2. Sunset Boulevard
3. The Adventures of Buckaroo Bonzai Across the Eight Dimension
4. Death to Smoochy
5. Sympathy for Mr. Vengeance
6. The Patriot
7. Trainspotting
8. South Park: The Movie
9. tba
10. tba

The reason I left the last two blank is that I want to hear your opinions, readers. Send me your suggestions for two more movies to add to the list. Whichever movies get mentioned the most will get added to the list (or more

likely, the first two movies that the one person who reads this blog suggests). See you in the funny pages.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Tuesday June 13, 2006

## HEY, I DON'T UNDERSTAND, BUT I LIKE IT ANYWAY

Current mood: 😊refreshed

I'm in such a bind. I hate fashion with a passion, but that doesn't mean that I won't stare at a girl wearing two thirds of a tube top, a short mini-skirt, and high to heaven heels. It's a terrible conundrum that I wish I could end, but my eyes like their candy as much as my mouth.

We're walking contradictions, we human beings. We hate the things we want and we want the things we hate. Picture all those ardent anti-gay activists sitting in the dark at a highway rest stop, feeling the slight pressure of a cock sliding past their uvula. Picture the president who proposed some of the most draconian measures against drug users and traffickers, sitting in a dorm room in the sixties, taking shotgun bong hits out of your mother's pussy. I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was I meant to be, I think; I can't really decide.

Remember the last Presidential election? If you go back to 1995 you can watch all the Republican tricks used against John Kerry being performed by Sideshow Bob in the Simpsons episode "Sideshow Bob Roberts." Somehow, people keep falling for the same tricks.

I'm not ready to believe that people are that stupid; I think the reason runs deeper than something so simple (Fuck you Occam). At least part of the reason is that people want to see the dog and pony show, they want to hate their politicians, to tear them down and so they elect ass clowns ready for the slaughter.

I was talking to a friend about jeans, she said it was hard for her to find comfortable jeans, and I've often wondered why women's clothes are so abnormally normal. I would be hard pressed to find women who fit comfortably in a wide variety of clothes. Not because there's something wrong with a majority of women, but that women buy these abnormal shapes because that is what they'd like to look like. Think the fat women you see in a shoe store asking to have their elephant hooves shod in a size four. Jerry Seinfeld used to take the tags off his jeans and sew on a smaller size label.

A camp counselor explained the solution to me a long time ago. Sure it may hurt a little, but if you're willing to relax, things are going to go a lot smoother. It may hurt to face facts, to realize that you're really not a woman at all but a small heifer who escaped the slaughterhouse, that you're not the most qualified person to lead a country but a moronic nincompoop that people like mocking, that you're not a talented writer just a guy with too much time and access



to a keyboard, but in the long run you'll feel better; just try to relax.

So I was walking around last night, looking at women dressed in all kinds of chic clothing, highlighting attributes they didn't have, and I realized that I don't care what kind of clothes they're wearing. I think it's really hot when I see my wife in a pair of sweatpants and a stained, ripped t-shirt. Who cares about the clothes you're wearing, I just want to see tits and ass. Ladies, strike a blow against fashion; the next time you see me walking down the street, let me know you're on my side, show me your tits, and stand up for your rights.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday June 15, 2006

## IF THE WORDS JAIL AND BAIL DIDN'T RHYME, THERE'D BE 1,437 FEWER SONGS

- Over 5,000 blogs views, that means that my mother, the police, and the NSA must check my blog 4.6 times per day, each.
- I'm feeling sick today, so there won't be much to write about. Just know that even in my sickness, I love you all very much, and if you close your eyes and touch yourself, it's like I'm loving you right now (except your fingers probably aren't greasy).
- Molotov Cocktails make good neighbors.
- Your mother was right.
- It's easier to invent a lie than investigate the truth.
- More people hate you than you realize.
- God is so much bigger and wiser than us, and trying to see what He's thinking would be like an ant trying to see what I'm thinking. I spent days watching the ants in my backyard, trying to figure out which ones were good, and which ones were bad, but they all just looked like ants, so I started smiting all of them. I was smiting them with the garden hose, and with lighter fluid, and with the lawnmower, and to be perfectly honest, I think I went a little crazy with the shovel. Those ants could have been praying to me all day, I wouldn't

have heard them. There was nothing they could do about it. Really, it's the same with us. There's nothing we can do about anything either, so why worry about it? I guess all we can do is live our lives with as much kindness and decency as possible, and try not to dwell on God standing over us with a giant shovel. -Dewey-

- Religious people will say anything to get your attention.
- Contrary to popular belief, there is such a thing as a free lunch.
- Your clothes do not make you any more attractive than you already are.
- The more expensive the item, the less likely you need it.
- One dollar is worth a lot more than you think.
- Money and language are the two biggest lies.
- You'll get more out of life if you remember to squeeze the toothpaste from the bottom of the tube first.
- Don't try putting a price on your loved ones, unless someone first makes you a good offer.
- There are some things that money can't buy, for everything else, there's money.
- Playing pretend is fine when you're a child; it's survival when you're an adult.

- Someday, worms will eat your corpse.
- This is the best piece of advice anyone will ever give you.
- Collect your change.
- People like to be surprised, visit someone while they're sleeping.
- Summer is the hottest time of the year.
- You are not important enough to have a cell phone.
- Right now, the odds are good that someone is having sex with your ex-lover, your mother, your grandmother, or your kindergarten teacher.
- Two times two is four, but four times four is sixteen.
- There are more tacos you will never eat than books you will never read.
- Quotes from Tolstoy:
- In historical events great men so-called are but labels serving to give a name to the event, and like labels they have the least possible connection with the event itself. Every action of theirs, that seems to them an act of their own free will, is in an historical sense not free at all, but in bondage to the whole course of previous history, and predestined from all eternity.
- At the approach of danger there are always two voices that speak with equal force in the heart of

man: one very reasonably tells the man to consider the nature of the danger and the means of avoiding it; the other even more reasonable says that it is too painful and harassing to think of the danger, since it is not a man's power to provide for everything and escape from the general march of events; and that it is therefore better to turn aside from the painful subject till it has come, and to think of what is pleasant. In solitude a man generally yields to the first voice; in society to the second.

Dostoevsky:

- Every man has some reminiscences that he would not tell to everyone, but only to his friends. He has others that he would not reveal even to his friends, but only to himself, and that in secret. But finally there are still others that a man is even afraid to tell himself, and every decent man has a considerable number of such things stored away. That is, one can even say that the more decent he is, the greater the number of such things in his mind.
- People talk sometimes of a bestial cruelty, but that's a great injustice and insult to the beasts; a beast can never be so cruel as a man, so artistically cruel. The tiger only tears and gnaws, that's all he can do. He would never think of

nailling people by the ears, even if he were able to do it.

- **Above all, do not lie to yourself. A man who lies to himself and listens to his own lie comes to a point where he does not discern any truth either in himself or anywhere around him, and thus falls into disrespect towards himself and others.** Not respecting anyone, he ceases to love, and having no love, he gives himself up to passions and coarse pleasures, in order to occupy and amuse himself, and in his vices reaches complete bestiality, and it all comes from lying continually to others and to himself. **A man who lies to himself is often the first to take offense.** It sometimes feels very good to take offense, doesn't it? And surely he knows that no one has offended him, and that he himself has invented the offense and told lies just for the beauty of it, that he has exaggerated for the sake of effect, that he has picked on a word and made a mountain out of a pea he knows all of that, and still he is the first to take offense, he likes feeling offended, it gives him great pleasure, and thus he reaches the point of real hostility Do get up from your knees and sit down, I beg you, these posturings are false, too.

Sex Mahoney for President.

Thursday June 15, 2006

## TEN DIFFERENT KINDS OF ANTIBIOTICS WOULDN'T CURE THIS DISEASE

Current mood: 🤪devious

A few years ago, I opened a calendar that came free with a magazine (maxim, FHM, tractor pull monthly) and saw a bunch of hot semi-naked chicks.

Most of them, I recognized, but I saw these two, Paris and Nikki Hilton, and I wondered to myself "I've never heard of them before, maybe they're a twin act like the Dahm triplets." Sadly, I was mistaken.

They wouldn't go away those two; I started hearing their names everywhere, as will often happen. It took about a year before I asked the question "Why are these two famous?" Now in that time, Nikki disappeared, but Paris was still in the limelight, about to receive her own show on the Fox Network (an honor shared with the likes of Celebrity Boxing, and Extreme Midget Challenge). I couldn't find any information on any acting work that Paris Hilton had done before this magazine calendar.

The newspapers of two hundred years ago filled their society pages with information about royalty; the troubled lives of heirs-to-be. Eventually, the people got so fed up, hearing about rich people squandering away money, that they



stormed the Bastille, cut off the king and queen's head, and created the first European Republic. Most of the objections immigrants had about the "Old World" revolved around royalty. Now, America has its very own aristocracy, and if the Republican congress gets it way, we'll have a permanent one as well.

The thing that bothered me most about Paris Hilton was that she had no discernable talents (she can't even suck dick) and yet she was on television simply because she was rich. Which brings me to my next point:

Rich people suck.

I get a lot of criticism about that one; people tell me that the rich are the same as you and I, just whiter. Material wealth seems to breed disease like a stagnant pool of water. Any of you who remember the second movie in the "Planet of the Apes" series, might remember a scene in which the lead (who looks suspiciously like a more gay Charlton Heston) attempting to drink water from a variety of stagnant sources. This man is supposed to be an astronaut. Are you telling me that all that survival training and government money couldn't teach the simple fact "Don't drink unmoving water." Even as a child, gazing over the surface of a small pond, caked in algae and scum, I knew better than to wet my lips with that filth.

Paris Hilton is like the scum that settles on top of money, which is different than the scum that settles on top of water, because that scum will eventually feed small fish and maybe birds, thus serving a purpose. Paris Hilton is less than pond scum, and yet, Americans are willing to pay to see her sing, act, and get fucked (I saw the latter one, but I didn't pay for it). It makes me want to start my own business where I siphon water off the top of small ponds and sell it at ten dollars a liter. I'll call it Paris Hilton and tell people it doesn't have any carbs.

Look back over the years and you'll see that the best artists are the ones who had side jobs; that doesn't include Queen Elizabeth I and others, who wrote the shittiest poetry this side of Albany. Rich people have had plenty of time, throughout history, to try their hand at making art and pass it off to the citizens at a reasonable price (9.50 to go see King Kong?). The public keeps buying it for reasons way beyond my limited thinking capacity, I can't even figure out why Paris Hilton is famous or why the Republican Congress doesn't feel she should pay taxes on her inheritance.

So what do we get when the rich turn TV into their playground? It's called "The Simple Life" and if you haven't seen it, then consider yourself lucky, and forget I ever mentioned anything. If you have seen it, it will be okay;

she has to die someday, I promise. I may not see it when we get there, but I have seen the mountaintop. I have seen the Promised Land, and her fucking grandchildren are already they're consuming the best resources.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday June 16, 2006

## WHY ARE YOU STILL THE POINT GUARD GIVE SOMEONE ELSE THE BALL

Current mood: 🤪nerdy

What a long weekend. I was sick for most of it, some kind of cold or sore throat, or who knows what, but I seem to be on the up and up now. I started this new blog after my old Myspace account went bye-bye, back in October, and I've got 180 blog posts. That's almost one per day, a little less (I admit, I've been slacking recently).

I write a lot, but never as much as I should. I should write every free minute I have, but I've got vices. Sometimes I read, sometimes I sit in bed with my wife and watch television, sometimes I just play with my dick and pretend like I don't have anything else to do (for those of you who don't like my writing, then that's probably the most productive part of my day).

I've read a lot of writer's biographies and most of them wrote every day, which means that I'm close to being a real writer, but not quite yet. There are still some days when I just can't put my fingers on the keyboard. Maybe if I was good at keeping schedules or I was more determined, I'd write more or more frequently, but I can't even remember to brush my teeth some days. How do you expect me to write the great American-Korean novel like that?

One of the best books I've ever read is an unpublished journal written by TS Eliot called "Inventions of the March Hare." It was his private journal and he gave it to a friend on the promise that he never publish the thing. Well, TS Eliot is dead and I believe his friend is dead too, so when the friend's children found it they were like "Fuck Dad, we're taking this one to the bank." It's an easy thing to do; you don't want to piss on the spirit of Genghis Khan, but who cares about pissing off a poet. Even as a ghost, they're not intimidating.

I can't remember the last modern book I read (I think it was "The Da Vinci Code" and that was a while ago), but a friend that just absconded from Korea left a few behind for me. I'm reading a book called "The Blind Man of Seville." It's a detective story that takes place somewhere (I'm not quite sure where). I'm not far into it yet, but it seems okay.

For the last week I've been watching movies, getting ready for my weekly movie review. I want to introduce more weekly features to the blog, so I write with a purpose most of the days (I work better under guidelines) and I've already filled up three days. The new shepherd's calendar will go up on Thursdays, the new woman chapter will go up on Wednesdays, the movie reviews will go up on Tuesdays. I'm

looking for something to post on Mondays or Fridays. One of those days will be a free blog, where I bore you with my mindless drivel (like I'm doing now). I'll take reader requests on what you'd like to read for one of those days.

Just don't push me too hard, I'm an artist, and remember, I've never been able to keep a schedule in my life. Except masturbating, that's the only thing I seem to do regularly. Go figure.

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday June 19, 2006

## WE LET THESE LITTLE DIFFERENCES TEAR US APART

Current mood: 🤖 mischievous

The other day, Mercedes and I went to dinner at a Kalbi restaurant. [Kalbi](#) is Korean barbeque where the staff brings you a bowl full of meat and other things that you cook in the middle of your table. We ordered sangyupsal (think bacon, but not smoked) and bokumbap (fried rice). It was delicious.

Bokumbap requires some preparation. The server takes a bowl of rice, veggies, and sauce; dumps it on the grill; and mixes it around. Then the server makes a small indentation in the rice and drops in an egg and covers the whole magilla with small slices of seaweed. You are then free to mix the contents around as you see fit.

In between the rice mixing and the addition of the egg, our server turned away from the table, sneezed into her hands, and went right back to mixing everything together. At the time, I was sick and I remarked to Mercedes that it was no wonder if this was par for the course in Korea. In truth, I didn't really care.

How many of you consider yourself hygienic? Sure, soap has allowed some major breakthroughs in medical technology,

but its importance is over-valued on a daily basis. Soap is a chemical used to kill life, sure it may just be bacterial life, but try eating soap and see how much nutrients you get from it before you start vomiting profusely.

America is insane for soap, there's soap everywhere and now they even have hand "sanitizer" in most places. There's a quick and easy way to sanitize your hands and it's free. The next time you have to go to the bathroom, piss on your hands; now they're sanitized.

Why the obsession with cleanliness? As a student of literature, one of the techniques for dissecting a character is to understand their fears by chasing them to the source, and the source is usually a contradiction of the behavior. The thief who believes that someone is always trying to steal from him, the philanderer who constantly thinks he's being cuckolded. One of the readings we can take from these obsessive types is that they are cleaning themselves because they are dirty in a much deeper sense.

The Puritan influence in America is still very prevalent, and if you doubt that, go down to your local library with a friend and start sucking each other's dicks in the periodical section. Chances are good that someone is going to stop you before long, and you'll be taken to prison, where the first thing they do to you, is give you a shower.



There's more dirt here than can be washed away by soap and water; there's a problem deep in the America psyche that needs to be washed clean. A long time ago, a friend asked me why it was dangerous for the government to lie to its citizens, and I told him the same thing I'm about to tell you. A lie is like stepping on a nail and leaving the nail embedded in your skin. The initial lie causes damage, to be sure, but the longer it remains in the body, the more damage it does, the more it starts to fester. We all have our lies, and the sooner we get rid of them, the better we'll all feel.

So the next time you see your parents, tell them the truth; tell them how you feel about them. The next time you see your boss, let them know what you're thinking. And then when you're sitting in the cold, unemployed, you'll know whose to blame... all those fucking germs. Now get to a bathroom and scrub, damnit.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday June 22, 2006

## I AM THE YOU IN YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Current mood: 🐼 predatory

I was riding my bike today and I started to hum "You Ought to Know," that old Alanis Morissette song. Look past the fact that I was humming Alanis Morissette and follow me on a very bizarre journey.

When I was ten years old, I read in the newspaper about Jeffrey Dahmer. Now I was a relatively innocent young boy, sure I knew about bukkake and glory holes, but there are some things that you can't learn in a confession booth with a catholic priest. So my father explained a lot of the terms in the article that I didn't understand, like sodomy; it wasn't the most pleasant explanation, but it answered all my questions.

A few years later, I was listening to the radio and I heard Alanis Morissette's song on the radio and she censored a part of her song. I'm sure all of you of the appropriate age remember "go down on you in a theater." I was fixated on that line for the longest time, because it made me feel very hot (as most things like... a gust of wind in the right directions will do to a fourteen year old boy), especially in the acoustic version of the song when she says it all slow, but I couldn't figure out why it was censored. On the

radio, on MTV, all over the place, no one would let Alanis say "down," the go they kept.

I thought back to the day I read about Jeffrey Dahmer, eating a man's penis (which is very similar to, but in a totally different ballpark than what Alanis suggests) and reading about it in the newspaper.

I'm always outraged by the things people choose to censor, because information should be free to everyone.

When I was in seventh grade, my history teacher told me that slaves were not allowed to read during the days of American slavery, and I couldn't understand why. She told me that ignorance is the easiest way to keep people in bondage.

Sex is the primary target of censors, even if you say that "dirty" words also receive their ire, you have to admit that of the seven dirty words (shit, piss, fuck, cunt, cocksucker, motherfucker, and tits) only two do not refer to sex (but that's not really fair because they refer to sex organs). Controlling information keeps people in bondage. If we don't tell kids about sex, then we can control their sex.

I used to think that this was a ridiculous concept; trying to stop children from thinking about, having, and talking about sex is like trying to stop traffic with a

lollipop, but it seems that more people buy into this idea than I thought. How many of you were allowed to have members of the opposite sex sleep over when you were a teen?

My question, to the establishment, is: "Why shield the public from a movie theater blowjob (tawdry yes, harmful no), but not from the behaviors of a serial killer?"

I don't think people want to stop serial killing, for the same reason they won't give up their religion. Almost everyone thinks they're right, and the belief in God is their unconscious desire to exact revenge on all the people they feel deserve vengeance (all those murderers and adulterers). If you don't believe me, go watch the movie "Frailty," now that's some scary shit. Serial killers are the dark obsessive urge within all of us that wants to roam the streets and pick people off like cattle. We all know how easy human beings die (all of you have plucked a flies wings at one time or another); we just want to see it in action.

I like to talk about both sex and killing (which is partly the reason why I'm not a teacher in America anymore) because they're fun subjects to play around with. When I talk about them, I drain them of their mysterious power, I turn them into jokes, and while it's sad that your mother is dead, it's fucking hilarious that she was devoured by a pack of angry squirrels.

You can't censor nature, and fucking is the nature of man; we fuck and we kill. We probably should be more careful with both, but if you try to take away my natural rights, I'll fucking kill you.

So what is it that's so offensive about getting blown in a theater that isn't about eating another man's penis? dot, dot, dot

You're not allowed to bring outside food into a movie theater.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday June 22, 2006

**THE RESULTS ARE IN... I SUCK (AND YOU MIGHT TOO, YOU JUST DON'T  
KNOW IT YET)**

Current mood: 😐blank

The results from the screenplay competition are in and I decided to post the reviews I got, for your edification.

[Revenge of the Prom Weekend](#)

1.

The movie starts with Kurt getting anally raped by a police officer in order to stay out of prison. Instead of having this event effect him, Kurt forgets about it and goes on with his life. This moment does not set the tone for the piece, and in fact is entirely pointless to both the plot and whatever little subtext exists in the piece. The characters in the movie all have no depth. They are stereotypes (jock, whore, etc.) and experience little growth, unless sexual growth is counted, and it really shouldn't be. As a reader, I felt no attachment to the characters, and was so disturbed by the first few pages of the piece that I couldn't even pretend to enjoy the horrible pages that followed. This movie relies on gross out humor to make the audience laugh, and all it succeeds in doing is alienating them. Sometimes stupid humor can be funny, and sometimes it is just disgusting, pointless, and forgettable. This movie falls into the second category.

2.

I don't even know where to begin. This is the second entry I have read that is written by Mr. Rich Goldstein. I will complement him on the fact that this screenplay does at least work much better as a script on the formatting level. This is also structurally a more intact and focused story than the previous script I read by him. However, this script is morally reprehensible. And I don't use such terms lightly. I can put up with a lot. But this script ventured in to some pretty hard-core porn at times. One problem that seems to be one that the author has yet to over come in his writing is that he has yet to come up with a character I care about. None of the characters in this script were interesting or compelling. I just couldnt like Jess because she was so over the top, so unbelievable. Is anyone that much of a slut and so completely okay with it. Why does Kurt like her if shes such a slut? I just cant see what he likes about her. This ruins my ability to care at all about the central conflict of this screenplay. I was offended by the incident of rape at the beginning of the script. What a crude and heartless way to deal with such a topic. A police officer rapes Kurt and then the subject is dropped, and Kurt is okay, apparently. I guess I was supposed to laugh, but I just cringed and nearly puked. Does the author have no respect for such issues and the many people who bear life long emotional scares from such horrible encounters? Mr.

Goldstein should be ashamed of himself! Why is it that we need more script like this? Well, the truth is, we dont. My advice to Mr. Goldstein is that he spend some serious time should searching and trying to understand who he is and what he wishes to offer the world through his screenwriting. We dont need any more glorifications of teen wanton sexuality and drug use. If thats all one has to offer in the way of stories and concepts and characters, then I feel sincerely sorry for such a person. Such stories are a dime a dozen. Anyone can do that. I hope some day Mr. Goldstein comes up with a truly originals idea and has something truly beautiful to say through it. Until that day, I hope I am never forced to read another of his screenplays again. I know this sounds harsh, but I always try to enter a new script of movie with the highest of expectations. When Im let down so thoroughly as I was with this script, I feel justified in being so harsh.

3.

this was tough script for me to read. I guess it is just not my type of movie, so I can't really give any good criticism. the structure was there and the dialog for that type of genre is difinitely there. The characters did seem to be different and have their own sense of dimensionality. Again, I apologize, but this is not my type of movie. good Luck.....  
.....



## Poor Rich

1.

The author seems to have a strong grasp on who his characters are, but the lack of description of both setting and character makes it hard for the reader to figure out exactly who the characters are and what their lives are like. I would personally like to know what the drug dealers house looks like, for example. As I finished the script, I realized that I had mistaken the plot and the subplot. I had thought that the plot was about Rich trying to hook up with Veronica when really the movie was about what the drug dealer said to Rich, since that ends the movie. For this reason, and because the movie starts almost too slowly, I would suggest that the part of the first drug dealer scene where he tries to sell Rich oregano followed by the acid scene be the way the movie starts. This introduces the audience quickly to the character and his two problems( life and Veronica), as well as the most interesting character in the script, the drug dealer, and starts the movie off with a bang, instead of just having it end with one. The end was also slow, in that the last scene between Dimitry and Mercedes could have come earlier, allowing the end to rush up upon the audience. Lastly, I felt that the winning lottery ticket at the end was almost a gimmick. Only infrequently is money ever mentioned in the script although

it is mentioned in the title. This confused me. Is the script about Rich not realizing what he has in life and thus being poor, and the money thing is not as important? Either way, money should at least be discussed so that the dual nature of the title is more evident.

2.

I wont lie. This script was just plain AWFUL! Im not one for being overly harsh on someone elses writing without a very good reason. This script gave me thousands of reasons. Let me start by commenting some of the story. I noticed that the names of the authors correspond to the names of the main characters. Thus, I understand that this may or may not be fully or partially based on actual events (the quality of the writing leads me to believe that there were heavy drugs involved as this was written). Regardless of whether or not this is based of actual events, this is a piss poor story. The characters are completely undeveloped. I didnt care an ounce for any of them, so if Id been in a movie theater watching this, I would probably have walked out of there out of sheer boredom and apathy. Not only that, this story lacks any sense of structure. The first twenty pages of the script have nothing to do with developing a story or character. Its just random chatter that nearly put me to sleep. I fail to understand why this script was written. So Rich go the girl in the end. And he learned a lesson, though I certainly dont see any evidence of that. Hes still a pothead idiot. He

tears up the winning lottery ticket in some sort of attempt to disconnect from the material world around him. Maybe I have to be high too to understand the pseudo-philosophical mumbo-jumbo the Dealer was going on and on about. This is just a thrown together half-assed attempt at a screenplay. The authors dont even know proper screenwriting format. A few words on formatting for the authors: Dont write in ACT ONE, SCENE ONE. Theres no need for that in a screenplay. Always give the approximate ages of the characters and a brief physical description when you first introduce them. If you are writing scenes that involve a phone conversation, you have to establish a new location and indicated that it will inter-cut as needed or have one of the characters lines always labeled as voice over. The main conflict of the script should appear very quickly. In this script, it does not appear until page 22. You cant do that or the audience will be screaming, Give me back the last twenty minutes of my life! Act One actually ends when your main character make a choice related to the main conflict of the script. But, again, you dont actually label that in a screenplay. Some of the dialogue appeared as action lines, spreading to the outer margins. Thats just completely unprofessional. Unacceptable! Dont go on for pages and pages with dialogue and no description of action. Somethings happening. Are we to believe this would all be shot as one shot only? No cutting? Never, never, never start a scene without a description of what the audience is seeing. On pg 76, there

is a slug line identifying the location, and then Rich starts talking. Unacceptable! There are many more problems with this script, but I don't feel that they are worth going into. I don't have the time or energy. What my best recommendation for the authors of this script would be is this: Look at the books that are being given as prizes in this screenplay competition and go out and buy three of them (sorry, you don't have snowballs chance in hell of actually winning this competition with this script). Read those carefully and study the craft of screenwriting. Get your hands on good screenplays, read them, and study them. Finally, screenwriting is a demanding craft. If you aren't willing to bust your ass learning to do it right, just don't bother.

3.

I liked this script. The first thing I have to say is how refreshing it is to see both male and female characters written in a way I know them to be. Many times, when men write female characters, all the jokes and interaction are given to the men, and the woman get short changed. But here, the female characters are verbally slicing and dicing just as much as the male characters. Another aspect I liked was the dealer not being the run of the mill toothless junkie getting high and selling just to feed his addiction. I've met several a dealer in my day (strictly for investigative purposes), and they're not all crack heads. The dialogue was

pretty realistic to me, though everyone may not agree. That is how friends talk to each other in this day and age, so that I enjoyed as well. The negatives? Well, I think you could add maybe 10 pages showing more of Rich`s struggle with Victoria..really hammer it home how much of a wimp he is with her, which would make his turnabout that much more dramatic in the end. Also, it seems the dealer kills himself, but that needs to be a little more clear. It comes off as kind of surreal, like maybe Rich is imagining that happening. Some of the longer dialogue blocks need to be broken up with an action, just to break up the big block of dialogue that producers hate..HATE. Believe me. There are some formatting issues, but I suspect those are from the PDF conversion, so no points off there. Grammar was good too. In the end, I can see this being made into a movie. Just fix it up a little, and I think you may have a winner. Good job guys.

### [The Adventures of Sex Mahoney](#)

1.

Comedies like this can potentially be hits, which is one of the most depressing things about this country they can also be horrid flops. My personal opinion is that screenplays like this are awful (so stupid it`s funny never made me laugh), but most people don`t agree with me. That said, if we assume the style is good, then the screenplay isn`t bad.

Since I can't really advise on this type of screenplay, the only thing I can tell you to do is fix up the format. Read this website through <http://www.storysense.com/format.htm> and do the necessary heavy editing of your script format. Also, proofread for grammar and spelling mistakes. Even with a screenplay of this style, most production companies would throw it in the trash without reading it if you didn't care enough to get the formatting right. Notes while reading: 1) Page 2: in a screenplay, an ellipsis should be written as three consecutive periods (...), not an ellipsis character ("). 2) Review screenplay format. "SCENE 1" is a superfluous title, and scene heading format should be like this: "INT. PRISON DISPENSARY - DAY", spaces and all. Characters introduced in action should be in ALL CAPS, followed by their age enclosed in commas. 3) Write only what can be seen or heard. Write "Sex Mahoney goes to the phone and dials" rather than "...calls his father's bar." Look up how to write a phone conversation. 4) Proofread! Error Page 8: "Sex hopes" = "Sex hops". 5) Whenever you change locations, you need a new scene heading. Sex exits the bar on page 10, so you should have a new scene heading starting with "EXT." 6) The mention of sodomy isn't funny, it's just awkward. 7) Error page 15: "capitol A to the r..." I think you mean "capital". 8) Call each character by only one name. Don't say "Sheik" sometimes and "MC" other times. 9) Since when are strangers brave and giving enough to act as diversions? 10) Milk jugs aren't that dangerous. Perhaps large cans of

some kind? 11) Error Page 22: Constance sneaks up and hits Sex in the head twice. Look over than section. 12) Saying New Brunswick is the center of all crime is far from true and not all that funny, as it doesn't have such a reputation. Perhaps you should say Newark? 13) Hey, I live in Highland Park! 14) Highland Park and New Brunswick are comparatively quiet, and the Jews keep to themselves. I know "bad-ass" folk from New Brunswick, and... Jews? Come on. Now that that`s out of the way, I`m sure you`re kidding, but it isn`t funny. (Snatch, anyone?) Vulgarly and violence alone are not funny! 15) Page 49: the student center? Where did that come from? Busch student center? While you`re specific enough to say New Brunswick, you should say what park and what student center. 16) It would be an amusing inside joke if Larry contracted a hideous, full-body skin disease from his dip in the Raritan. 17) Page 66: Sex races through exactly which dorms?

## 2.

This is movie is a cross between Harold and Kumar Go to Whitecastle and The Big Lebowski. It has interesting characters with fun names, but it also lacks polish. The overuse of the sodomy joke is vaguely humorous, but after a while, ceases to be funny. The only truly funny part of the movie that made me laugh out loud was the racist police officers in the park. This moment was completely unexpected, and thats what made it so funny. If the rest of the movie

was up to that quality, it could become a cult classic. As it is, the movie has a winy main character without a cool catch phrase (even saying Rock and Roll all the time would be better than some of his one liners), side characters who are more interesting than the main characters, and an ending straight out of a Greek tragedy. If the author could connect more with the main character and make his story more interesting to watch than the other characters back stories, the movie would be much better.

3.

No character descriptions is REAL annoying for the reader. Sure, maybe YOU know what they look like, but I don't! None of the jokes are funny and the incessant sarcasm from every character is completely unrealistic. How much money does Sex owe Antone? If Boobs "could have pulled off the supermarket job herself", why didn't she well before Sex got released from prison? Can't any character stay consistant for two seconds? First, Sex is care-free la-dee-da, then repentative, then back to his old self. Boobs hates Sex, but then she follows him around, then she ditches him, then she says she's sorry, then she hates him again! 100 times less funny than that stupid Adam Goldberg SuperJew flop. And somewhere, you screwed up on your questions. I've been trying to answer them for the past half hour! I hate you even more now!



## The Worst Thing

1.

First I must say you need to cut down the non-dialogue. It goes on for pages and pages. Directions should be concise and direct and you use the phrase "the spell is broken" like four or five times. The characters in this story seem completely implausible every one of them have emotions that come out of no where and dissappear instantly. No one seems to have any real depth. Brendan is so obsessed with Helen but completely disregards her? Elaine spends her life covetting Jon but just gives up so quickly? Jon wants to kill Helen then kills himself when he finds he can't have her? The character of Elaine seems particularly illogical are we to assume she just waits infront of Jon`s buisness with a van full of goons everyday? I mean where does she get this time and resources? She`s in teh FBI... so what. If she`s an agent she`s got missions she needs to be doing. Why is she so obsessed with Jon they were never even a couple? Likewise does Mark not have clients? What kind of lawyer can spend a day playing paper football in Canada waiting for some guy tto justify his old friend`s insane desire. What`s up with Brendan`s cocaine addiction? You don`t just do cocaine once. It`s mentioned once and never again. People don`t randomly do cocaine while strangers run about there apartment unless they`re addicts in which case there should be references to it later. Brendan`s revenge plan is

ridiculous. Buisness is not high school. I`m gonna gossip and steal his buisness isn`t quite the ultimate revenge. The characters of Peter and Gaberiel? WTF? They just wander about and do nothing and waste screen time. The ending seems COMPLETELY like you felt you need a twist so added one that doesn`t make sense. Peter and Gaberiel acted entirely on oppurtunity just based on the circumstances They couldn`t have had a plot with Mark. It doesn`t make sense. I`m sorry. I realize it seems like a lot but this plot just seemed so illogical. I recommend you do some major revising.

2.

These comments are from one writer to another. I have now read four of your scripts, and my comments about them are all pretty much the same. I`m not trying to be a jerk when I write these comments, but there are a couple of key areas you could improve upon in order to make your writing better. There were moments of this movie that drew me in. Most of these moments were between Jon and Helen at the beginning of the movie, when they were getting to know each other. Then Jon tells Helen she can never see Brendan again, and whatever empathy I had toward his character disappeared, and I began to sympathize with Brendan-until a few pages later when he commits some horrible and incredibly unclear act to Nikki. It was at this point that I realized that none of the characters really had redeeming qualities-they were all self centered uncaring sociopaths, and I did not care

one bit about what was going to happen to them. Brendans reasons for revenge are no where near well developed enough to justify what he does. The movie is incredibly slow-it starts slow, and it just drags on and on and on. There is too much dialogue- many lines would be better if they were stated once simply, or not at all stated and just expressed in a visual way. Some of the dialogue sounds as if it was pulled from an old play script, and does not fit with the story at all. The plot is lacking, the character motivations are weak or non-existent and the ancillary characters that tie everything together are unnessecary. The author would have been better off to stick with a story about Brendan, Helen, and Jon, give them all good qualities, take out the drug use that is prevalent in almost all of his work, and just told a love story. And please, please, please, please, please: Draw the audience in within the first couple of pages with an INTERESTING scene that sets up the characters and the conflict. You will have a much easier time with the characters and plot development afterward, and the movie will start on a high note (and only get better from there!) instead of just trying to build toward one. And stop trying to alienate your audience with characters doing shocking things. There is only a small audience of people who want to see that kind of film, and most of your writing is not funny or engaging enough to draw that audience. Overall, an incredible disappointment.

3.

The writing was amatuerish and unconvincing, with absolutely no understanding of character, plot, or drama. The format was, in many places, jumbled and unreadable, riddled with grammatical and spelling errors, and completely not in keeping with scriptwriting fundamentals (brevity, short blocks of dialogue or action, simple sentences, cinematic style, etc.). There was little motivation for any of the characters actions -- I would point out specifics, but all the characters lacked specivity, detail, humor, surprises. In short, this was deeply flawed from the first page and I recommend a complete re-imagining of the story or throw it out altogether.

Hope you enjoyed that, just as much as I did.

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday June 26, 2006

## THE SUN IS NOT YELLOW, IT'S CHICKEN

Current mood: 😊okay

The woman story will be delayed this week, while I work on student evaluations. I've got a good one though, and it's all mapped out, too bad you can't climb inside my head and wrap your eyes around it.

The last week in Korea has been great. Thursday was Mercedes's birthday and we went out for a big celebratory night. We started with a power hour. Went to a place called Boom Bar, where we had cake and Long Island Iced Teas. After that, we made fools of ourselves at the Noraebang and finished up the night watching soccer at Pirate Bar.

I love Korea, the only thing America has over it is friends, but I'm sure that if we stayed out here long enough we'd probably make a friend or two, and if we stayed in America much longer, I don't know that I'd have any friends left (so I'm not the easiest person to get along with, maybe I'd be nicer if you didn't suck). It's nice to be out of the states, taking a powder for a while.

Last weekend, I got to place D&D with my friends back home, and while that does technically make me a geek, it also makes you (who call me a geek) closed minded. I love my

wife for trying D&D before she realized that she didn't like it, how many of you out there, just bad mouth because that's what you're supposed to do to geeks (closed minded prick).

We also said goodbye to a new friend, Sara. She was very nice and put up with us for quite a while (much longer than I could put up with me) before fleeing the country to go back home to Scotland, I don't know if she left screaming, I only saw her the day before she left. Still plenty of time to get a good scream going, one that could last well after you've left the country.

Get out of my head, you weirdo. I'm too tired to get hung up on sex and violence without mucking around in all this waste product. You'd think that people would have more important things to do with their time, but they don't. They sit around masturbating until Wheel of Fortune starts to look entertaining and then they curse everyone else and sit in padded pastel chairs until it's time to die. When did change become a bad thing? When you were a child you relished change, and it was a part of your life, but now that you're an adult the smallest difference is enough to throw you into a tizzy. Is this autobiographical or pseudoscienceradical? The best thing about people who pretend to be deep is that they end up in over their heads.

A little free form literary jism, or the Montezuma's Vocabulary Revenge, if that's more to your taste. I don't know about you, but jism isn't all that bad. It's a lot better than shit in your mouth, not that I'll criticize anyone's pastime.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday June 27, 2006

## MY ARMPITS SMELL THE BEST

Okay, if you're not getting a story this week, you may as well swallow more idiotic ramblings, what else am I good at if not rambling like an idiot.

I love stories; they make me feel like life isn't so bad. Sometimes I think life is pretty bad, but I'm always happy about it, that's one thing that I and the psychotic tour guides at Disney World have in common. I've got a pretty positive outlook on life and I love to smile and laugh. Sure it's a defense mechanism against all the pain and suffering in my life and the world at large, but that's not important right now. What is important is that I like to laugh and I love to smile.

There are a lot of people out there who don't know how to smile, like the President.

Okay, maybe that's a cheap shot, I'm sure Bush knows how to smile, but I'm sure he doesn't know how to laugh.

Laughter is such a cleansing thing, if you can't laugh at yourself then you're nothing, or course part of laughing at yourself is realizing that you are nothing, but that's beside the point. Who takes themselves so seriously that they can't have a good laugh at their own expense?



I've got a friend who can't laugh at himself, he tries to (like many of us do), but when you criticize him, he falls to pieces; he gets argumentative and defensive, classic signs of a poor self-image. Of course, even if something is untrue and you deny it, you are being defensive, so what can you do?

There's an old Hoja story about a man and his son taking a trip with a donkey. It's hot so Hoja tells his son to ride the donkey, but they see some people who say that the kid is a bastard for making his old man walk. They switch places. Then they pass some people who say the old man is a bastard for making his kid walk. So they both get off the donkey and decide to walk. Finally, they pass some people who call them idiots for walking when one of them could be riding the donkey.

I hope you get the message from this story. It's not a hard one to figure out. Shortly after hearing the third group of people, Hoja and his son realized what the problem was... that fucking donkey. So they took turns having sex with the donkey and finally killed it, drank its blood, and danced in its skin until someone came to arrest them for being weird. Hoja laughed all the way to jail.

Madmen laugh. My biggest fear is that someday I'll start laughing and I won't be able to stop (it's actually my second biggest, but I don't think I'll run into Dick Cheney in a dark alley anytime soon). I used to trip a lot and there were times when I felt like the trip would never end, that I was permanently mad and could never be normal again, but of course that's just a myth. If you realize that you're crazy, then you can't be crazy. When the real madness comes, you think it's as natural as breathing.

I love stories because I wish I was interesting, in the absence of interest, I have to make things up to make myself interesting or to interest other people long enough for me to steal their wallets. If we've met recently and you can't find your wallet, the above statement was just a joke and I didn't really take your wallet. I did have sex with your significant other and/or mother.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday June 29, 2006

**THE JUNKYARDS ARE LITTERED WITH THE BODIES OF HIGH SCHOOL  
PITCHERS WHO COULD THROW 83 MPH**

Current mood: 😨shocked

Greatness and Genius are two very hard things by which to come. I wish I could be great, but sadly, the best I'll ever be is advanced mediocre. There are better, more capable people out there who will be more successful than yours truly, but why should any of that matter.

From the moment we're born, we've got a death sentence hanging over us like the butter knife of Damn O'Cleese, that Irish satirist; why bother working at all. Why bother with beliefs and pronouncements? Better lives for the children? A perfect world for you and me?

Because we're all crazy, every last one of us. A bunch of bat-shit mad monkeys wandering the face of the planet inventing reasons why we're better than the animals and slaughtering each other en masse.

I can understand why people don't want to believe in evolution... at least I can understand why people don't want to believe they evolved from apes or monkeys (that is a vestigial tail in your backside). What I didn't understand was how people could refute the concept of evolution in

general. Thing evolve, seems simple enough doesn't it. If you don't evolve you die out. If things didn't evolve we'd still be using muskets and burning witches at the stake.

Of course, you could make the argument that modern human society is a de-evolution from previous generations considering that previous generations lived in a rich tropical paradise where they never died, but that runs contrary to the edict in the bible, be fruitful and multiply.

The bible is the best piecemeal book in the world. Someday I'm going to start a religion where I write a bunch of hate rhetoric in very tiny ink on wafer thin pages and put Chinese fortune cookie slogans in bold red letters at the top of every page. I'll bet you that in a thousand years people will think I was a peaceful man.

Last summer, I was running around my apartment naked and I was struck by the animalistic nature of my body, it could be a coincidence (God might have been tired from all that creating), but we do look an awful lot like animals, even dogs.

I'd like to think I'm a great writer, I'd like to tell people that I'm the best writer the world has ever seen (and I do, quite often), but the truth of the matter is that

someday everything I've written will blow away on the wind. Just like Humphrey Bogart at the end of "Sierra Madre." The difference between Bogie and me is that I know how to have fun, and you do too, but if you're not having any, then you just don't know it.

George W. Bush would like to think he protects America from terrorists, I'd like to think I'm a great writer, and most of us would like to think we're good people, but none of the above is true. There are no good people, no bad ones either, we're just animals. Good and bad don't apply to us any more than they do to ants and trees.

The thing that makes us great and genius, comes for a minute and then passes us by. Some of you may have already had your genius moment, the shitty thing about being human is that you don't know if it's already passed until years after the fact, and sometimes you think you've had it, but the best is yet to come. I'd like to think that I'll be in a constant state of ignorance until the very moment of my death, when I'll look back at my life and see all the goods things I've done, the greatness I've accomplished, but most likely I'll just shit myself and die. The thing about change is that it affects no one but us, and when it comes, it doesn't really change much of anything; but if that's true, then why are people so afraid of change.

When we were kids we used to accept change, it was a part of our lives as natural as breathing, but when we're adults we fear it like a plague. If you've got something in your life that you couldn't walk away from, then you're taking yourself too seriously. Change doesn't feel like anything. Do you feel older on your birthday? How many addicts relapse after AA? You can't feel change like you can cold water. That's why people are afraid of change, because it could be happening right now, and you wouldn't even know it. So be careful all you homophobes and compassionate conservatives, by the time you realize it you'll all be dick gobbling, carpet munching homos and liberals.

Take a step back, take a deep breath, and then look at how much you'd be worth if you disappeared tomorrow.

If you can look yourself in the mirror and say "Nothing." Then you're doing all right.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday June 30, 2006

## **LIFE IS MUCH TOO PRECIOUS TO SPEND FIGHTING WARS THESE DAYS**

Current mood: 🤢nauseated

Category: [News and Politics](#)

Mercedes and I went to the Korean War museum this weekend, and it was like all the war museums I've visited in my life (which is a lot, that seems to be what most museums are about). On the way there, I mentioned a book I was reading to Mercedes, and she told me that she didn't know about the Spanish Civil War.

I thought back on all the history I know (and I know a lot of history). I like to read and most of what we people like to write is history, because history is mostly stories and stories make up histories. It turns out that I know a lot about wars, who fought in them, who commanded the armies, how many died, and what were the consequences. It makes me a little sad.

Mercedes has a lot of disdain for artistic types (myself included) and their artistic mediums. She doesn't see the point of all that creativity. I tell her that art is important to society because it allows people to create beauty, and she tells me to shut up and do something useful. I love her for that. Artists have a tendency to get full of themselves (not me though, I'm as humble as can be) because

they think art has some kind of sublime meaning, as if it will unlock the secrets of the universe. I like to think of people like Mercedes telling them to shut up and clean the garage; it's what keeps me going.

When Mercedes asked me why she should bother to know about Spanish history, the only thing I could think to tell her was that tired old axiom "Those who don't learn from history are doomed to repeat it." As with all objects, taken out of the closet and dusted off, that one is still one of my favorite quotes.

Read "The Monk's Tale" from the Canterbury Tales (go ahead, read it in modern English, I won't think any less of you imbeciles); it's all a collection of people who were in a good place, fucked up, and suffered because of it. Eventually, the other people cut the monk off and tell him that his story is too depressing.

I try to think about people who advocate war (for whatever reason) and wonder how much history they remember. I think about all the stories of war I've read in my life and every time it seems as if no one remembers anything about them or no one would ever march off to war. If art has a purpose, it's to let people know what life was like at a particular time, in a particular place; occasionally, art breaks through its time limitations and lasts for ever (or



at least a very long time). I've always thought of art in terms of story, and I used to exclude painting and sculpture, but I'm a little older and wiser now and they can include stories too. I don't like art for art's sake, that's too much like masturbating. Don't get me wrong, masturbating is plenty fun, but only for the person doing it. I've never met anybody who was so good at jerking off that other people would want to see it (even those pornos where people masturbate are boring), except for the guy or girl who can go down on themselves.

The only war stories that strike me as meaningful are the ones told by Russian soldiers, the ones who fought off Napoleon and Hitler. There you have a country that was attacked (with an army, only America is dumb enough to think that planes flying into buildings counts as an attack) and fought back with everything they had. Soldiers in Russia lined up to die by the millions just to protect their country; I don't think America would be so lucky.

I wanted to write a blog about the evil of war, but this turned into a cheerleading session for history and art; at best, it doesn't say much of anything (a little too masturbatory for my tastes) so if I don't say something meaningful soon anyone reading this would have better spent their time touching their genitals.

Is it so hard to learn from your mistakes? When I was a kid, I used to lie all the time, lie, lie, lie, lie lie. I lied constantly. When I grew up I saw that my lies were starting to hurt people, so I made a conscious decision to stop lying to people. Now, five years later, I can't lie anymore. I won't tell you what happens when I try to lie (because I don't want to give my wife any clues), but it just doesn't work.

People still march off to war, and it accomplishes a whole lot of nothing. You'd think they would have learned something by now... like instead of killing, stay home and masturbate.

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday July 3, 2006

**IT TOOK ME SO LONG TO WRITE THIS COMMENT THAT I'M POSTING IT AS  
A BLOG**

Current mood: 😊tired

Category: [News and Politics](#)

I like reading your blogs, you offer a conservative viewpoint that is well constructed; however, government and, by extension, politics are not about well-constructed arguments. Politics, in America, have always been about hyperbole, aggrandizement, and obfuscation.

I've met a lot of politicians of all levels and political viewpoints, and the one thing most of them have in common is that they're universally stupid. I don't mean that they crush beer cans against their heads and paint themselves when attending high school football games, but stupid in the way that only someone who has been to college can be. Politicians know twelve different ways not to answer a question.

Conservative vs. Liberal is a moot point and most of the dross used to justify why one leans one way or the other is fecal at best. Conservative means unwilling to change, liberal means tolerant of change.

Regardless of your religious beliefs, you have to accept that things change; otherwise I'd drive to work in my mule cart and spend the day scratching into clay tablets. Conservatism is doomed from the start because change is necessary to life, when you stop changing, you die; think of it like a shark in the water.

Be that as it may, the Republican party of today is by no means conservative, they want to change a whole lot of things: right to an abortion, definition of marriage, ability to burn a flag, what you can show or say on TV and radio. The Democratic Party has done nothing to counter the Republican strategy but decry it as bad. In every sense of the words, the Republican Party is now the liberal party, and Democrats are conservative.

The world did not change on 9/11, Americas perception of the world changed. Nothing is different today than it was five years ago; the United States is still imposing its will on the world at the barrel of a gun and refusing to be held accountable for it.

During the 80's, 90's, and 00's the US (Republicats of all elected office) refused to sign a UN resolution banning terrorist activities because it included a waiver for militant groups fighting against oppressive governments,

specifically because the US was guilty of being an oppressive government in many countries.

America's perception changed on 9/11 because it allowed Americans to see themselves as victims (much as Israel does) when really, by your defense of the death penalty, we deserved to get smacked for what we had done in other parts of the world.

History teaches us that America gets its population mobilized by hyping news stories and waving the flag in front of whatever facts are not convenient for the public to see. Democrats did it for World War I, II; Korea; and Vietnam; Republicans did it for Grenada, Nicaragua, and Iraq (twice). Thomas Jefferson was a fan of small government until he became president of the United States, then he decided to flex his authority.

It's not that Thomas Jefferson was a liberal as a young man, or a conservative when he was older, but his change of heart proves that power corrupts even the best-intentioned, hell-bound souls.

The first time GWB campaigned, it reminded me of Greg Stillson from "The Dead Zone" a smiling face, and a jes' folks kind of guy who's got tiger stripes behind his human

mask. With the right kind of person, in the wrong kind of situation, terrible things can happen.

Going back to history, you can see similar patterns between older presidents and GWB just before times of great crisis. Politicos who know how to campaign well, but don't know a damn thing about running a country.

It doesn't really matter what party they belong to, because once they get elected they become benign threats (at best) and enemies of the people (at worst). (See, Count Rastopchin on the eve of deserting Moscow). What does matter is how society treats its criminals (politicians should be wary because most of them could end up behind bars in the right circumstances, with their heads off in the worst).

Unless you've not committed a sin, hold your stones. There are not many countries left in the world that execute criminals: the US, Afghanistan, Algeria, Bahrain, Bangladesh, Belarus, Berlin, Botswana, Cameroon, Chad, China, Congo, Cuba, Ghana, India, Indonesia, Iraq, Iran, Kuwait, Lebanon, Libya, North Korea, Rwanda, Singapore, Syria, United Arab Emirates, Yemen, and the US (to name a few) (I repeated the US at the end of that list just in case you forgot).

Pseudo-conservatives will argue in favor of the death penalty and against abortion, pseudo-liberals will argue in favor of abortion, but against the death penalty. Abortion is killing, there's no question about that, but its killing babies, and until you're willing to give rights to children (voting, screwing, driving, and drinking) then adults can continue to do whatever they want to children, even execute them, under that logical paradigm. Adults have rights, inalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. It doesn't say unless...

I'm willing to argue with you on a lot of points of the death penalty is wrong for the same reason war is wrong, but abortion is right for the same reason that forcing children to go to school is right... because children have no rights (maybe that's an exaggeration, but you tell that to the little boy or girl who wants to express an opinion at school and gets suspended for it).

The death penalty does nothing to prevent crime; it helps people delude themselves into thinking that evildoers get punished when in reality they get stock options and vacation homes in the tropics.

Politicians, who are all about form and nothing about substance, like to stand in front of recently deceased convicts and say that the system works, but people have been

executed for a long time (you used to get executed for a lot more than you do now) and it hasn't stopped crime.

Politicians want people to believe that they're doing something more than sitting in an air-conditioned office collecting a paycheck out of your pocket. The truth is that conservative/liberal/Democrat/Republican/Whig/Tory it doesn't really matter; it's all the same.

[And they] looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which.

Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday July 4, 2006



## ***I'M GETTING THERE, I SWEAR, BUT FIRST I NEED TO TOUCH MY PENIS***

I'm getting there, I swear I am. I'm almost finished with another chapter of the women's story, and it will be up by the time I leave work today, also, expect a new update of the shepherd's calendar tomorrow. I've been slacking off a lot because of work, but I'm done with all that now. I haven't written too many blogs in the last week because I've been working on the "Legend of Good Women" and the story is almost done; it's about 4 or 5 thousand words.

I've been reading too many political blogs over the last few days; politics is the ultimate form of masturbation. I find that when I masturbate less frequently, I channel that energy into other areas: writing, politics, model-ship building; however, none of them are as rewarding as masturbating.

This blog is devoted to masturbating, because if there's anything more constructive about masturbating, it's writing about masturbating.

Who doesn't love masturbating? I could be writing right now (in fact I am, and I'm writing two things at once, which for me, because I like to write, is like masturbating with two penises, now if I wasn't at work and could touch my real penis, I'd be in heaven; maybe I can introduce tri-cockta to

the language), but I'd rather sit here and masturbate more than just about anything in the world.

I wish I were a woman, because they don't have the problems with cleanup that men do; for women, masturbation is cold and impersonal, some women do it at work, but for men, it entails a level of commitment that can't be attained in public without a healthy disregard for others.

I remember when I was a child, first learning how to masturbate, how I would slip away all the time to whack off: during the seventh inning stretch, lunchtime at school, and prayer service during my grandmother's funeral. If there's one thing that has not changed about me over the years, it is my love of masturbation. When I was a kid, it wasn't that much of a problem because you could slip away without being noticed, but now that I'm married, I have to be careful about how, when, and where I masturbate. It's like being in a minefield, except I'd rather step on a claymore than anger my wife.

I need visual stimulus to masturbate; I'm crippled by porno, and since I left my trench coat back in the states, I can't hang around women's gyms and junior miss changing rooms anymore.

Cleanup is another problem all together. Ladies, take a look at a man's room and see if he doesn't have a roll of toilet paper or a box of tissues next to his spank machine. Most boys learn to be prepared in this area and will make sure they have proper clean up materials before they remember to change their baby's diaper. On the rare occasion when I have been without, I am not above holding a garbage can in front of me to catch my sperm; it's not as graceful as covering yourself with your semen, but it does the trick nicely.

What I don't understand about people is how they can ever be angry, about anything. I used to be pissed off all the time, until I realized what a great thing we have in masturbation. Surely, if there is a God, he must love us, or he would have made our arms shorter (although then I assume we'd all be rubbing ourselves against trees).

Do you take a long time to masturbate? Some people are content to rub one out real quick, but I like to give it time, look for the perfect moment when I see something that really gets me going; most of the time I just settle for two big black dudes DP'ing a little white girl. On more than one occasion I have sat, stroking my penis, for more than an hour, waiting for the right thing to come along; when it does, what a brilliant moment; when it doesn't, I still get to cum, but it's not as satisfying.

Thursday July 6, 2006

## UNTITLED

It's been seven years since I started wearing medical scrubs; I still have many original pairs (some of them must have disappeared). I wanted to talk about fashion, because it's something that irks me.

I don't understand fashion.

In the same way that many religious fundamentalists will look at a book, turn it upside down, sniff it, and eventually burn it; I don't understand fashion, so I gave up on it. I believe in comfort.

Clothes should be comfortable, right?

Almost every girl I know has had this problem.

They have a pair of new shoes (from wherever) that they want to break in, and so they wear them someplace that requires a lot of walking. A day, three blisters, and a broken heel later they're at home on their backs because of a pair of shoes.

I don't understand fashion.

Most men I know have very simple attire, but most of them have at least a few pairs of "dress up" clothes for special

occasions (I'm guilty of that myself). I understand the few pairs of clothes that your job makes you own (I used to have a wide variety of uniforms, name tags, and hair nets from my previous employers), but then they start in with the hair styling and toilet water and designer clothes; that's where I draw the line.

Fight Club taught me how to dress: one pair of black pants, one white shirt, two pairs of black socks, one pair of black shoes, and two hundred dollars for personal burial money. Anything more than that is just excess.

So I gave up on clothes and I opted for scrubs instead, you can see them in many of my pictures. They're the only pants I like to wear, because they're comfortable.

I guess my problem with fashion is that I don't like clothes in general, I like sitting around naked, it's the way we were built and it's the way we were meant to be. I think that people would be a lot more honest and respectful to each other if we were naked all the time, plus it would make standing in crowded places a lot more fun.

Be naked today, and enjoy it. If you're the kind of person who doesn't like being naked, just give it a try; it never hurts to try something once unless you're very

impressionable and the camp counselor tells you that it's  
"our" secret.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday July 7, 2006

## UNTITLED

There are other factors to consider when deciding what makes a good president besides how well they're handling a war, but before we get to that let's talk about war.

When your enemy is willing to blow themselves up to stop you, you can't beat them, there's no way you can beat them. One of the reasons we lost in Vietnam is the resistance people put up to US intervention. Even when they didn't have any weapons, they dug pits in the ground and loaded them with snakes and bamboo. When your enemy is willing to blow themselves up to stop you, you can't beat them.

Bush's invasion of Iraq is remarkably similar to the British one almost a century ago. The British dumped a ton of money and manpower into Iraq and in the end it all came to naught because people got tired of a foreign power pushing them around and supported a fascist dictator, Saddam Hussein.

Back to Bush, take a look around America. I swore that if Bush was elected president, I would get out of the country and I did, thankfully. Now that I'm no longer in America (but my primary assets are), my foreign currency is much more valuable back home because the dollar continues to drop. Now the president isn't directly responsible for the



falling price of currency, but his inability to inspire confidence in his countrymen or the rest of the world is.

Bush's "No Child Left Behind" is a failure of the worst kind, not only are school beholden to standardized tests, but mentally challenged kids have to pass the test in order for the schools to get funding. Try teaching algebra to a kid with Down's syndrome just so you can update your computer lab from TRS-80's to Apple II e's.

Bush's tax cut has amounted to about a dollar a day for most Americans, so the next time you buy a Twinkie, think of Bush and all he's done for you. In the winter, your heat for two months costs about the same as the Bush tax cut, unless you made over 200k, in which case, your tax cut puts a new pool in your backyard.

Not one new job has been created by the President (or his father). Instead of soldiers killing children in Iraq, they could be repairing roads at home, for half the cost.

Civil Liberties in America are worse now than they have been for a very long time, most of that is not the president's fault, but a lot of it is.

Now, there are some good points to consider in a counter argument.

FDR did lead us into WWII, because America is such an isolationist country that it takes being attacked before people will take any interest in world politics. Contemporary historians believe that FDR knew about the attack ahead of time, but did nothing to prevent it to make use of the attack when presenting the case for war to Congress.

Technically, John F Kennedy did not start the Vietnam war; President Eisenhower started sending military "advisors" to Vietnam in the 50s, but hawkish conservatives back home were all for sending out soldiers to kill children at the drop of a hat.

Germany never attacked the United States, and they wouldn't want to; many prominent American businessmen were trading money and goods to Nazi Germany to make huge profits from the suffering of millions like Prescott Bush and Chase Bank.

Truman got us into the Korean War because conservative forces at home were afraid of anything communist and had been since the Palmer raids of the late teens. Conservative politicians were so afraid of communists that they made propaganda films, fought wars, and took away American citizen's rights, to combat them.

Clinton did go into Bosnia, with UN consent; of course, the UN relies heavily on the United States for its peace-keeping force, but that's all right, because we never pay our dues on time.

No one offered Osama Bin Laden to Clinton, and I mean no one. Someone who had no ties to Osama Bin Laden said, I'll give you Osama Bin Laden. I could make the same promise, and tell you that I could get Brittany Spears to your birthday party. I can say it all I want, but I don't have the power to make it happen.

President Bush has not liberated two countries. Liberate means to free from a foreign power that has taken over a sovereign nation; for instance, if an army marched into a country that did not belong to them and took over political power. Speaking of which, how are those governments in Iraq and Afghanistan doing.

President Bush has not done a good job, if only because he keeps saying that he's doing a good job, and not doing anything. I can say I'm doing a good job, and that I'm a good person, but that doesn't change the fact that I slack off at work and rape small puppies.

Last words, balance the budget. I'm not a smart man, but I know that I can't spend more money than I have without getting in a world of trouble. Bush doesn't seem to understand that. I'd understand if he was building something, but he's not, he's blowing it up.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday July 7, 2006

## INJECTED ROBBING TOPPED IN DIPHTHERIA

Category: [News and Politics](#)

The news was big this weekend, a group of Lebanese men were arrested for a plot to blow up the Lincoln and Holland tunnels. They were arrested in Lebanon, which is odd, because the Lincoln and Holland tunnels are in America. One of them had been to the US a few years back but he never went to New York. The men were arrested because someone was monitoring an Internet chatroom.

That's all the story I'm going to relate to you, because now I want to detail my plan to blow up the McDonalds at the corner of My Ass place and Blow Me boulevard in the United States. They didn't have any explosives these guys, they didn't even have a plan, and they were just talking about blowing shit up to combat the US. I'm glad they were apprehended; now we can all sleep easier (well, you can, I don't live in America, so I sleep easy every night).

A group of guys in Florida were arrested two weeks ago for something similar, and they didn't have the tools to do what they're being accused of planning to do, either.

In Leo Tolstoy's "War and Peace" right before the last Russian government officials leave Moscow, the mayor offers

a man to the crowd, and (presenting no evidence) tells them that this is the man responsible for Moscow falling to the French. The crowd tears the man apart.

I have a plan for what to do about the terrorists. Absolutely nothing. We dismantle our army, bring home all foreign troops, destroy all our lethal weapons and give the non-combat vehicles to countries that need them. We take away all security at airports; we take away all security at the border. We pull down the monuments to war and destruction and replace them with dead bodies. No more cemeteries, when you die, your body goes to the memorial so people see what the dead look like. People get to keep their guns; the government has to give up theirs. Then you take all the money that's no longer being spent on war and distribute it to schools, hospitals, research and development, and food.

For a fraction of the money being spent on war, we could feed the planet.

Then if terrorists want to attack, they can go ahead. If you're afraid to die and you hide behind a fence or a gun, then you're probably afraid to live and death could only be an improvement.

When you have the ability to help someone and you don't, that's worse than outright bullying, because a bully is at least able to interact with the person they're bullying; the person who ignores someone else's suffering is the real monster.

It doesn't matter how many pseudo "plots" the US government (or any government) foils, because it only takes one success for an attack to occur, and as long as people are trying to commit acts of terror, eventually one of them is going to get through. But at the end of the day, I'd rather say that I was a friend to someone who needed one, even though they ended up killing me; than I was a right bastard, and I got what was coming.

If I was in a car with two friends, and one asshole who kept throwing bags of dogshit at pedestrians, I wouldn't feel angry at the person who eventually gets so pissed off that he kicks our asses. I'd be pissed off at my idiot friend for being an idiot, first, and myself for not stopping him, second.

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday July 10, 2006

## LATER WE CAN GET WILD LIKE THE ANIMALS WE ARE

Category: [Travel and Places](#)

I like to read a lot, and I'm not too discerning about the books I read. For the last several years, I've been slowly going through classic books that everybody praises but nobody reads. A few months ago, I went a little more modern.

One of the teachers I met out here gave me a stack of books that he brought with him. So far, I've read four books out of the stack, and most of them have been pretty good. I read a suede murder mystery called "The Blind Man of Seville." It was okay, but it gave up on the mystery part of the murder about halfway through. Then I read a book called "Old Twentieth" about a virtual reality time machine, and that was not as good. I'm not a big fan of the author, but this was a much better book than the last one I read of his (The Forever War).

The third book was all about Korea. The author was a British journalist who started at the southern tip of Korea (an island called Jeju) and walked to the northernmost point geopolitics would allow (a village called Panmunjom). I really liked that book for a number of reasons, the first being that the guy walked the whole length of the country. I



like walking. I hate driving. Sure a car is convenient, but I've got enough convenient in my life, sometimes you have to deal with a little difficulty (When I think about it, a car is much more difficulty than convenience, but it sure does get you places fast).

I also like Korean history.

Coming from America, there's not a whole lot of history. We have two hundred and thirty years, most of which is deplorable sandwiched between brief periods of semi-enlightenment. As Americans, we make so much out of our freedoms, but we were the last country to free its slaves, the last to give women the right to vote, the last western country to execute minors and retards, and most likely the last to let gay people get married (that one hasn't happened yet, but I'll bet you that the rest of the world gets a jump on us).

Korean history is intense. Koreans are known for being particularly ruthless, so when the Japanese needed guards for their prisons they used Koreans. When the Chinese needed to torture someone, they used Koreans.

The most interesting thing is that Korea has been a vassal state for much of its history. First, China takes over imposes rules, demands tribute, brutalizes people, and

then the Koreans fight back and regain their country; then Japan takes over, imposes rules, demands tribute, brutalizes people, but then the Koreans fight back and retake their country. It's a little shrimp caught between two whales.

I didn't know that South Korea was a military dictatorship until the 1980's, committing awful human rights violations, including the murder of around two thousand student demonstrators in 1980. South Korea was under martial law until very recently (the last fifteen years), but they tried the two former presidents and found them guilty of treason (something America could learn a lot from).

The former president of South Korea was a political dissident in the 1970s and ran for office, but was defeated. The elected president had him thrown in jail. So the guy escaped to Japan, the Korean secret police kidnapped him and were going to execute him when the international community became concerned and drew too much attention. The guy eventually came home and was under house arrest for many years, until one day he ran for, and won, the presidency.

Mercedes and I took a trip across Korea last weekend. It is one of the most beautiful countries I have ever seen. Partially because we drove for hours and hours and didn't see a single McDonald's, but also because the entire country is covered in small mountains, and the small mountains are

covered in lush greenery. The clouds float so low that you can watch them turn in the sky like real life holograms. 3-D... far out.

The entire coastline of Korea is covered in a barbed wire, razor-wire fence, and every so often there are camouflaged turrets overlooking the water, just in case the North decides to attack. At one point, we drove past an empty plain with a sign that read "Danger: Mine Field."

Seeing a whole country with real defenses is odd. There are lots of similar constructions around the US, but they've never been used for anything.

We picked a bad weekend to visit southeastern Korea because a Typhoon was coming in and it rained like a bastard. We went to a lighthouse museum that was out in the middle of nowhere; it took forty minutes to reach the place by taxi. When we were done with our museum business we didn't know how to get back or where to go. Luckily, a friendly family picked us up and drove us into town.

The way out to, and back from, the museum was along one road, it follows the coastline up a small peninsula and then wraps back around nothing in a big loop. As we got closer to the lighthouse museum, we saw fewer and fewer cars coming from the opposite direction, as we went back to town, we

started to see more and more people; this place was out in the middle of nowhere.

The family that gave us a ride was very nice. There were four children in the backseat of an SUV, and the mother gave Mercedes and I boxes of grape juice and small plastic containers of liquid yogurt. We're going to send them a fruit basket or gift certificates to a restaurant; we're not sure which.

My knowledge of Korean is very limited, and mostly utilitarian; so I don't know how to converse with people, just shop keeps, but the children enjoyed hearing me call myself a monkey and an idiot. The parents were happy that their children were bothering someone else. I didn't have much on me to give them, but I always keep a quarter in my shoe for good luck; I gave it to those children.

Mercedes complained about the price, but the place was about as far away from New Jersey as Massachusetts or southern Virginia, and it only cost forty-five dollars each round trip.

Tomorrow, I'm going to post a picture blog of some of the things we saw along the way.

I love this country. I wish the people I knew in America could be here with me.

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday July 12, 2006

## I FORGOT TO BRING THE PICTURES

Current mood: 😊pleased

Category: [Life](#)

I wanted to post a picture blog today, of our trip to Pohang, but I forgot to bring the pictures.

Instead I'm going to talk about rain. A lot of people think it's sexy to kiss in the rain.

It rains a lot in Korea, more than the rainiest city in the US. Today it's raining so hard that the subway station was flooded. On the way into work, I got so soaked that my sneakers were sloshing around. Luckily, I prepared for this catastrophe; on Monday, I brought an extra pair of socks to work and put them in my desk.

Tools are important. One of the hardest things about leaving the US was leaving all my tools behind. I have a lot of tools. I have a hard time throwing things away. My great-grandfather was the same way, and he had millions of tools. When something would break he would take the whole thing apart and save the pieces from it, screws, wires, etc. That's not a true story, I just made it up about my great-grandfather, but you should have seen all the jars of screws, nails, bolts, and nuts on his workbench.

I only brought a small screwdriver to Korea (while I've been here I had to buy an allen wrench and an adjustable wrench). It was the hardest transition I've ever had to make.

I get headaches a lot, they come on fast and hard and I usually get them at inopportune times, so I keep a bottle of naproxin sodium at work. I like to be prepared.

Not in the long term. In the long term, I forget about things in the long term, but little amenities, I can remember those. So I have a dry pair of socks and a bottle of aspirin at work.

For some reason, my hands want to type aspiring instead of aspirin. I've had to correct it every time I've tried to write it, including the last time, when I was trying to make a point. That's not true either, it worked the last time, but I was trying to make a point.

My head's like a sieve, I don't know what I'm going to remember or forget. Sometimes, I can remember lots of obscure things, like what year the Russians drove out the Mongols, and when the Normans invaded England, but sometimes I forget little things, like whether or not I've eaten and how long it's been since I went to sleep.

I like clear skies; the rain depresses the hell out of me. If I could live someplace where it never rained, that would be great, but if you don't have the rainy days, then you start to hate the sunshine too. I need balance in my life.

Mercedes says these blogs are too long; I say, don't read them if they're too long. She holds me down and farts on my head until I say uncle. I love her so much.

I hear a lot of people talking about kissing in the rain, saying it's romantic. I don't quite understand that, and it doesn't jive with my understanding of women. Most of the women I know would rather stick their heads in their own asses to avoid messing up their hair in the rain, that's a very sexist thing to say, but it's true. You can avoid being "ist-ish" about a lot of things if you just start your sentence with "most" and make it 35% true or more.

One of the things I love about Mercedes is that she's a tough gal, she doesn't care if it's raining or frogs are falling from the sky, she'll tell you to stop being a pussy and deal with it. Sometimes I get a little too full of myself for my own good; she won't put up with that kind of crap for long.



What is it about kissing in the rain that's so romantic?  
The fact that you don't care about the circumstances so you  
just go for it and make out. In that case, why don't I hear  
women say that it's so romantic to start sucking face in  
front of the casket at a funeral?

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday July 12, 2006

## THE STAMMERING FARMERS STUCK THEIR WIENIES IN A PICKLIN JAR

Current mood: 😞listless

Category: [Travel and Places](#)

We say In-yong again last night.

Wednesday night is bowling night. There are lanes near our house that charge \$1 per game after midnight, and Mercedes, David, and myself have made it routine to go bowling on Wednesdays. It's a wonderful thing for which to look forward. I'm trying to break 200, I haven't done it since I was a little kid, and I got a 181 last night. I had two open frames in the 8th and 9th, if it wasn't for those I would have had 200, but I'm getting away from the subject; this is supposed to be about In-yong.

They opened a pizza place across the street from our apartment, and every Wednesday, before we go bowling, Mercedes and I get pizza. It's five dollars for a twelve-inch pie, seven for stuffed crust, no matter what toppings you get. One of my favorite things about Korea is that toppings don't cost extra (in some places they do, but fuck that shit). I get a Bulgogi Chijucusutu (steak with cheese crust) Pizza; it tastes like Pizza Hut, kind of. There are Pizza Huts in Korea, but they don't taste like Pizza Hut's

in America. When I eat pizza, I think about being in America, but that's not about In-yong, either.

It's been raining like mad in Korea, so my sneakers are soaked; I can't put them on for more than a minute without my socks getting soaked. I've taken to carrying spare socks with me. That has nothing to do with In-yong.

I've been watching a lot of crappy movies recently. Have you ever seen "The Matador," "50 First Dates," "Love and Sex," "The Weatherman," or "Grilled." None of them are very good. They are all somewhat good, none of them are passable; however, I did download "The Great Outdoors" starring John Candy and Dan Aykroyd, which is a great 80's comedy. I love movies made during the 80's, but they have nothing to do with In-yong.

In-yong lives down the hall from us; Mercedes and I met her and her husband a few weeks ago when we were attracted into the hallway by the sound of a domestic disturbance. There was a little, tiny woman, without shoes, jumping up and down. I fell in love at once. That's In-yong.

The police came, and did she back down? No. She got in their cops faces and started yelling about something (it was all in Korean, I don't know what they were saying). Then she saw Mercedes and I sitting out on the balcony and she came

outside to talk to us in English, but then she started crying and giving us hugs.

We had a good talk with her and her husband; eventually they went back to their room, about half an hour later, In-yong came to our apartment and gave us a picture she painted as a present and invited us to come drinking with her. When I told her I was Jewish she looked like a put a broken-glass covered pinecone into her asshole.

Last night, we were waiting for the elevator, to go bowling, and In-yong appeared. She was crying. We asked her what was wrong, but we didn't understand her so well; either way, she got in the elevator with us and went to the lobby. Korean women always wear heels. In-yong wears long skirts too. When we told her we were going bowling she said she wanted to come. She didn't have any money, but she brought an ATM card (she couldn't remember the PIN).

On the way to the bowling alley, In-yong lost a contact while she was singing love songs to Mercedes, David, and myself. She didn't care at the time, but she cried about it afterwards. In-yong always looks like she's on the verge of tears, even when she's happy.

When we got to the bowling alley, In-yong was worried, because she was wearing heels, and didn't have any socks

with her. Luckily, I had my spare socks (that's twice in three days my spare socks have come in handy) and they were brand new. I'd hate to lend someone a pair of socks that had been used to wipe semen off pictures of your mother.

In-yong is not a bad bowler, but she slowed Mercedes down. The gals bowled on one lane and played three games; David and I bowled on the other lane and got in four (total cost \$14).

In-yong took us out to a bar after we finished bowling; she bought us a pitcher of beer, a plate of French fries, three packs of cigarettes, and a bowl of fruit salad (total cost \$37.50) and then went to bed. She was tired because she had been drinking all day and she got in a fight with her husband. He told her to get out of the apartment and she said, "Okay, I go."

In-yong likes to sing a lot; last night she and David sang Engelbert Humperdink songs together. The first night we met her, Mercedes and I sang the national anthem with In-yong, it was disjointed because she stopped after every line to translate them into English.

I love Korea.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday July 13, 2006

## HERE'S MUD IN YOUR EYE

What a great weekend.

Mercedes and I went to the Boryeong Mud JeChuk (Festival). There's a beach in Korea where they use the sand to make cosmetic mud and once a year they have a big festival where everybody covers themselves in mud and gets drunk and has a good time.

We took a train to Daechon, which is different from the Korean city of Daejon. The letters are very similar, but one is aspirated and pronounced ch, while the other is pronounced j; give us a break, we're foreigners.

We left our apartment at 6 AM and took a subway to Yongsan; from there, we took a train to Daechon. This guy at the train station offered us a ride to a hotel for 9,000 won and a hotel room on the beach for 100,000 won. I turned him down and we started walking.

The first hotel we came to was booked solid, so we kept going down the road. It was so much like walking in New Jersey, I started to get a little misty eyed; we were walking on the side of the highway and people were honking at us to get off the road. After a mile or two, we found a city map and a bum that offered us directions. The bum asked

me if he could have a cigarette, so I held my pack open to him; he took four of them, one at a time.

We walked for another two or three miles before these people pulled over and offered us a ride, thus saving us 9 dollars of a taxi ride. When we got down to Yongsan, before we got on the train, I realized that I forgot my wallet back at home, so we had 200,000 won for the weekend. The subway cost 2,400 won for the both of us, the train was 22,000 won. We were on a fixed budget; in the long term it was a good thing.

This nice couple, the husband was a government planner and the wife was a teacher, brought us all the way to the beach and we took a picture with them. I don't remember their names now. It's harder to remember Korean names than you'd think.

The festival was great, but there were a lot of meatheads walking around. Most of the westerners in Korea are military personnel, so we saw a lot of USMC tattoos and ten people told me to take off my top.

Before we got muddy, we tried to find a hotel, so we turned down a side street and walked into the first hotel we saw, The Manhattan. I learned how to ask if rooms were available (bangi issoyo?), and we got a room for 120,000



won. Our four-mile walk cost us 21,000 won; so much for being frugal.

The hotel room was pretty nice, nothing special, but it did have a TV on which we would later watch Korean soft-core porn while getting drunk.

We dropped our stuff in the hotel room and headed to the festivities.

On the first day, most of the mud activities had very long lines so we just got into the mud prison (a house covered in mud where people threw mud at you) and a big mud pool. We played some kind of game where you hold hands and walk around in a circle until someone calls out a number and then that number of people have to huddle together. It was a fun game, I got to grab a lot of very hot Korean girls by their very tiny bodies and steal them from other people's group for my own.

There were a lot of inflatable activities (that involved mud) and we did one where we tethered together with a bungee cord and had to do a reverse tug of war to knock a ball into a goal. Mercedes kicked my ass. An old man laughed at me and told me not to cry like a little girl. He didn't verbalize that, but he made a sad face and rubbed his mud-covered hand under his eye. I love Korea.

(more to come, this will be updated with pictures later)

Monday July 17, 2006

## **I'D DISMANTLE THE GOVERNMENT AND SMOKE ALL THE WEED STOLEN BY THE DEA**

I'm tired of conservative and liberal pansies that say they're against the war, but support the troops. Without the troops there would be no war. I hate the liberals who say they support the troops because they've passed so many gun control laws that they can no longer defend themselves against a fascist military, and I hate the conservatives who hold the military up on a pedestal as if soldiers were holy virgins, untouchable by human hands.

Soldiers are nothing special. I have yet to meet anyone who honestly believes what's written inside a hallmark card, and I don't know any soldiers who think they're spreading freedom. They're doing a job, like washing dishes or picking fruit. I particularly despise the notion that soldiers deserve some kind of respect for what they do just because they are soldiers. Nobody gets respect because they sign a piece of paper, you have to earn it. There are plenty of soldiers out there who are good at what they do, and there are plenty out there who are absolute idiots who entered the military because every other decent job wouldn't take them; however, the majority are there because... no particular reason. After September 11th (just like after Pearl Harbor), there were waves upon waves of patriotic numbskulls who joined up for liberty and freedom and blaa, blaa, blaa...

Make no mistake, soldiers are hired killers. They don't teach you how to be cuddly and friendly in boot camp, you're taught to survive and kill.

I don't like the troops, and I'm not ashamed to say it. Individually, a lot of soldiers are good people, but the military doesn't thrive on individuality. Group thinking, strict adherence to orders, rigid hierarchy; all the qualities you look for in a whole mess of trained killers.

So liberals are afraid to come out and say they don't like the troops because liberals are pussies, but conservatives stand up and shout how much they like the troops because they're pussies too otherwise they'd have the balls to stand up for themselves without having to rely on 1.6 million trained killers.

My biggest problem with the military is that almost every US war is a result of US imperialism. Rich folks don't want to pay their taxes, let's call it a revolution; Great Britain's still knocking us around and we can barely defend ourselves, let's call it the war of 1812; Mexico's upset that we stole part of their country, let's call it the Mexican-American war. When you get to the civil war, it's almost hard to hate the south; sure they were bigoted idiots (just like the northerners) but they were on the side of freedom (unfortunately it was the freedom to enslave black

people). That's less than one hundred years of US history, at war where poor people get to die for reasons they don't understand and hired killers get to rape, plunder, pillage, burn, and kill wrapped in the beautiful colors of old glory.

Defense of the US is a joke. You can visit many sites all over the US where millions of dollars were spent defending an enemy who never came. Only one bomb has ever been dropped on US soil, and it was a failed mafia execution in the 1930's.

Let's face it, by spending billions of dollars on war and trillions of dollars on defense, the US is doing exactly what terrorists want (the US did the same thing to Britain in the 1770s when they dumped tea into the Boston Harbor); draw a foreign power into a costly war far away from home, by making a symbolic but futile act of defiance, where they have little to no chance of winning.

Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday July 18, 2006

## **YOU SPEND TOO MUCH TIME ON POLITICS AND PEOPLE GET BORED**

Enough of the political blogs, I'm taking a break from being ground breaking.

Mercedes scooped me on the mud festival picture blog; if you want to see the pictures go to her profile and check them out [here](#)

The children in my classes are ultra docile today, they had a three day weekend, and (from the way they're acting) I assume they spent all three days shooting thorazine entrees with ketamine appetizers.

I spend a lot of time trying to keep my wife happy, it helps me to keep working, otherwise I'd get lethargic and waste away. She's never happy though.

Just the other day I was rubbing her feet with a pumice stone and making her a twelve-course dinner; well, I must have gotten a little rough with the pumice, because she hit me with a frying pan and farted Bolero on my head.

I'm not sure if that really happened, sometimes my dreams seem very real.

Like the other day, I was sitting in my cubicle, entering the quarterly sales numbers in my computer when Hummel, from

accounting, asked if I wanted to go to Taco Bell for lunch. I actually turned him down because I had to go to a synergy meeting with the logistics department. After he left I started screaming, and I woke up in my bed, soaked to the bone and screaming. It was the worst nightmare I've ever had.

Every generation wants to redefine the mores of its predecessor, and they end up making the same mistakes, selling out in the same ways, tying themselves down with useless familial and financial obligations until there's nothing left where a person once stood; just a pile of invoices and credit statements that someday someone will bury in a hole and the world will forget.

I want to go out in a blaze of ironic glory, like a traffic accident on my bicycle; it would be fitting if I were run over by a truck delivering bike helmets.

When I was working as a high school English teacher, one of my colleagues asked why I didn't wear a helmet on my bike. I told her the above reason and she told me to stop being stupid; I don't think she believed me.

So I know that every generation since the dawn of time has looked at their fore parents, thought them antiquated,

tried to change things, and failed, but I think this time will be different.

You see, nowadays we have the atomic bomb, and the religious right in America can only keep their fingers away from that bright, red button for so long.

Last night, I was standing over Mercedes, like I do every night, and just before I dropped the pillow, I thought long and hard about leaning forward and putting her to rest. She's always so tired; I think she'd even appreciate it. I must have waited too long because she woke up before I had a chance to put down the pillow. She made me sleep in the hallway. It's hard to be a good husband.

Lies are a tricky thing. No human being is strong enough to keep lies going for too long before the lie tears them apart.

I want you to lie to me.

I want all the readers of this blog (both of you, myself included) to post four statements: three false and one true. Let me see if I can figure you out. If you put out, I will respond in kind, but in the interest of fairness, you go first.



Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday July 18, 2006

## **THERE'S NO PLEASING SOME PEOPLE**

Maybe I had it coming, maybe I should have seen the signs, battened down the hatches, prepared for the worst and bent with the wind, but I'm a stubborn man, and I'm too old to change my ways.

I was beating a small child to death this morning, when I came over all famished. I usually don't eat breakfast, but I'll have a peanut butter sandwich or two for lunch, topped off with a peanut butter covered marshmallow pie. You haven't tasted heaven until you've eaten a marshmallow pie, covered in peanut butter.

Anyway, I figured that as long as the child was dead, I would eat his heart. It didn't seem like a big deal; what does a dead child need with a heart?

It turned out that the child wasn't actually dead, but pretending so I would leave him alone; well, that threw me into such a state of disorder and blind rage that I don't remember anything that happened until I was back at home, covered in blood and eating peanut butter.

To many parents are protective of their children, a while back I wanted to contribute to the fight against cancer, so I recruited a team of medical volunteers from a kindergarten class. The kids were happy to sign up once I offered them

free ice cream, but their parents started ranting about exploitation this and pedophile that, so I gave up on my dreams and people are still dying of cancer to this day.

Taking the indirect route, I tried to donate a few millions dollars to a local hospital, but they wanted to see the money up front before they renamed the building, bunch of swindlers.

Sometimes I like to go to the mall and sit outside changing rooms; I wait until really vulnerable looking girls come in, their eyes full of hope, and then I whisper subliminal condescension to them through the wooden blinds. I wish I were an article of clothing. I wonder what people would look like when they tried me on. At least some people would think they look good in a Sex, they let the homeless into Bloomingdale's, right?

When I was teaching in America, I was trying to teach my class about relativity, and I told them that if they killed a hobo, they'd probably only get three or five years in jail with time off for good behavior, but if they even attempted to kill the president, they'd get life in prison. The principal was upset with me, but I don't mind; I stole his wallet when he wasn't looking.

The other night, my wife and I were appreciating a sunset at the top of a mountain. She looked me deep in the eyes and told me how much she loved me. It would have been a tender moment if I hadn't eaten all that cabbage earlier.

If I run out of funny things to write I go around the Internet and look for something I can steal from another writer. Then I invade their Internet tubes and pilfer their hard drives while they're sleeping. It's not honest or very nice, but if you suffered from crippling self-doubt like I don't then you might want to go fuck yourself.

Robert Patrick is one of the greatest actors of all time; no one can pull off stone-faced like that man. The first time I saw "Terminator" I thought it was amazing that they found a human being who was so much like a robot. I can't believe they did it twice.

The less funny a comedian, the more likely they're not Jewish.

I never wanted to be a downer, but some people call me the ruiner. I suppose it's because I never feel as happy as when someone else is having a bad time. I don't know why that happens, but when everyone else is miserable, I feel great; when everyone around me is happy, I feel like crap. Weddings are the worst; everyone is in such a good mood that

I just want to fuck the bride in the middle of the ceremony. My family has been very supportive of me, I wouldn't be where I am without them, but they don't invite me to weddings anymore, not since grandma got remarried.

They opened a new restaurant next to my job, the food looks great and it's as cheap as all get out. I feel bad eating there because it's like I'm betraying the other eateries that keep me fed. I want to be a regular. I want to walk into a food service establishment and have people call me "Norm," I think we all want that in a way. I'm not really sure; this medicine I take to keep me from being normal is starting to produce strange side effects. Who knew that sobriety would be hazardous to your health.

Last night I rode my bike home from work, in the rain. I love the way it feels. I don't ever want to drive a car again. Please be my chauffeur.

Please?

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday July 19, 2006

## **THERE ARE BAD THINGS IN THIS WORLD (AND YOU MIGHT BE ONE OF THEM)**

Bombs are exploding, children are dying, the poor are getting poorer and the rich are eating poor people's babies as delicacies, but I couldn't care less; last night, I bowled over 200... 201 to be exact.

Now this might seem like a pedestrian accomplishment to some of you (especially my friends who are professional bowlers), but I haven't bowled over 200 since I was twelve or thirteen years old. I almost didn't make it, I had an open frame in the seventh that put my score at 145, but I picked up nine pins and a spare in the 8th and 9th and 10th frames. My last ball, I needed nine pins to hit the two hundred mark, and I got a strike. Final score, 201.

Never mind that, when I was twelve or thirteen, I bowled a 227 (stupid younger self), it's still an accomplishment of which I'm proud.

Every Wednesday night, Mercedes and I have "America" night to stave off homesickness and make sure our grease intake stays high enough that we won't have any problems reacclimating to the US. I get home from work around 10:15-10:30, and we get a seven dollar stuffed crust pizza from across the street. It's tastes and smells just like Pizza

Hut, except it's half the cost (I think, who knows what Pizza Hut charges, when is the last time you were in one?).

We eat our pizza, watch the Daily Show and Colbert Report, and then we go bowling.

The difference between American bowling alleys and Korean is that the Korean version does not have any distractions; there are no video games, no snack bar, no smoking, no alcohol, no scoring computer to play with (the bowling computer is part of the reason I have my 3 letter Sex moniker), just bowling. Last night we bowled six games in an hour, that was high for us, usually we just do five in the same amount of time.

Bowling a 201 game has made me so happy, I'm glad I could share this moment with you. Now lick my shiny balls.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday July 20, 2006

### **THREE TIMES IN ONE DAY? IT'S LIKE WE JUST STARTED DATING...**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

The main problem with enforcing the death penalty comes from the legal definition of murder. While it is very easy to say that someone with a gun or a knife "murdered" another person it is rarely applied in business or government. For instance, state inspectors in Connecticut knew that there was a problem with the Mianus Bridge in 1983 and told the state government that more inspectors were necessary to inspect the states 3,000+ bridges, so when the bridge collapsed, why weren't the inspectors and state government officials held responsible? When lax safety standards in a coal mine, or on a deep sea fishing boat, allow an accident to occur, why is that not considered murder?

Most murders are committed by people in 1. A fit of passion 2. Premeditation 3. Habitual behavior. In a fit of passion, people tend to disregard the consequences, everyone knows that murder is wrong, so if they're planning it ahead of time, then they don't care about the consequences, and if it's habitual, there's nothing the murderer can do to stop themselves. The death penalty deters none of those people.

The best reason to do away with the death penalty is a matter of money. A person of lesser economic standing would



be in jail or dead for the same crimes committed by OJ Simpson and Ted Kennedy. Black or white has nothing to do with the argument, except that black people tend to be poorer and cannot afford a lawyer to get them off death row; for instance, a poor person who beat someone to death in a bar fight, assigned a public defender, usually has no access to investigators or medical personnel who might help their case; however, if you have a few thousand dollars to throw away, you might get a good pathologist to determine that the cause of death was not the beating, but a congenital heart defect.

For instance, take the anecdotal account of William Zantzinger and Hattie Carol. Zantzinger was the son of a wealthy Baltimore couple who, while drunk, received some back talk from a black hotel waitress, Hattie Carol. Zantzinger beat her to death, and was sentenced for six months in a county jail. If his family had been really rich, he might have been able to stay in a minimum-security facility.

It remains that poor people are executed far more frequently for their crimes than their rich counterparts, not because of the crime, severity, or other extenuating circumstance, but because the rich can afford better lawyers.

Couple that with the number of "murderers" on death row who have been convicted with circumstantial evidence and you've got very good reason to stop taking an eye for an eye.

To say that Jesus would have supported the death penalty is a bit of a stretch, I'm sure that, as the nails pierced his wrists and feet, he would have had a lot to say against the death penalty.

Now, you might say that killing someone renders a person incapable of paying a debt to society, but the US government, numerous businesses, and insurance companies have already attached a value to a human life. If you're a soldier and you die, your family gets your hazard pay and life insurance; they even pay for your funeral. If all of those esteemed people can put a hard value on human life, then we can too.

Let's think about this logically, the US is a capitalist country, everything is a commodity and everything is for sale. The loss of a son or daughter simply means that you have one less person who can support you in your dotage, if you put a murderer to work and garnished their wages to pay for their crimes, they could pay their debt to society for the rest of the victim's family's lives or until the killer has paid off the amount of money the government or insurance

company decrees that life was worth. Some of the victims might be too proud to take money from a killer, that's why this is a free country; they can do what they want. That doesn't mean the killer wouldn't have to pay, but that money could go to a general slush fund for the families who haven't found justice.

Government sponsored killing does not make it right, no matter what the attenuating circumstances.

One last brief piece, the US is the last industrialized country in the world to execute criminals, and (until very recently) the only industrialized country to execute minors and the mentally challenged. We may lead the world in technology (consumption) but out here in America Gulch, it's frontier justice, yee haw.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday July 20, 2006

## WATCHING THE STORM COME IN

Category: [News and Politics](#)

I was getting bored kicking around indigenous people, so I turned on my fuel pump and started reading this blog as I dumped 10 liters of petrol per minute, into the ground. It was so good that the next day, as I was teaching a class on fertilizer explosives at the Freedom Fighter Education Center, I mentioned to one of my students, a boy of 12 (name withheld), that he should probably buy some of my crack cocaine AND go read this blog on Myspace. He told me that his government does not allow its citizens to use Myspace, but he did like the crack, so much so that he's asked for more almost every day this week... it's crazy, but it's almost as if he can't get enough of the stuff.

Anyway, he told me that no one in his country is worried about being attacked by North Korea, because he doesn't live in America. In fact, more world travelers seem worried that America is going to attack them. It's hard consoling people, who feel so despondent, but I'm a teacher, it's what I do, and I'm very good at it.

I tell them not to worry about America, because one of two things will happen. Either the population of the US will be shocked into action and vote new bozos into office, or

the Bush executive will seize power in a bloodless coup (all smotherings) and then go the way of all dictatorships, invest all power into a single, charismatic head whose death incites radical instability and civil war, after which there is a joyful period of togetherness and reconstruction... just like Georgia in the 1870s. You wouldn't believe it, but that doesn't comfort some of my students. Those children need someone who will go the extra mile (and I am a great teacher), so I tell them not to worry about anything, because someday they'll be dead.

Sex Mahoney for President

Sunday July 23, 2006

## ALL WE DID WAS KISS DAYS AND DAYS AND DAYS LIKE THIS

Current mood: 😊pleased

Category: [Life](#)

I think back on the children of the 1920s growing up without a care in the world, because if you said Adolph Hitler to them, they wouldn't know who you were talking about. If you were born in 1915, you would grow up your whole life without knowing a whole lot of suffering, a wave of technological advancements, a car in every driveway, some pot in every fish. You may not have known about Hitler, but you knew about the Kaiser, and your grandparents talked about Napoleon or Jefferson Davis, depending on which side of the mostly white pond, you grew up.

I'm so glad I grew up when I did. It was a peaceful time in the world, that time between wars, when all you had to worry about was a postman shooting up the place, or a serial killer catching you while you were sleeping.

Of course, I'm just being nostalgic; I see people, ten years older than me, saying the same things I'm saying now: "You should have grown up then, those were the days."

A teacher in high school once asked how I got so sardonic, I didn't know what to tell her so I made up a

sardonic answer about the world being... blaa, blaa, blaa, when I didn't have the heart to tell her that I read it out of a book.

This morning my wife told me I needed an enema.

Custom is a foul mistress, when we let her dictate our lives. If you ever find yourself practicing a tradition for the sake of the tradition alone, then it's time to pull the stick out of your ass or at least start moving it back and forth so it'll do some good. There's not a custom in the world that shouldn't be practiced with a little bit of scorn and a lot a bit of laughter.

We want to mark milestones and anniversaries as if the past is something important, but before the past was the past, when it was the bright or gloomy future, is was just another day to get through. A day to put on your pants (or not, if you're lucky), brush your teeth, wipe your ass, and hope that you don't get shit on as much as you did the day before.

We all have good days; they come so subtly that we don't even notice them until we're once again swimming in shit up to our eyeballs, choking for breath.

A wiser man than I once said that the secret to happiness is to give yourself a present, don't plan for it, don't anticipate it, just wait for the right moment and do it.

The past isn't any better than the moment that's going to come right now, for better or for worse, it's at least something new and if you don't like it then you're one step closer to death, but if it suits you fine, don't get too hung up on it, because you're one step closer to death.

The best present you can give yourself is looking at an insignificant moment of your day and realizing that it's as good as things are going to get for this stretch of 24 hours.

Sometimes, I sound a little bleak, but in my heart (the part only a few people get to see) I'm a grinning retard.

Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday July 25, 2006



## WHAT MAKES A GOOD STORY?

I've read a lot of children's books in my day, and, because I'm a teacher, I still read a lot of children's books, so maybe my point of view is skewed by immersion in the world of children's literature, but to have a good story you've got to have one really honest person, and a whole bunch of lying fucks. That's at least how you make a good children's story.

To make a really good story you've got to have a choice, a character making a choice, but it's a story and you're in charge, so it can't really be a choice. That sounds a lot more complicated than it is, so let me explain.

There are pivotal moments in our lives, but they only seem pivotal because they have immediate reactions, while far more important decisions go unnoticed because it takes so long for them to payoff; for instance, it may not seem like a big deal that I had a peanut butter sandwich this morning, but what if my eating that sandwich caused us to be out of bread some morning in the future. What if my wife discovered that we were out of bread, went to the supermarket and there... something shocking!!! (saw me kissing an octopus, was killed by a falling anvil, whatever). The point is, that I might not ever know why that chain of events came to pass. That's real life.

In a story, I have to know where my characters are going, but if I try and force it the story can come off sounding like driving directions from mapquest; they'd be great if only you were a bird or drove a tank.

How do you get someone to do something, without making it seem like you're forcing them to do it?

This is a tricky one; you've really got to work at this. The Simpsons do it great. How many scenes from that show have a character making an important decision as they walk or drive down an ironic street. With comedy you can be a little more overt.

A good story pushes a character with just the right touch so that when the moment of truth comes, the reader may not be aware that they've been manipulated. Free will is for suckers and it's largely a myth anyway, we're trapped in our current moment as surely as we are stuck to this big spinning rock, bound by the laws of motion and time.

The worst thing about a story is the cheap emotion that can go into one. Comedy is the highest level of story telling, any idiot can make people scared or make them cry, just talk about generic things like a spooky house or a baby in a microwave, but to make 'em laugh, that takes a special talent; I wish I had it. Most other stories end up imbued

with cheap emotions, like hallmark greeting cards, as sincere as the person you just met at a bar telling you you're the most (insert adjective here) they've ever met as they put their hands on the inside of your thigh.

Cue the sad music, cue the explosions, cue the bad dialogue and the fake fire effects, there now wasn't that sad/exciting? There are precious few things that can illicit an emotional response from me, and I treasure the hell out of them.

How do you get emotional about people who do not now or never did exist? That's a question I can't answer, but I can say how I see children's authors do it.

One of the biggest complaints I get about my writing is that it's hard to connect with my characters emotionally, sometimes I take that as criticism and sometimes as praise, it really depends on the day. I like the fact that most of my characters are jerks, it rings very true with how I feel about and perceive the world; however, in children's books, the protagonist is usually a pretty strong center of absolute truth and understanding, surrounded by a bunch of jerks.

Think about George Bailey from "It's a Wonderful Life" a stand-up guy who's always disappointed by the people in his

life, but always comes through for them. What bout Dorothy in "The Wizard of OZ" sure she may not win on Jeopardy anytime soon, but she's pretty nice compared to the people who try to fuck her over, same goes for Alice, the little autistic kid in "The Wizard" and little Charlie Bucket in "Charlie and the Chocolate Factory."

The problem I have with most of those characters is that they're boring little bastards. I dare you to tell me two positive things about any of them. Across the board you see that, most protagonists are pretty boring and one-dimensional, it's the adversaries and side characters that get all the attention. Maybe that's the secret to a good story, a bland protagonist.

I don't really know what makes a good story but I keep writing them anyway; if you're one of the people that like to read them, don't worry about me stopping.

Was I the only one who wanted to see Dorothy and Alice get it on?

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday July 28, 2006

## READ YOUR LETTER IN A COFFEE SHOP IN A HOTEL IN NEW YORK

Category: [News and Politics](#)

I received a letter from someone today asking for my help to take action against people who enter the United States illegally. This is their letter.

----- Original Message -----

From: [Invading America](#)

Date: Jul 28, 2006 1:33 PM

*I am sorry. I do not know you. I am working with a group of journalists in trying to publicize information on why our government is ignoring the ILLEGAL immigration issue.*

*Many people are confused and cant figure out why our government is refusing to act, even as almost every poll shows that over 85% of Americans want our borders secured, and oppose amnesty. We cover these issues in depth on our main website at:*

<http://invadingamerica.com>

*As pointed out on our Myspace site  
The entire staff at InvadingAmerica.com is PRO-Immigration,  
but we simply demand that immigrants coming into this*

country follow our laws before and after they enter the United States. We also EXPECT our government officials to ENFORCE our laws. In addition to being in total support of LEGAL immigration, we are also for complete equal rights to EVERY race, religion (of peace), and sex. Simply follow the laws and respect the people and culture of this great Nation.

We are using MySpace to network in an attempt to gather as much support as possible. We hope that all people who share our concerns will assist us in spreading our address to as many people as possible, and we could also use your help in gathering information.

If you have seen any information on these issues which we have not previously posted on our website then we ask that forward it to us. At the same time, if there is any information on our website which you have reason to believe is inaccurate we hope you will share that with us also. We are committed to providing accurate and factual information and we make every effort to verify all information before posting.

So, if you do not share our views or concerns I sincerely apologize for the interruption.

*If you do have an interest in this issue, I invite you to accept our friend request and join us in spreading the information to as many people as possible. Please visit our main website often as we will post updates daily.*

*Thank you!*

<http://invadingamerica.com>

I wrote the following back to them

Thank you very much for the offer. America is the land of opportunity, but if we don't protect it's borders, then we put ourselves in serious danger.

The United States has one of the longest stretches of approachable beaches in the world, and a country with a powerful navy would be able to land countless numbers of vessels on our shores. We would be powerless to stop them because it is simply too much ocean to defend.

Of course the threat of military invasion is unlikely because America is largely isolated from the rest of the industrialized world. Any power that attempted to take America by force would meet harsh resistance. More likely, the invaders would offer cheap goods, services, and more

organized labor than we can currently produce, supply or organized.

What troubles me the most is that immigrant to the US would most likely bring diseases against which we'd have no natural immunity, being as isolated as we are, and the diseases they bring (from their over populated cities) would decimate large portions of the US. A military invasion might not be necessary if they learn that their pathogens might be used against us.

Then there are the traitors, we cannot count out those states and citizens who would welcome the interlopers, adopt their ways and mimic their speech. It would be a terrible blow to our culture if Americans started speaking the language of its invaders; half of the battle is won in the hearts and minds of the people before the fighting really begins.

If we don't stop immigrants from coming over here whenever they please they will eventually push us from the cities. We'll be forced to live in less desirable areas as they use their systems of currency and trade to block us out. We cannot accept any of their technological advances, as that would betray the memory of our ancestors, and so we would slip further and further into anachronism and despair. Eventually, we would be so weak that they could herd us



wherever they wish; we would be at the whim of these interlopers.

The American spirit will never die. We may be pushed around, but someday we'll remember what it meant to fight, and we'll start telling those foreign bastards what to do and where to stick it. We can't lose; we are fighting for our homeland; what men can say that they were too busy arguing over petty concerns to protect their motherland?

They'll call us terrorist, traitors, savages, and villains, but that won't stop us; even if we fight to the last man, we can never let a foreign power walk into the US like they own the place. There have to be laws, restrictions, or our people will die out. We must do something now, before it's too late.

Sincerely,

Chief Laughing Irony

Open the borders, America is a free country and that means we have to pay the price of freedom.

The price of freedom is having to put up with people who are rude, stupid, ugly or worse. I'd love it if I could tell the 600 behemoth slurping down McDonald's to turn down her

collection of "Winger's Greatest Hits" but that's the price I pay of going to the beach. If the price of leaving the borders open is that we have an occasional terrorist slip in, well, that's just the price of freedom.

Let's be honest about the immigration debate, it's not about money, it's not about services, it's not about the law; it's about brown people. Some Americans don't want them here, and they've found other ways of arguing the problem. Like when I was a child and gave my brother an airtight reason why I, and not he, should have control of the TV remote and he still refused to yield. Or when I told my girlfriend (on Sept 11), after arguing with her that if she really loved me she'd do it, that if she didn't stick a live gerbil in her asshole, the terrorists win. It's a shitty trick, and I stopped doing it when I was twelve, when I learned how to construct a rational argument, but abandoned the practice so I could spend more time convincing women that I was worth sleeping with.

There's nothing about brown people that anyone should fear... for now. Someday the revolution will come... (a word of advice, side with the Apes, I have it on good authority that they will win with the help of Roddy McDowell)

!!!Promote racial harmony; expose your genitals to someone of a different racial makeup!!!

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday July 28, 2006

## FOR THREE YEARS I DID NOTHING EXCEPT WRITE

Category: [Life](#)

- I found an awesome movie today; it's nothing but cumshots, 116 of them to be exact. Cum swapping, cum swallowing, cum drinking. It's wonderful.
- I found a disturbing video over the weekend; it's two Japanese girls having diarrhea on each other. I can't wait for this holiday season; it will make a great stocking stuffer.
- So much of success is dependent on being lucky at the right time and in the right place.
- The more authentic a particular cuisine is to a culture, the more it will taste like dirt.
- There isn't a government on this planet that wouldn't kill someone to make itself look good.
- There are more poor people than there are soldiers.
- The first thing you should do in the morning is make sure you're not still dreaming.
- More people are afraid to live than are afraid to die.
- Frozen yogurt will never replace ice cream.
- If you can't defend something by yourself, then you don't deserve to have it.
- Before you finish reading this sentence: four people will shit themselves, something will be stolen, two

chickens will experience momentary consciousness,  
and someone you love will think about having sex  
with you.

- Nice girls are the ones who like to talk dirty to you in bed.
- Dirty girls are the ones who like you to talk nice to them in bed.
- The smaller a man's penis, the more likely he is to fight you.
- No one is smarter than you are right now.
- At some point in her life, your mother has uttered the words, "Fuck me like that."
- Anything can be a pizza topping.
- Your environment may limit your imagination, but your environment is limited only by your will.
- A change of scenery is better than a change of underwear.
- Cold showers are better for wiping away things best forgotten.
- Ten minutes from now, you will realize something life shattering, thirty minutes from now, you will forget what it is and that you ever thought of it in the first place.
- People's perceptions of you are determined by how willing you are to murder them.

- Don't listen to people who say that something can't be done, you can jump off the empire state building and live, they are just afraid.
- Old people have the best drugs.
- The older you get, the less you will be able to handle your liquor.
- True assholes will never learn their lessons.
- If you don't have everything you need to survive within ten feet of you, then you need to lower your expectations.
- A breakup is the best diet.
- Pictures always look better when you're taking them, than when you see them developed.
- The music, clothes, movies, and friends you liked ten years ago may embarrass you now, but you embarrass them too.
- The best jokes are written on Popsicle sticks.
- Sex Mahoney for President
- *Some quotes from my boss (we went out to dinner last night)*
- *Beer is for women, hard liquor is for men.*
- *Outback steakhouse is for women.*
- *Homesickness is for women.*
- *I don't eat any white foods. White foods are for women.*

- *Bowling is for women.*
- *I put a quarter of a bottle of Tabasco sauce on my food if it's not spicy. Food that is not spicy is for women.*

Wednesday August 2, 2006

## DRAINING YOUR ENERGY SINCE THE DAWN OF TIME

Category: [Life](#)

I hate working.

I like my job, but I hate working. My job is not work, it's fun. I stand in front of a group of children and we say things to each other, maybe they learn, maybe they don't, but I have a good time doing it. I hate work. I hate sitting in an office with nothing to do, with office people like managers and administrators telling me what to do.

When I make a lesson plan, I usually just include a subject. I hardly ever plan what I'm going to say, or how I'm going to cover it. I let that happen naturally in class, because when I make plans, they usually don't include the mistakes the kids will make or the things that will trip them up. I expect them to have troubles in other places; they surprise me and screw up in ingenious ways. Plans rarely work.

I never plan. I just make sure that I have adequate supplies. Sure, that might mean that I'm stuck somewhere at 4 in the morning with no way to get home, but I've got plenty of reading material and possibly some music to listen to. If I'm lucky, I might even have some food.



Unless you have iron discipline, plans hardly ever work out and they usually end up ruining a good time. I have a lot of fun in my classes because I can take a minute to indulge a child's curiosity about some English language question without worrying about sticking to a plan.

There are some things that require plans, but I tend to avoid those activities unless I'm doing them by myself. If it's with other people then I let them do the planning, otherwise, I know they'd be disappointed if things go wrong. I don't make plans if I'm doing something by myself, because I'm not usually disappointed in myself. Other people are frequently disappointed in me.

I try to project a lot of confidence, but I'm not any more put together than anyone else; still, people seem to expect a lot from me because I seem to disappoint them very often. I find that odd, because I'm not disappointed much anymore. Of course, I still have that odd optimism that politicians will stop lying, but when it comes to real people (politicians hardly qualify as real, have you ever met one? I wouldn't be surprised if they hatched in a lab) I'm pretty forgiving, as long as you can take a joke. If you don't have a sense of humor about yourself, I seem like a real asshole.

Even the worst things that have happened to you are worthy of a good laugh. There's humor to be found in everything, even just a little bit. You might not be ready to laugh right away, but someday you will be. I can't help it that I laugh a little sooner than most people. Even when I'm served a steaming pile of shit, I can't help but find it a little funny. I can't help it.

So the next time you feel like being mad at me, or even disappointed, because I'm laughing, just remember, I didn't plan it.

Sex Mahoney for President

Saturday August 5, 2006

## TAKE ME TO ANOTHER PLACE

Category: [Movies, TV, Celebrities](#)

Over the past few days, it's struck me how good "Arrested Development" is, both the short-lived television show and the band of the same name.

The band - for their easy, funky beats. That's about all.

The television show for its amazing allegory.

Think about it. The TV show begins with the scandal concerning a wealthy man and his mismanagement of a company, primarily because of his dealings with Iraq, and while he and the government are worried about the situation in the middle east, a Korean sneaks up and hamstring everyone.

Brilliant.

My writing output is drying up. In the summertime, I work long hours, my job becomes like a real job. I don't do anything extra, I just have to go in early and sit there until 9 o'clock. Today I listened to music and read stories from 14th century Italy. The office is so hot that if I get there by noon, my balls are swimming in my shorts by 12:30.

Hell, it's late at night now and the only reason I'm awake to write this is a pounding headache and a sincere desire to watch the Big Lebowski one more time than I already have. We've watched a lot of movies in the last week. A Korean movie that was pretty good, but not great, and a whole bunch of shitty American films. Anchorman, School of Rock, Love Actually all suck. I thought Jack Black was getting a little better. I was wrong. I don't understand what it is about him that people find appealing.

Whenever I go too long without writing something, I feel sleepy and ill at ease, like I'm hiding a secret so big that my body is exacting revenge for me keeping my mouth shut.

In the meantime, I wonder about myself and whether I am an excessively filthy person. Mercedes and I were arguing the other night, she was being completely unreasonable, saying ridiculous things like "Of course it's cheating if you sleep with a prostitute" and "No your friends can't watch." I understand a little bit of modesty, but come on, this isn't the 16th century here, and we're living in the future.

Speaking of good allegory, there's an awesome Dan Bern song about the sanctity of marriage told from the point of view of a protagonist entreating his girlfriend to marry him so he can go fishing with the girl's grandfather. The

wedding is detailed in all its slap dash glory to its delicious punch line. Sanctity of marriage. Nothing is sacred that can be performed in a courthouse. Of course there are some things that are sacred, but they never last very long. Sometimes you want to savor them, show them to other people, take pictures, and memorialize the event, but eventually you have to flush to make room for more.

Most of the reason people want to preserve sanctity in marriage is that they're afraid of homosexuals, so we need some volunteers to prove to people that flesh is flesh, and there's nothing wrong with it. We need a volunteer cock and a volunteer pussy and a few volunteer assholes to set up shop outside the white house so the adventurous can come up and have a taste. They can do it on their lunch break. Of course, this would mostly be reserved for staff members and working stiffes, most of the politicians in DC already know what it tastes like to take a load in the mouth. It really doesn't matter the specifics, and it won't be hard finding volunteers. Washington DC is the one city in the US that has more dicks, pussies, and assholes per square mile than anywhere else in the world.

If tomorrow USA Today released a full color picture graph saying that Americans like politicians who suck dick, you'd see senators and representatives, judges and presidents, getting on their knees to appease the masses. Even if you

disagree with same sex marriage, and hate gay people with all your homophobic (and therefore secretly gay) heart, you should tell any pollster who asks you what it is you want from a politician. I can die happy when I see Nancy Pelosi, George Bush, Bill Frist, and Dick Chaney snowballing in the Rose Garden.

Of course, when I say sucking dick, I mean that allegorically, sucking dick is a metaphor for the larger act of pandering politicians do on a regular basis, which is partly the reason why people hated Bill Clinton. No one likes to see a politician, or any other minor celebrity, doing anything but suffering because of their fame (VH1 has been mining that gold for years). But to continue with the simile, if the world was a bar, politicians would be the girls and boys with fake breasts and steroid induced muscles that sleep over, hog the bed, and give you a nice case of crabs.

So I was listening to "Tennessee" by Arrested Development and doing my best to mimic the rhythm that black people have, and I was watching the show "Arrested Development" doing my best to mimic the comic ability of people smarter than me, when I realized that there are symbols everywhere, and if you've got just the right amount of imagination mixed with insanity, you can see patterns emerge from anything (ask me about the Milkman, it goes deeper than you could

ever guess). I guess the thing to do is just jerk off. I wish I had a better ending for you, but if you take my advice, this experience could be just as good for you, as it's going to be for me.

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday August 9, 2006

## SHINING STAR, NO MATTER WHO YOU ARE

Category: [Travel and Places](#)

I finally have a day to catch up on my writing, but I slept all day. I'm sick again.

Ever since I came to Korea I've been sick more than in the last three years combined. I don't want to blame it on my change in environment, but a 300% increase in disease occurrence is hard to ignore.

Last night I saw a car accident on my way home from work. As long as I've been in Korea, I've only seen two types of accidents (really it's only one): a car is turning left and the driver doesn't look where it's going, a car at a curb pulls out into traffic and hits a car.

The best thing about Korea is the food, by far. Not that there's a lot of variety here (every restaurant serves the same ten basic dishes), but if you like the taste of one dish, there are five other dishes that taste exactly the same. They serve rice with everything. There are a lot of soups. Everything here has a little bit of meat in it. For some reason, Koreans don't consider processed meat as meat, so if you ask for something with no meat, they'll still put ham in it.



Korea has eight digit phone numbers... some times. A lot of places only give you seven numbers and if you try to dial them, you get an error message. I still haven't figured out how to call seven digit numbers.

Korean children play a game called Dongchim where you put your hands together, stick your index fingers out and shove them up a person's ass. Some of my students think it's really funny to sneak up behind me and Dongchim me. I wish I could go back to elementary school, do you know how many teachers I'd like to anally violate?

Whenever I ask Koreans about their country, they are mostly ignorant. Our friend Brett has the most historical knowledge; he answered a lot of my questions when we went to the folk museum. To compare it to America, it's as if every American knew about Abraham Lincoln, that he freed the slaves, and nothing else about the rest of history.

It also seems that Koreans never go anywhere. When I ask them what there is to see here, they tell me about things within Seoul or the city where they live.

There are mini casinos all over Korea, they only have slot machines. Some people will put a large amount of money into several machines and leave a cigarette lighter on the button.

Ilsan, the city where I live, is half the size of Edison and has 8x the number of people. I've only met one person who lives in a house, the director of our school. He drives a BMW.

Directly across from our apartment are a series of shops on the bottom floor of a building, they are: a convenience store, a baby supply shop, a restaurant, a restaurant, a restaurant, a restaurant, a restaurant, a restaurant, a restaurant, a restaurant, a restaurant, a restaurant, and a convenience store.

Koreans aren't into competition among businesses, one convenience store will have a bag of chips for one dollar and another convenience store (right next door) will have the same bag of chips for 1.50. Buying in bulk doesn't really do any good here, most items are more expensive if you buy them in bulk.

I can't sit up anymore, I've got chills and my throat is swollen like a cheerleader's ass after the prom.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday August 10, 2006

## ROCKING PNEUMONIA AND THE BOOGIE WOOGIE STREPT THROAT

Category: [Life](#)

Every time I get sick I feel like it's my fault; as if I didn't say hello to the security guard in my building often enough, or I did it too much, and now I'm in a pickle. As if I could trace the cause of an illness back to a single definable moment and say, here, take that Universe, if it wasn't for that, you wouldn't have me by the (remaining) ball right now.

Of course, there's nothing so unknowable as a moment like that, it's impossible. There is such a myriad of simultaneous things that have to go wrong at the right time in order to produce any kind of results, especially sickness; that any attempt to figure them down to one moment is an exercise in futility. Still, I always feel like I should have been able to do something to prevent it.

Getting sick in Korea is a trip. I'm so used to American doctors who don't listen to you, that the doctors here who can't listen to you pleasantly surprised me. This illness, the Doctor spoke a little English, but Mercedes prepared a list of things to say in Korean, like "I think it's strept throat" and "Please give me antibiotics."

The doctor didn't take very long to diagnose me, either. She took one look at my throat and just said, "Antibiotics."

Then the nurses took me into another room and I read about how Prince Andrey Bolkonsky was saying goodbye to his father, and getting ready for war, while a pretty Korean nurse rubbed my butt cheeks and gave me two injections that I didn't even feel. They made me feel woozy afterwards, though.

As I was leaving, I heard the Korean nurses start talking, and giggling, about me. I wonder if they'd ever seen a one ball'd sick American with a shaved scrotum and ass crack, I wonder if they'll see one again. I'm always glad when I can bring a little joy into people's lives.

For the last few days, I haven't eat much but crackers, toast, and Kimbap. My strept throat is real bad, and my tonsils are all pitted and scared from past battles with the disease. They're a sight to look at when they're healthy, all inflamed and large, you should see them when they're infected all inflamed, enlarged, and full of pus. Lucky for you, I took a picture, even luckier for you; I still don't have a cable to get it from my cell phone to my laptop.

My favorite part of illness in Korea, is that I went to the doctor twice, and got two prescriptions for ten

different drugs filled, over the last four days; total cost \$50, and that's without health insurance. Walk-in, emergency care at a hospital for under a fortune. It is possible, America.

For those of you who are concerned about my health, thank you for your support; for those of you who are not, I'll be dead soon enough anyway, just be patient for God's sake. Illness should always serve to put your priorities back in order, and thankfully, I did a little bit of that over the weekend as well. Now it's back to masturbating, porn, poisoning the minds of children, and ranting like an idiot about the government. Oh yeah, and that writing crap too. Maybe if I didn't write so much, I wouldn't get sick....

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday August 14, 2006

## LISTEN TO WHAT THE MAN SAID

Category: [Travel and Places](#)

I haven't written very much this week, it depresses me. At work, my access to a computer is now limited from what it was, and I've been putting in longer hours, so I don't have the kind of time to write like I used to. That doesn't mean I'm not writing (although right now it actually does) but I'm just not writing blogs.

The summer weather has really been getting to me lately, and it sucks having a fever, feeling your body build up heat like a iron stove, only to have it dissipate and it's still boiling hot outside. It kills me. In New Jersey it's probably just as bad as it is in Korea, ninety some odd degrees and 90% humid. This is not the kind of weather in which people were meant to live.

And yet they line up, pay for the chance to be tortured in this kind of weather, if you don't believe me, look at the last quarter gross profit for Disney World. There is nothing more torturous than Disney World, and yet people drag their children there to experience the same kind of punishment they knew as children.

I like Korea for the same reason I like New Jersey, it's not a friendly environment; the people who make their living here are hardened by rough climate, they're pissed off and they don't take any shit. Korea has the advantage of being a true hard ass, where New Jersey can only pretend.

Korea, on top of its unfriendly climate, has also been invaded more times than anyone can remember. China, Japan, and now America have all tried their hand at imperialising Korea, and not one of them will ever succeed, because when you live in a harsh environment, you take the advice and commands, of outsiders with a grain of salt.

Working in a Korean office is the same as working in an American office, there's generally one person who has an small idea of what they want to do (and an unusually specific way they want you to do it) and no idea how to implement it. So far, I've done my lesson plans three times to the exact specifications of my boss, and each time she tells me something that's wrong with them; the only consistent thing about the lessons and the plans is that that, in class, the children cannot keep up with what my boss wants me to do.

We have meetings once a week, usually it involves half an hour of sitting around while she talks to people in Korean, ten minutes while she answers phone calls, ten minutes while

we make small talk, five minutes of awkward silence, and five minutes where she gives me an assignment. I have one later tonight, I can't wait.

I've never understood office work, but I understand why it sucks, that's why office workers should unionize, then at least they'd get to move to nice countries like India and China. It's all part of my master plan; I miss my friends out here.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday August 18, 2006



## OLD LEVI'S ARE FADING FAST

Category: [Sports](#)

Sometimes you eat the bar, and sometimes the bar eats you. When I got to Korea, I had a pretty sweet job, no long term goals, no discernable plans, just show up, teach from a book and keep your mouth shut; now all that is changing. It sucks, but I console myself with the fact that I only have six months left to go.

Last week, I was sick, now it's Mercedes's turn; surprisingly, we never get each other sick (she is suffering from a case of bronchitis). She's burning up with a fever and acting delirious. I had to talk her down from the roof, that's no place for a sick girl to be with a sniper rifle.

I spent the weekend sitting around, doing a whole lot of nothing. On Saturday, I met up with my Korean friend, Brett, and we played basketball and soccer. He was surprised that I was good at soccer; I suppose that people in other countries assume that American's only know how to play football.

I had a number of misconceptions about people from other countries and their abilities to play soccer. I assumed that anyone who was born outside of America was almost a pro, but I was wrong as well.

While we were getting ready to play soccer, some guys showed up and I got in goal while they took some shots on me. Then more of them showed up and it turned out that they were getting ready to play a friendly game; Brett and I got to join in, although we were on opposite teams.

The Koreans were pretty good at soccer (Brett is a solid mid-fielder), but they weren't as good as I expected; they had the same problems that plague American soccer players. One thing that I thought was strange is that none of them made a correct throw-in. FIFA rules say that the ball has to pass right over your head and you have to keep both feet on the ground. Almost none of the Korean players did this.

So we played a half, I was in goal (I gave up two, but we scored two); and I found out at halftime, that these guys were all policemen for the city of Ilsan (where I live). It made the second half a lot more interesting, and a little more nerve wracking. I took down a police officer. It wasn't as satisfying as it would be if I took down an American cop (because these guys were all very friendly and in shape), but it felt good to get into a game.

I don't know about you, but I like sports, not so much watching them, but I like playing games. It's a nice

competition, after which, there are no hard feelings, and even a sense of friendship; it wasn't always like that.

When I was younger, I used to demonize the other team. I looked at them, as rivals that needed crushing, and winning seemed so important. I still feel that way about winning (I'm very competitive), but it doesn't bother me like it used to.

Sports get a bad rap because of the competitive types who play them, it really turns people off when you get in their face about winning; of course, these are the same people who will mock you mercilessly if they manage to beat you. What turns them off is not that they aren't competitive, it's that they never win.

One of my sore spots has always been for the underdog; so if I'm winning, I'll usually ease up on my opponent, give them a fair chance to catch up. I'd like to live in a world where everybody ties, but that's because I am a giant pussy when it comes to certain things. If you want to see someone get really mad, start beating the hell out of them at a game, and then let them win; pride goes before a fall.

I won't say that I like losing, because it's a bitter taste in your mouth, but it's life affirming to lose sometimes. How much can you know about yourself if you've

never lost? It's easy to be magnanimous when you're the winner, but if you can keep your head about you when you lose, then you're doing all right. (Of course everyone knows that when someone gets a good one past you "Nice shot" is the adult equivalent of "Fuck you") All the myths of the world are based on the supposition that the world is full of winners and all it takes to become one is to crush a loser, and I suppose that is correct, if you're a bully, but for the rest of us, it takes some figuring out that we were all just waiting around to get crushed.

Nobody wins in the long run, we're all just varying shades of fucked, so the big picture ain't the big game; the devil is in the details. If you can pull off one or two minor victories in a day, then you're doing all right; grab the last donut from the box and don't offer it to anyone else, leave your car in a handicapped space while you go to buy a lottery ticket. You don't have to worry about other people, you're a winner.

If someone had told me when I was young that "winner" is just a nice way of saying "douche bag", I might have been less competitive.

Kids get mixed-messages a lot; be nice to other people, be a winner, only losers do drugs, achieve, consume, crush, kill, destroy. I wonder if it's something that people teach

their children or if it's in our genes, waiting for consciousness or several years of crushing defeat to teach us otherwise.

Winning and losing, like so many things, are just a state of mind. Israel and Lebanon both said that they won the recent war. America said it won in its war against Iraq. All it takes is the right frame of mind, and a little bit of douche bag.

I'm a winner, baby.

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday August 21, 2006

## FINALLY, SOME FREE TIME TO POST A BLOG

Current mood: grizzled

Category: grizzled [Writing and Poetry](#)

It's been a busy week in Korea; my bosses are driving me nuts; actually its just one boss, but I'm still going michin (Korean for crazy) a little bit every day.

Yesterday we went to a bookstore together. When we got there she gave me the simple instructions of finding storybooks for my reading classes. I looked for about forty minutes to an hour for books appropriate to the skill level of my classes, and I grabbed two different books for each class, just in case she didn't like my first choice. When I brought the books to my boss, she said they were too boring, nothing but words, not enough pictures, and the graphics on the cover were not exciting enough to entertain the students.

She pulled me over to the book section and showed me the kinds of books she would like me to pick. She pointed to several Newberry and Caldecott medal winners and said that she wanted me to pick books that had won medals. Then she picked up a book that had a medal on the cover, but it hadn't actually won anything, the medal just announced that

the book was 60 years old. I didn't point this out to her, I just enjoyed the sensation.

After that, it was time to have a meeting, in the bookstore, at which point this woman told me what the curriculum might be, she didn't have a definite answer because it was still between two options, but we needed to get books and there was only enough money to buy books for one type of curriculum. She never told me which to get.

So she sent me off and said, "Get a writing book." I brought a writing book back to her and she said, "You know, they'd probably think this was too hard, why don't you get a vocabulary book instead." So I got a vocabulary book. She said, "You know, they'd probably do better with a phonics book." So I brought her a phonics book. She said, "This is good, but it doesn't have anything about writing, I thought I told you to get a writing book."

I looked all over the store, and I finally found a book that had all three, writing, vocabulary, and phonics, all in the same book. I held it up to her, proud of myself, and she said that we couldn't use the book. It was too popular; all the other schools use the book. I have never wanted to fuck someone so bad in my life. My boss is the kind of person who could use a penis in their eye socket.

Other books, the school had used before and I was asked to remember teaching the books, at which point, I had to remind my boss that I had only been in Korea for six months and not my entire life.

I don't know if I'll go back to teaching in America, perhaps substitute teaching. I like subbing, if I did go back to teaching it probably won't be language education, but history. History is real nice, there's no standardized tests to worry about, and the propaganda is so thick that you make up pretty much anything you want.

When I was in school they stopped teaching grammar after 8th grade, now I don't think they do grammar after 5th. That means children growing up today have a 5th grade writing ability, at best. Only a few kids are actually at the top of the class, so the crappy ones are much worse. I don't like forcing anything down a student's throat (that's for after they graduate or turn 18, whatever) but there are some things you have to teach in school. In their later years, a kid might feel the urge to learn about history and research the subject themselves, but how many of you have been sitting around on a Tuesday night and asked yourself, "Hmm, I wonder WHAT the gerund form of a verb really is?" Grammar is not a subject that normal people pursue independently, if kids don't learn it in school, they ain't not gonna learned it in the real world.



Now take the same principle at work in America and apply it to people who are not native speakers of the language. That's seems to be what my school is driving at, a bunch of Koreans who know how to bark nouns at each other and foreigners.

I know that grammar is a boring subject, but getting kids interested in it is pretty easy (as long as they care about their grades, the ones who don't care about their grades you actually have to teach them). Why does education have to be exciting? I think it's a dishonest slap in the face to children to pretend that you're trying to entertain them while they're learning. The subject material is funny enough if you know how to play with it right. What better way to teach a child about syntax than to give them the sentence, "The man chased a dog in his underwear." Who's wearing the underwear, the man, the dog, is the dog wearing it's own underwear, or the man's. This is one limitless, well; not really, I just covered about everything that could be funny about that sentence's syntax. Good, no?

I hate lying, even if the truth is painful, it's better to hear it. That's why I hate it when they say that prisons were made to reform criminals, schools are made to educate children, and politicians are making the world decent for families. In the first two instances, you're locking

dangerous people in a cage so they can fuck each other, in the last you're letting them out so they can fuck everyone else. Of course, the politicians are probably going to ask you "What would you like to be fucked with?", because with a fifth grade grammar education, they don't know any better but to end a sentence with a preposition.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday August 25, 2006

## JACK DANIELS AND WE CAN MAKE UP FOR LOST TIME

Category: [Travel and Places](#)

I can't get enough of that wonderful stuff. Peanut butter.

My love affair with peanut butter began a long time ago, and while I might stray (sometimes for many months) I always come back.

What is it that I love about peanut butter? Is it the crunchy goodness of peanuts, or the creamy smoothness of the butter? I can't begin to describe it to you, but it's there and it's real like a ferret chewing on your scrotum.

Food is a big part of my life, I love to eat, and I'm willing to try anything once (see, the great baseball bat gangbang, p. 1438). In the month of August, my job bought us free lunch everyday. That means, five days a week, free food. There's nothing sweeter to Jewish ears, because we all know that free pussy is a damnable lie, and free willy just plain old sucks.

I started out simple, ordering the things I knew or liked, but then I started getting the things I had never heard of before.

Like, Jeyukbokum (pronounced Jay-yuk-bok-oom), which means flesh and rice. Usually they serve very fatty pork and vegetables in a hot red sauce. I like how open they leave the name, it could literally be any flesh; there's something rewarding about that.

There was also budechigae (pronounced boo-day-chee-gay), which is hot dogs and vegetable in a spicy red soup. When I was really poor, I used to make hot dogs beans and rice because I couldn't afford real meat. The name means garbage stew in Korean, because people used to make it from whatever American soldiers threw away at their military bases.

One of my favorites was Dalkdoritang (pronounced dalk-door-E-taang), which was chicken on the bone and whole potatoes in a spicy red soup (there's a theme here, I dare you to find it).

Then there was naechangtang (pronounced nay-jang-tang), which is stomach and vegetables in a brown soup. You would not believe how chewy intestine and stomach lining can be. I chewed one piece of stomach for so long that I had to take some water and swallow it whole. It was the only dish I didn't finish.

Korean food comes with a lot of side dishes, various types of kimchi, tiny fish, and spicy squid. All in all, it was a good dining experience. I ended every lunch with an awesome ice cream bar that tasted exactly like a Butterfinger bar without the Butterfinger chunks.

It's amazing how cheap it is to eat at a restaurant in Korea because there's no tax and no tipping, plus the food is a dollar or two cheaper than what you'd get in America, and this is one of the tastiest countries I have ever visited.

The strange thing is that I'm not used to eating during the day, so by nightfall I was tired as all get out, and in the morning, I wouldn't have my normal peanut butter breakfast. In America, I don't mind taking a break from peanut butter, sometimes I welcome it, but here, in Korea, my brain has developed a subconscious need to consume peanut butter on a hitherto unseen scale, perhaps because I miss my homeland.

Unfortunately, peanut butter is mostly expensive in Korea, except for creamy. Now, I don't know about you, but creamy peanut butter just doesn't cut it, it's missing something intangible (like me), and I can't quite put my finger on it. Luckily, Mercedes and I left America with five pounds of quality Guatemalan nuts. How you ask? Well, that's

a story for another day. In the meantime, let this following piece of wisdom suffice.

The best thing about Korea is the food, by far.

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday August 25, 2006

## 182.625 REASONS WHY YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN

I've passed the halfway mark; from here it's all downhill. Mercedes says that doesn't sound promising, but that uphill sounds even worse. I suppose that some metaphors can't stand the heat.

I'm pleased as punch to go home, I miss America and my friends, but Korea is pretty sweet and cheap as all get out. If I could earn the kind of money in America as I do here, with the same low expenses, I'd never go back.

Mercedes and I used to order out a lot, and in America it cost about ten dollars a day for the both of use to have one meal, plus snacks, deserts and drinks and you're talking more like fifteen to twenty bucks. Here in Korea we can have a meal plus snacks and drinks and desert for half that. Sure we've been drinking a lot more water and a lot less sugary filth, but you can't do that forever, at least not without a stomach ache.

The strange thing is that I don't feel any more lucid than when I was in America, and I haven't smoked pot in six months. There are some things that a man needs in life, pot is one of them, I'd be happy to buy a farm in Thailand and just smoke myself retarded for the rest of eternity; watch the rest of the world blow itself up for ideals and cheap labor in undeveloped countries.

What am I going to do with the future?

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday August 31, 2006



## **ALL I NEED IS A MIRACLE, ALL I NEED IS YOU**

Probably the first thing I ever learned about Korea was as a freshman in high school; it was a story about three American soldiers who ran over a little girl while they were tooling around Seoul. Sure I knew about the Korean War, but they really downplay that one (America doesn't get excited about ties) in the textbooks. I was surprised to learn how many American troops are stationed around the world, and I was very critical of the military assholes that ran over the little girl.

I'm still very critical of the military, and the people who jine up, but I've learned a lot about forgiveness in the time being; so, while I might not think highly of the trained killers in our government's employ, I don't hold it against them personally (I just think they should be honest about what they do for a living).

The other day, on the way to school, I ran over a little girl. The soldiers killed theirs; I just injured mine (granted I was only on a bicycle). Many Koreans are in the habit of not watching where they're going, and many parents just let their children wander around unsupervised. I was racing my bike along through a mini-park and a four or five year old girl rushed out from behind a group of older children and I collided with her; she hit her head on my handlebar and broke my gearshift.

I didn't know what to do. I apologized to her mother, but she didn't speak any English (the woman looked like she wanted to impale me with chopsticks).

The little girl cried for about fifteen minutes while the mother checked her out, nothing was broken, nothing swollen, she's probably got a nice bruise today. I ended up giving her mother my cell phone number and telling her to call me if she wanted me to pay for the doctor. The students who had obstructed my view of the child helped me to translate.

Now I have to go get my bike fixed, and contend with the knowledge that I'm no better than an American soldier. It's a tough load to swallow.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday September 7, 2006

## OUT ON THE FREEWAY THE COP LIGHTS ARE FLASHING

Category: [Music](#)

I don't get a chance to write much anymore because I seem to be busy a lot of the time. When I'm not teaching children I'm always doing something; I haven't written any fiction in at least two months. I go through cycles where I'm very productive and then I dry up for a while and work on something else.

Part of the reason that I'm dry can be blamed on Billboard. Mercedes used to give me a lot of flack because of my music collection. "Sure" she would say, "You have a lot of songs, but they all suck. You only have the music that you like, and you like shitty music." So I decided to round out my mp3 collection by downloaded the Billboard top one hundred songs for every year starting in 1970 all the way through 2004.

People tell me that I have a strange sense of humor, I can understand that. I really like watching people suffer. You've never seen someone suffer until you've watched them listen to 30 years worth of Billboard top 100s. It was worth all the Whitney Houston songs in the world just to watch my wife cringe like that.

Unfortunately, the whole fiasco has taken its toll on me. I can't eat, I hardly sleep, and all I want to do is dance, dance... and murder Don Henly. I used to think that pop music would save the world, and I still believe that, but not in the friendly, Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure way, where the planets are aligned and peace reigns throughout the galaxy, more in the dystopic science fiction artificially intelligent robots destroy people to save them from hurting themselves way (You know, like we're doing to Iraq).

I can't take it anymore, the "oohs", and the "baby, babys," I'm very glad that I got 1% of the songs on the list, because, sure I could use some variety from the eclecticism of my music collection with nice bland pop, but there's so much crap out there it's like music that they pulled out of a cesspool and repacked in a tight leather skirt. Why does Barbara Streisand have fifteen songs that were top 100 hits? I am more puzzled by this than I am by people's inexplicable fear of homosexuals.

Why am I telling you about all this? Because there is a refuge out there for you, a port in the storm so to speak, and his name is Dan Bern and he's releasing a new album on the 19th of September. That's right, this is an advertisement of sorts, an attack ad if you will. I urge you all to go out and buy Dan Bern's new CD from his website

[www.danbern.com](http://www.danbern.com) The address is hard to remember, what with all this SWV playing in the background so I'll say it again [www.ooohbabybaby.com](http://www.ooohbabybaby.com). Fuck me running, I'm going insane.

There's only one cure for pop music, and that's a healthy dose of pornography. I'm going to watch women spit semen back and forth into each other's mouths and try to forget that Madonna ever existed.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday September 7, 2006

## ARE THE STARS OUT TONIGHT?

Current mood: 😊cheerful

Category: [Life](#)

Something feels strange, it's not sitting right; like a bit of undigested sausage or a visit from Jacob Marley.

I thought that if America would admit to some of the things they were doing, that I would feel better, but I don't. The President went on TV and said there were secret prisons run by the CIA in other countries, something every president has done since the end of World War II; it's like something out of bad political fiction. Still, it doesn't make me feel any better.

Sometimes you get a feeling that someone is cheating you, sleeping around behind your back, stealing from you when you're not looking, spitting in your post toasties. You want to know what's going on, the question tickles your mind until it just about drives you nuts, but when the curtain comes down and you see the wizard for what he really is, it leaves a big hole where there was once a thriving neurosis.

When they say that you learn something new every day, they neglect to mention that the new information often destroys your former perception of the world. If you try to

fix your world, stop it from changing then you've gone a good ways towards killing that little spark that makes you a living sentient being.

I hate change, but if you stop rolling with it, it rolls over you. When I hear about the resurgence of beliefs in America that were discussed with derision all my life, I find it hard to believe that people can revert to the superstitious peasants they once were. I have trouble changing my belief that America is a country of progress and enlightenment, the same way that Rome used to be.

Fear motivates a lot of that resistance to change, everybody is afraid to grow old and die. Even I shrink before the idea of aging and death, but I'm ready for it. The world mourns the passing of very few individuals and it is not long after passing that their memories are distorted (turning Steve Irwin from raving lunatic to respectable guardian of endangered species); even our families will one day forget us or die themselves. Why all this fear?

I'm at a loss to explain the actions of my fellow primates, especially considering their "free will" but if the history of mankind has shown that we easily revert back to a superstitious state of fear and murder, through war and

political oppression, then is our will really free or do we simply have the means to pretend it is.

I like to pretend, that's why I play D&D, I did it as a child without dice and THACO and I do it as an adult with those things; I even like to think of myself as handsome and charming, but the reality is very different. I wish I could pretend that we live in a world where we don't grow old and die, where a new crop of children won't look at us old timers and wonder what the hell we're talking about, where the brightest minds and best ideas won't fade into oblivion.

During the course of writing this blog I went from very depressed to very hopeful, it was that last line, in the last paragraph. It made me think about the floor of any stock market and a piece of candy I dropped the other day. They're both swarming with insects now, ants on the candy and brokers on the exchange; both groups probably think they've got a good handle on the world, and they'll go right on thinking that even as a giant foot comes down to squash them. The ants will probably be killed by some murderous child, venting their pre-pubescent psychopathic tendencies, the brokers will require a bigger foot, probably Godzilla or something like that.



I don't want to scramble to live, I want to be a leech. I want to suck all the life and vitality and money from society for as long as I can and die knowing that I've never done an honest days work in my life (that's why I'm a teacher). I will now go outside and wait to be crushed by falling objects.

Friday September 8, 2006

## **ARE YOU GONNA SCRIBBLE IN THE DARK WITH A MARKER**

I'm not going to write about September 11th.

When I was in middle school there was a kid whose mother was killed in a fairly horrific way. I knew the kid, but I didn't know him very well, so I didn't go to the memorial service they held at school; everyone else at the school went, even the ones who didn't know the mother or the kid. If you went to the service you got to skip the morning classes. Even at the tender age of twelve it sickened me because I saw through the ruse.

I used to lie all the time, and I learned at a very young age most people are willing to believe a lie if its inventive enough because they're too lazy or afraid to challenge it. My best friends are the ones who tell me to shut up because I'm being pompous or outright lying (even though I do my best to avoid it, we are human). Mostly, I try to be honest about my intentions, when I do something I want to know why I'm doing it, and sometimes it takes awhile, but in the end its better if I'm honest with myself about the why.

One of the best places to watch a dramatization of people unconsciously expressing their desires is Seinfeld, that single aspect is what made that show one of the best on television for a long time. The best part about the

characters' lying wasn't that they were consciously trying to deceive (most of the time) but that they honestly believed their own lie, the mark of a true psychopath.

I've also harbored a lot of grudges in my life, for people that did, and did not, deserve my anger. The behavior the human mind is best at accomplishing is justifying our irrational actions with our rational thoughts. Everybody thinks they're a good person, even Hitler thought he was a pretty swell guy. It's okay if I eat a half a gallon of ice cream, I'll take the stairs instead of the elevator tomorrow. I know I told myself that I'd take the elevator today, but I'm already running late... I'll go to the gym this weekend.

The whole of human civilization is built on a giant lie, and we keep perpetuating that lie to make ourselves sleep a little easier and worry a little less. Very few people think they're going to die, because they don't want to think about it. The world began when I began thinking and it will end with me.

The real tragedy is that these little lies become enmeshed with our personas until we can't tell the difference between truth and reality and the world becomes what it is today. People say the quality of life is getting better every day, but I don't know if I'd agree with that.

At least back then, you knew that the people around you were blood thirsty murderers who'd sell you into slavery if given half the chance. Now you call them acquaintances, and you send them Christmas cards with pictures of your ugly children.

But listen to me, back then... in my day... all these things are just more mantras to keep us from understanding that the utterly random and cruel world around us is a cheaply constructed illusion that falls apart like freeze dried coffee beans and instant oatmeal.

There's one thing that isn't a lie, and that's death, we're all going someday, so we'd better make the most of it. How do you live every moment like it's the last?

I like to examine the various smells that are coming off my body. This weekend, I didn't do much, just sat around; I did do laundry though, and the mixture of sweat and semen and incense and fabric softener is oddly comforting, like racquetball in a Buddhist warehouse.

I was watching a porno the other day where these two girls spit cum back and forth into each other's mouths three or four times.

These are little lies that I tell myself to forget that I'm sitting here doing nothing while someone is being raped right now, and there's a kid somewhere being murdered, probably in front of his own parents.

Tragedy is an easy thing to find in the world, it's one of those lies that people like to tell to themselves like my sperm swapping ladies and when it occurs people flock to it for their own reasons. Some of them so they can get out of English class, the rest so they can look at the dead bodies and feel safe that the same thing won't happen to them someday. It's always easier to watch other people suffer, and the ones that cry the loudest are the ones who don't want you to know that they're laughing at the devil on the inside; laughing because they beat death again, like those poor suckers who jump for joy when they win a few grand at a slot machine right before they pump it all back in. Whether you're on terra firma or the ground floor of the Belaggio, the game is rigged, and you're not coming out a winner. At the end of the day, I can look back and say, at least I saw two women sharing Lexington Steele's Semen.

And I didn't talk about September 11th.

If Jesus were alive now, he'd be wearing Birkenstocks. -  
Lupus -

## Sex Mahoney for President

The man who lies to himself and listens to his own lie comes to such a pass that he cannot distinguish the truth within him, or around him, and so loses all respect for himself and for others. And having no respect he ceases to love, and in order to occupy and distract himself without love he gives way to passions and coarse pleasures, and sinks to bestiality in his vices, all from continual lying to other men and to himself. The man who lies to himself can be more easily offended than anyone. You know it is sometimes very pleasant to take offence, isn't it? A man may know that nobody has insulted him, but that he has invented the insult for himself, has lied and exaggerated to make it picturesque, has caught at a word and made a mountain out of a molehill -- he knows that himself, yet he will be the first to take offence, and will revel in his resentment till he feels great pleasure in it, and so pass to genuine vindictiveness.

Dostoevsky, from "The Brothers Karamavoz"

Tuesday September 12, 2006

**SUNSHINE, LOLLIPOPS AND RAINBOWS, EVERYTHING THAT'S WONDERFUL IS  
WHAT I FEEL WHEN WE'RE TOGETHER**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

Now I'm going to talk about September 11th, but before I do that, a point of semantics.

My wife and I were talking about September 11th yesterday and we were both unhappy with the name of the date of remembrance, so during the course of this blog, I'm going to call it Trade Center Day, or TC day for short.

There are certain things that trouble me about TC day and the public's willingness, including President George W Bush, to give Osama Bin Laden exactly what he wanted then and wants now.

We'll get to the big questions in a minute, let's start off small. How did the terrorists attack?

This is a seemingly straightforward question, but even a simple analysis reveals something frightening about the human capacity to be cow towed. Hijackers, armed with very small knives, took over a plane. Ignore all the conspiracy bullshit and assume that flight 93 passengers did the heroic thing and stood up to the terrorists, it took them a long

time to do it (that flight was the longest one in the air). Anyone who's ever threatened another person knows that most people will do anything to avoid a fight even if that means bowing away politely from a person who is a complete asshole and entirely powerless (I'm the weakest motherfucker you'll ever probably meet, but I can still scare the bejeesus into people by force of personality alone).

A projectile weapon, like a gun, is very dangerous, because with moderate skill you can kill someone from across the room, but with a knife you've got to know what you're doing and get in real close. Now they don't let you bring knives onto planes, even box cutters, because lord knows that nothing else could be used as a weapon; however, the last time I flew, I had a shitload of quarters and a sock that could have done a lot more damage than a box cutter and at a greater range, cutting down on the chances that I'd have to take someone on in close quarters. If I had a box cutter and a sock full of quarters I'd have my own jumbo jet right now.

The terrorists had box cutters, that's to be sure, but they took over the planes with a very simple weapon, fear. People were too afraid to do anything because... fill in your own reason, and what (possibly) went down in Shanksville could have happened on every one of those



flights if Suzy Homemaker and Johnny Fuckingyuppie had a testicle to share.

The second, and slightly more important question is why. Why did the terrorists attack the United States?

There are lots of complicated answers to this question (they hate our freedom, snicker, snicker and America is an imperialist pig-dog that is leading the world down a moral sewer), but the answer is very simple, America was the most powerful nation in the world and they could do it. They also knew, or at least hoped, that they would get the reaction they wanted.

Sometimes all it takes for a monster to take off its mask and expose itself is just to goad it a little bit, draw a little blood and then watch as it expends all its energy chasing its tail.

Why did the terrorists attack us on TC day? Because for the terrorists, they were able to accomplish with a meager budget and a lot of determination, what every dollar spent by the US since has failed to do, strike fear into the hearts of a whole country.

The US attacks of Afghanistan and Iraq have not made terrorists any more afraid of the US than they were before

September 11th, they're still doing the same shit they were doing then, except now a lot more Islamic people who were right of the center, condemning the terrorists for their approach, are leaning a lot further left, and offering some understanding to the jihadists. The Taliban is mounting some tough resistance in Afghanistan and people are still dying regularly in Iraq. Conservatives were right when they said that Iraq is not like Vietnam, less Americans had died in Vietnam after three years of combat.

So the outcome, did the attack succeed? This is the big question, and the easy answer is to look at the giant crater in downtown Manhattan and say hell yes, but bringing down the twin towers was not the ultimate goal of the terrorists. It was to do what their name says, spread terror.

What's the point of attacking a civilian structure, early in the morning when fatalities would be relatively low?

My mother owns a very large Doberman, a dog that could easily tear me to ribbons if it wanted to, but if I raise my voice to it (hell, if I even go near it) the damn thing pisses on the floor and cowers in fear.

I've seen a lot of ex post facto fighters in my day, the kind of people who get their ass kicked and then shout threats and obscenities, through broken teeth and bloody

noses, as their attackers walk away. It takes any sympathy you might have had for a person who just had their ass handed to them, and ruins it.

If the goal of the terrorists was to make the US look bad, they succeeded.

If the goal of the terrorists was to hurt US finances and industry, they succeeded in the short term, but things are getting gradually better.

If the goal of the terrorists was to take down the twin towers, they succeeded.

If the goal of the terrorists was to spread fear, well it's five years later, and they're still succeeding.

So I offer to you, my humble solution for dealing with terrorists, ignore them, turn the other cheek. Go right about your daily business as if nothing ever happened.

Prior to having their ass handed to them, my friends the ex post facto fighters would be the ones in a party or a bar making an ass of themselves, jumping on furniture, doing George W Bush in college impressions, making fun of people who look different. Most of the time, people will ignore a person like that because they're usually crazy, and, like I

said earlier, most people will do anything to avoid a fight. The only time these people become a problem is when another crazy asshole (who's been doing the same thing on the other side of the room) and the ex post facto fighter accidentally bump into each other. Then it's time for these two idiots to go outside and beat the crap out of each other. I have no problem with that, hell, I'll usually try to break it up, but if they're set on it, I'll watch them fight; however, it's a little more destructive when they're using smart bombs and jumbo jets to hit each other... makes it less fun.

I've spent my whole life rooting for the underdog. Hollywood churns out crap like Spiderman and Titanic, that costs millions of dollars, and then some nut job with a hand cam makes the Blair Witch project for two packs of cigarettes and a handjob and it outperforms the big boys. America spends trillions of dollars beefing up defense and national security, holding congressional hearings, training police officers, and every other waste of fucking money on the goddamn planet, and they still can't stop a couple of guys with box cutters. If that's not the ultimate up your ass with a rubber hose, then my name isn't Sex Mahoney (even though my name isn't Sex Mahoney, don't hold that against me).

If you want to stop terrorists, just ignore them, it makes them look weak and pathetic, like they really are; if

you want to justify their anger to the world, then march into an oil rich country and kill women and children.

It's time to face the facts America, you were pantsed on TC day, and everybody saw your little dick; now it's too late to take that back. Try not to make it any worse than it already is.

Fuck this shit; I'm wasting too much time when I should be playing with myself.

Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday September 12, 2006

## **I DO KISS YOU EAT A PIECE OF CAKE**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

Things have been way to serious around here. It drives me nuts, but as my return to America date gets closer and closer, I'm less and less sure I want to go back to America. The place scares the crap out of me. So here's something a little on the political side and a little on the humorous side, to lighten things up.

Republicans want to repeal the estate tax (death tax), and that didn't make any sense to me the first time I heard about it. The tax mostly affects the wealthy, and most republicans are far from wealthy, so I was puzzled why they supported this tax cut.

If we cut taxes to the wealthy, America will have a permanent aristocracy, which seems bad on the surface, but I've studied a lot of medieval and renaissance society and aristocracy is a good thing, because, as every knows, the longer a family has been around the more noble they are.

America is a country lacking in nobility.

I was still perplexed, but a little closer to understanding.

You see, the southern states (the ones that rebelled) are now, and were then, very concerned with nobility and gentility. Even if America lacked the titles of Europe, that didn't mean that wealthy landowners, and the citizen serfs who worked the farms, had thrown over all their manners and breeding from the old world.

It comes as no surprise now, that the descendants of those noble people have become the core of the new Republican Party.

I was born in the north, and it is a common misconception (among northerners) that they are the more noble, the more honorable, and the more worthy citizens of the country; this is a bald faced lie and one need only look to the south to discover the falsehood.

Do not blame northerners who can't see the answer that is right in front of their face, they do not know god, the way that religious people from the south know god. They have lost their way. Many of my northern colleagues believe in the church of science and that man evolved from monkeys millions of years ago, but as I, and the noble Southerners know, that is impossible. Not only is the Earth too young to have species evolve over millions of years, but God created humans.

I have noticed certain characteristics prevalent in the south, most notably, facial asymmetry, smaller adult size, hemophilia, and a weakened immune system. This proves conclusively that the people of the south, the core base of the Republican party, are more noble than their northern, and democratic counterparts, for it is easy to see that were made when God was still new at his craft and had not yet perfected the human form; therefore, the people of the south, and by extension the core base of the Republican party, are the older families of humanity, and far more worth of the title, noble.

It is understandable why Republicans are so indebted to destroying the death tax; anything that poses a threat to those venerable and noble people must be destroyed, or this country will perish like so many before it.

[This is a lot meaner than I usually like to be, but I read a similar story yesterday (about inbreeders in Italy) and I figured, why not reimagine the damn thing.]

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday September 13, 2006



## **WE'RE GONNA TEAR THIS MOTHER OUT**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

This was a rather astute blog, and much better than the usual tripe on Myspace, but I have to disagree with you on one point about World War 2. If, in 1942, FDR had brought American troops back home, it wouldn't have made a bit of difference in the war. The Nazis would have been wiped out either way, Russia would have made sure of that, and when they were done with Germany they would have most likely taken care of Japan as well. It is a fundamental difference between the Russian and American people, a matter of weakness and stomach.

America is a country that usually fights in foreign lands, so they fight the way hired killers fight, like thieves and brigands. They disrespect the people they're fighting, they mock foreign customs, they rape, pillage, and plunder. This is not a condition solely belonging to America, it happens to every army when they invade a foreign country (just look what Russian soldiers did once they got into Berlin). It's hard to fight against people who are fighting to defend their country, that's why Russia obliterated Germany (and were similarly stymied in Afghanistan).

America used the atomic bomb from a position of weakness. As I'm sure you're aware, numbers don't matter in war, there's another force that can move 100,000 men to overrun an army of three times that size. America saw what it would take to force surrender of Japan, and instead of doing what an honorable nation does (which is sacrifice the lives of thousands of conscripted, under educated 18 year olds), it elected a surgical cure for bloodshed.

I mention all his history to refute your claim that we are fighting foreign soldiers in Iraq. Foreign soldiers would have given up before now; foreign soldiers will bow to superior numbers. The resistance in Iraq fights like soldiers defending their homeland. If the Iraqi resistance is comprised mostly of mujahideen, as you claim, they fight as if it were their homes at stake, and under such an ideology, there is no way to "win." You said that the war on terror will never end, well in the words of a great sage and scholar, named Joshua, the only way to win is not to play.

As to your defense of Christianity and its place in American ideology, it's the judge's job to throw down laws that are unconstitutional, besides, it has happened in the past that the judiciary has struck down laws and the executive has failed to enforce them. The point of the decision was that it endorsed religion (regardless of whether it was Christian) by subsidizing it. If

manufacturers and farmers and all the other recently deregulated businesses don't need the government to protect them, then neither does a god, the god, whatever.

Is President Bush playing a "god card?" Judging by how much he knows about the bible, hell yes. I'd bet dollars to doughnuts that I've read (and retained) more of the bible than the president and I'm half his age. When you pay lip service to a highly suggestible portion of the population by promising them things you can't possibly deliver, that's a "god card." Religion and farts are practices best kept to yourself.

Don't forget that judges appointed by conservative presidents have decided every landmark establishment case. In fact, only two judges on the current supreme court were appointed by Bill Clinton, the rest are the products of the god-fearing Republican candidates of the last quarter century. I hate when conservatives talk about liberal activist judges, the supreme court is one of the last vestiges of public servants acting for the public good, whether it remains so, only time will tell.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday September 15, 2006

## A TASTE OF HONEY, TASTING MUCH SWEETER THAN WINE

Category: [Writing and Poetry](#)

Doo Doo 'n Doo

I was sitting at home this morning, watching this woman slurp cum out of another woman's asshole, when I realized that I've been putting too much serious crap on this blog, and there hasn't been enough hilarity around here in a while. What do you want, I've been reading encyclopedia's all week.

My school has given me an assignment to write a text book for them, so now I teach half the week and write the rest, so I've been reading wikipedia to make paragraphs that kids can use to practice their speaking, listening, and reading skills. So far, I've written paragraphs on the Galapagos Islands, Tyr the Wuss God, wind resistance, the US Supreme Court, how to wrestle an alligator...

Actually, I made that last one up just now, but now that I think about it, I'm going to use it.

Remember all those English textbooks you read as a child, correcting sentences about stupid subjects that no one in their right mind would ever care about? That's what I'm

writing. I even did a paragraph on the Chupacabra. Take that Korean children, here's a South American goatsucker to rock you to sleep.

Some people think I'm not meant to teach children, and to them I say, pay me to do something else. I'd teach adults except most of them are dumber and worse behaved than the kids.

I suppose the best place for me to be, would be a place where I could teach porn theory. Every time I log online, I look for Cum Guzzler U, but so far, no progress, they must not be hiring.

I ride a bicycle because its fun and driving sucks, and on the way home last night I was thinking about making plans. Not that I was thinking of something to do, but I was meta-thinking about making plans. I used to know a Korean girl and we would often talk about the future; never once did it cross my mind to say to her that someday I'd be in Korea teaching kids how to speak English. How many of you are right where you want to be?

Sure life is what happens to you while you're making plans, but I've basically stuck to mine (mostly because I kept it vague). I don't want to work in an office, and I don't want to be a salesman. If I were a little smarter I

would have learned a trade instead of wasting my time in college, and right now I'd be fixing a car and whistling up a lady's skirt, instead I just wasted a lot of money.

Now don't get me wrong, education is a fine thing; without it, we might have a mess of people like me on our hands (shiftless individuals without any real skills, you know a nation of middle management), but there are some things they don't teach you in school.

I teach my students how to cheat all the time. Not the lame, write the answer on the back of your sunglasses cheating, but how to get by without doing any real hard work; how to be vague, how to speak like a politician. I guess you could say that it's not really cheating since you have to work hard at it, but I used to get in trouble for this kind of thing back when I was in grade school and most teachers don't seem to like it. That's what's led me to believe it's a good thing.

I was a brash little bastard, and I thought I was smarter than everybody; I had no problem lying recklessly to adults because I figured they just wanted to hear what they wanted to hear. That bit of knowledge has helped me immensely as an adult.

I started thinking about a class that could be taught in school, or out of it, that would detail all the things that adults don't like children knowing about. Those lies that adults tell children because they think the kids are just too stupid to know any better, like: "Mommy is just having a few drinks because it helps her sleep better (and swallow daddy's wrinkled, gray, crotch smelling, 50 year old cock), and "This is a friend from work, why don't you go play outside. We have business to discuss, and don't tell your mother (that's I'm going to show my secretary how I can fit my whole fist in her ass)."

There's a lot that kids are keen on, but there's some things out there that they should know, and if McDonald's can tell them that the Hamburgler founded the US (in the textbooks McDonald's generously donated to the child's school) then I can tell one kid that the best way to hurt your friends, and tell another the best places to troll for pussy.

The answer to the former question is to sleep with their close relatives; the answer to the latter is the mall.

Someday, maybe the world will be a perfect place; in the meantime, I left off with the words my favorite camp priest used to say to me: "You can scream all you want, but its just you, me and the holy ghost in here."

These are the things I thought about while I watched a women fart cum out of her ass, but here's my real question (for those of you who slogged through the debacle I call writing): the pornstar looks just like a friend of mine and I've know about her for a while; I'm good friends with the girl, her brother and her former boyfriend, who should I let know first? All three of them would be really funny, and I just can't decide.

I have a new favorite black pornstar, his name is Blackzilla and he looks like Jay-Z his penis is a national landmark. Little white girls, be afraid, be very afraid.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday September 15, 2006



## TONIGHT WE GET EVEN

Category: [Life](#)

Mercedes and I had a wonderful weekend; we went down to Namdaemun market and looked for monkeys; instead we found half a kilo of red pepper spice and a bag of banana chips.

Someday I'll own a monkey, but not today.

Sometimes I get caught up in all the ugly things in the world that I forget to talk about what's really important, the beauty in this world of ours. Who cares that the world will someday end when there are still flowers to smell and pornos to watch? The world is a place of wonderful entertainment.

I don't know about the rest of you, but I love amusement parks, they scare the crap out of me. I do my best to keep a steady demeanor, but most of the time, my knees are trembling with excitement and terror; just before a roller coaster takes off, I have a vision of my own death, and it elates me just as much as it scares me.

There's something about that unknown that really gets me going, but it's been lessening over the years. The law of diminishing returns, I'm no longer thrilled as easily as I

used to be, but there's still plenty of excitement to be had in real life.

I haven't been in a natural disaster since I was a child, but I'm thinking of hunting them down and experiencing all the thrill there is in an earthquake. I've never been to the West Coast of America, but I recently asked a few people who lived out there what it was like to go through one.

"Fucking scary," said an anonymous source from Hollywood.

I don't know that I'd approach the thing in the same way. I'm objective; I think that I could separate the horror of the event from the enjoyment I might receive. I've been in training, you see.

About a year ago, this older woman asked me why I don't wear a helmet when I ride a bike. I told her because I wanted to die in a bicycle accident; I don't think she got the joke. There's a feeling I get when I'm riding a bike that I never feel at any other time. It's impossible to recreate, but sometimes when I'm sweating like a bastard and the wind is blowing all around me, I feel content... hell, I swell with pride and happiness.

When I was a kid I used to feel dirty for masturbating, not once or twice, that was fine, but I'm talking about one

of those days where you have nothing to do, it's raining outside, you're too young to drive, and you masturbate four, five, or six times in a day (my female readers think nothing of this, they masturbate more frequently than that). I hardly ever have the time or privacy to masturbate that much anymore, so masturbation isn't the problem, but sometimes when I'm reading the news for extended bouts of time I get the same feeling.

Some people say that shared joy is joy doubled and shared sorrow is sorrow halved, but they're both the same, the closer you play it to the vest the more intimate that feeling, when you try to share them they seem paltry (like at the end of American Beauty, blech... gag me with a spoon). For instance, look above; where I wrote about feeling good on my bicycle, most of you are probably thinking that I'm some kind of an idiot, or that I really like a bicycle seat rhythmically massaging my anus. I can't tell you what it felt like, and if I try, the words I use come out cheap, used, and paltry, like a hallmark greeting card.

As much as I like writing, I hate words. Sometimes I meet people on the street, people that make me so angry, and I can't truly express how I'm feeling in a mutually beneficial way. I'm stuck using all these useless words, when really I'd like to stick my fist in their ass. I'm not saying I'm

perfect, I'm sure I'd get more than just one fist, and by the end of the day I'd actually have a new one torn, but it's a lot better than using these petty words.

I try not to say anything if I'm angry or happy anymore, I just keep quiet and enjoy that feeling inside me. I guard it jealously, because it's mine. I have to share so many things; I'm not letting go of that.

That may be part of the problem. You see, when I was a kid I never had any good toys, I always got hand me downs. Leftovers from cousins who were finished breaking things enough that they didn't want them anymore. Where they came from and who these cousins were, I have no idea. I didn't care; I just played with crap and broke it more. When I was tired of that, I usually just broke my parents crap anyway.

The problem was that my friends all had nice toys, and none of them knew how to share. When you have brothers and sisters, you learn how to share. If you have brothers and sisters, chances are, you know how to share. I developed a defense mechanism for that, I waited until everyone had already picked what they wanted, and I chose something that no one in their right mind would ever desire, then I convinced myself to like it (sincere apologies to my wife, but if she didn't want to marry a loser, she should have married someone else).

Maybe that's just me, I don't want anything that people have their grubby hands on. I don't want to scrounge in the mud like a pig. It's translated to my adult life; my wife says that I'm unemployable. I say that I'm not willing to rut like a sow. Either way it works out to be the same. Would you hire me? Sometimes I think I'm afraid, that I'm rationalizing my fear by inventing these excuses so I don't have to face the fact that I might not die by the time I'm thirty. That's why I'm going natural disaster hunting. I want to go out fast and furious, but I'm afraid to do it myself, so we'll see if God can get the job done any quicker. I used to think old people had gone soft, until I learned that Miami, Florida is the most disaster prone city in the country. Sure it sucks worse than hell on earth, but if the hurricanes and gangs don't get you, the humidity might. See you in gator country?

I didn't think so.

Sex Mahoney for President

To be, or not to **fuck**, -- that is the **ottoman**;  
whether 'tis nobler in the **rectum** to suffer  
The slings and **octopi** of **repellent** fortune,  
Or to take **geese** against a sea of **hamburgers**,  
And by **rinsing** end them. To die, -- to **run**, --

No more; and by a **run** to say we end  
The **bottle** and the **6969** natural shocks  
That flesh is **Grave Digger** to,-- 'tis a **keyboard**  
**soundly** to be wish'd. To die, --- to **run**,--  
To **run**! perchance to **exsanguinate**! Ay, there's the **peanut**  
**butter**;  
For in that **run** of death what **jellies** may come  
When we have **shat** off this **grand** coil,  
Must give us **banana....**

Monday September 18, 2006

## **SLIP A GRIP AROUND MY TIP AND THEN YOU'LL BE MY KLINGON**

There's a targeted group in the US and they've been pushed around long enough.

Conventional drugs tests collect urine samples from test subjects and screen for a variety of drugs. I will now list the drugs and the amount of time they stay in the body: Meth (2-5 days), Phenobarbital (7-14 days), Heroin (2-3 days), LSD (2-24 hours), Marijuana (27-48 days). I can shoot heroin on Friday night and be clean by Monday morning for my drug test, but I can't smoke pot or else I'll test positive for a month, maybe two.

I like to think that the world is fair (what the hell, I'm an optimist), but is there any reason why testing positive for marijuana would disqualify anyone for a job? To quote the great sage Bill Hicks, "You can do anything while high that you can do while you're sober, you just realize that it's fucking pointless." Or something like that. So many of these young go getter types love their speed (2-3 days), their coke (1-3 days), and their alcohol (3-5 days) because it makes them sociable, they're more relaxed when they're drunk and drugged up. They're also more aggressive. I've had extensive experience with potheads and drunks in my life and if I had to pick the person more likely to get me in trouble, it'd be the drunk every time.

I bring this up because Willy Nelson was recently arrested for possession of marijuana, a pound and a half of it, along with some mushrooms. The police officers that arrested him said they searched the bus because they didn't know it belonged to Willy.

I'm not going to pontificate about this subject for long because my views are pretty standard, but there is something I'd like to say in defense of drug users everywhere.

In a world where I can buy a bottle of toilet water for \$75 and lottery tickets are sold by the government, where tool companies can put half dressed women next to a cordless drill, and Ron Popeil can tell me that spray hair looks just like real hair, where the president can lie to the public about drunk driving and why he's using US troops to fight a war, at the very least you could get high off a little reefer.

Some people say, "Why bother? It's not like it's hard to find." And it's not, they're right, but the consequences for being found with it are more severe than necessary. A prisoner, let out of jail on parole, can get off his tits drunk and walk around a free man, but if he smokes a little dope, then it's back in the slammer. It doesn't make any sense, especially in a world where I've seen someone vomit from beer, stand up and whoop about their accomplishment (a



pleasure I have been guilty of myself). It feels like the American people are the town whore, and the government is some poor deluded fucker that really wants to fuck her trying to defend her honor to the ten guys whose cum she swallowed while America was in the bathroom. That's not a great analogy, but what do you want, it's hard to find things to compare to bukkake.

Grandma's apple pie and whole lot of cum in your face.

George W Bush's approval ratings and a whole lot of cum in your face.

That last one wasn't too bad, although (despite people's claims that all women are degraded in porno) I'm sure that Tera Patrick is a more well known and respected public figure than George W Bush. If you haven't already today, go smoke a joint, and watch some bukkake.

Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday September 19, 2006

## **SANTA CLAUS SAID EUREKA, I GOT THE GREATEST IDEA**

Category: [Religion and Philosophy](#)

Two major symbols of Christmas are Jesus and Santa Clause, and neither has anything to do with Christmas.

Santa Claus, in his modern incarnation, is a mostly northern phenomenon; the original Saint Nicholas was a Turk who helped two (or three, the story changes) young girls escape a life of prostitution by giving them gifts of gold. Because Saint Nicholas's holiday is celebrated in December, northern pagan tribes (like Danes, Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Swedes) who made their living on the seas gave Saint Nicholas a very high place of honor in their pantheon and eventually associated him with Wotan (also called Odin). Odin was a wise man, with a long white beard, who would wander the world with knowledge of who was good and who was bad, in a sleigh pulled by his eight valkryies (who rode flying horses), he also brought gifts and good fortune to those who were good. When large numbers of northern Europeans brought their traditions and customs to America, Nicholas and Santa Claus became further mixed until they are now one and the same. Pagan symbol, co-opted by uninventive Christians, becomes a sacred symbol (or a graven image, depending on your point of view).

But Jesus, that's a different story all together. One of the ways writers determine if an ancient work is fiction is by examining certain tropes; for instance, certain things don't often happen in real life, but they happen in fiction very often, like having a birthday and conception day exactly matched to the Vernal Equinox and Winter Solstice. This is not entirely uncommon, I was conceived in the spring and born in the fall, but when it happens exactly, it's usually a give away that you're reading something fictional.

It's also worthwhile to note that Roman soldiers, returning from the Middle East brought back stories of a god named Sol Invictus, or the unconquered sun. Sol Invictus was born in a manger, attended by shepherds and wise men and all that ricketa-racketa. What's interesting to note is that Sol Invictus traveled to Rome and replaced Apollo as the primary Solar deity during the first and second centuries CE. When Christianity came two centuries later, many of the attributes of the Sun god, went to the new God Son, including representations of Jesus with a halo around his head, and riding a flaming chariot. Pagan religions used December 25th as the birthday of the sun because it came just after the Winter Solstice, the point in the year when the sun started winning its battle against the darkness and were "reborn" every year. It is also the source of the Christian phrase, "I am the light, I am the resurrection."

Many other symbols of Christmas, such as the evergreen tree (a symbol of Saturn, an agrarian deity), Christmas feasts (although that's a loose connection as every holiday is an excuse to get drunk and eat too much), and mistletoe (connected with the death of the Norse god Baldur).

Wednesday September 20, 2006

## ONCE A JOLLY SWAGMAN CAMPED BESIDE A BILLABONG

Category: [News and Politics](#)

If nothing else, Australia has the best national anthem in the world; nothing else comes close.

I was picking dried turds from the crevices in my anus today when I started thinking about computer viruses. I like to think of programmers out there creating malicious software just because they can, it helps me make the comparison to malicious deities creating plagues and pestilence just to watch humanity wriggle on a pin.

It is a well-known fact that people publicly despise the very deeds they wish they could perpetrate; hence, the vigilant lawmaker, crusading to preserve the family turns out to like shooting firecrackers into a ten-year-old prostitutes vagina and the anti-drug czar who snorts crystallized anti-freeze because coke just doesn't do it anymore.

Which leads me to wonder about George Bush. You see, publicly he decries abortion, terrorism, and homosexuality. Well, we've already discussed what people who decry homosexuality want to do, but what about the abortions and the terrorism? Is it possible that George Bush wants to

abort babies and blow up buildings? If so, the Iraq war makes a lot more sense; sure the abortions are occurring 18-42 years too late to be considered "abortions" per se, but the President is not a person who likes to split hairs, he's a job do-er, he does jobs. Sham jobs, hack jobs, and blow jobs if you believe the things that are written in the White House bathroom.

Now, I'm often invited down to Washington to give guest lectures and security briefings to the president and his cabinet, mostly on the state of porn reserves in case of a full scale attack (don't worry America, thanks to my heroic efforts, we'll all keep jerking even after an atomic blast), but last week, the president took me out to lunch and told me that he wanted my help.

It seems that certain people think he's breaking the law, and since I'm an expert of escaping legal repercussions, he wanted my advice. Now, the president knows that I disagree with his policies, but he likes talking to me because of my frank style (mostly because he's a uniter, not a divider) and because I have the best porn. I told him that the best way to get out of trouble is to look at what people have done who have been in your position in the past. So we started brainstorming about past presidents. We mulled over a few scenarios and he thanked me for my help.

Imagine my surprise when he actually took my advice this week and employed a strategy I mentioned, called "The Clinton Defense." The idea is very simple; you take a common term and pretend like you don't know what the definition "is." I want to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Bush, I am flattered.

Some of you might wonder why I would help a man I clearly despise. I am committed to preserving the power of the United States, you see, I am going to be president someday, and if I'm to enact my plan, I need the office of president to be as powerful as possible.

You see, once I become president I plan on dismantling the federal government from the top down, but before I strip myself of power completely, there's something I want to do first.

I want to tap George Bush and every one of his cronies' phone calls, and the phone calls of all his friends and family, then, when I catch him in the act of committing a crime (it's impossible not to commit a crime, no matter how good you are) I'll send him to a detention facility far away from America where he'll be tortured until he gives me the information that I want (what information that is, even I don't know, so this is going to take a while), and I will keep him there for at least five years without ever telling

him why, giving him access to a lawyer, or giving him a fair trial. Even if he doesn't break the law, I'll have him locked up anyway. Thanks to the man himself, these are all powers he will give me when I become President.

The only thing that could spoil my plans is if the American public elects some pussy footing, do-nothing, cut-and-runner, flip-flopping liberal. Then we're all seriously fucked, and there will be nothing I can do to help heal those wounds.

I also thought about cling-ons. You see, I shave the hair around my anus, and as it's regrowing, I wonder if it helps or hinders my ability to keep my asshole free of those little turds that like to stick and dry in that region of the body. I suppose history will vindicate me.

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday September 20, 2006



## GEORGE BUSH AND GORBACHEV ARE OF THE DESERT THEY WILL NOT PASS THROUGH

Category: [News and Politics](#)

*If you've never seen it, check out [Jeremy the Conservative's](#) blog. I don't agree with him a lot (most) of the time, but he's not a bad political writer and he's already agreed to vote for me in a future election (he didn't actually say that, but let's just assume he thought it). Anyway, this is a comment I left on his page, with one line added (I didn't want to dirty up his discussion with gratuitous blowjob talk)*

If there is a monotheistic Judeo/Muslim/Christian type deity, then it follows that the deity is omnipotent, omnipresent, and omniscient. All things serve god. Just as a tidal waves and the ritual sacrifice of infants are the work of God (for whatever reason it has); so too are Muslim and Christian intolerance, Muslim radicalism, and a nun with a bullet in her head, the work of God. I'm not going to stand for it, this weekend, when God calls; I'm going to tell him that I'm washing my hair.

Seriously, is it any surprise that a religious group is not only extremist but violent? Not more than ten years ago there were gunmen outside of abortion clinics shooting

doctors; in fact, after September 11th, one of the groups that had experience with violent extremists, and wanted to help the Bush administration, was Planned Parenthood (they were turned away).

Some people bring up history, and that's a valid point, with both sides accusing each other of atrocities, but Jews (those venerable old goats) were allowed to live freely and conduct business in Islamic nations, while they were dipped in oil and burned at the stake in Europe. That's not to say that Islamic powers didn't start wars of aggression and push Roman Catholic states out of the Middle East, but the same thing happened in Europe the first time Rome fell. The Muslims were too crafty to be fooled by the same tricks that the Germans fell for (it seems that you can get Germans to goose-step to just about anything).

I imagine it went something like this:

**Roman Catholic Church:** "Yeah, we used to be the Roman Empire, and we're sorry that we made you fight in the gladiator pits, but we're a church now, and we want to be your friends." **Germanic Tribes:** "Okay." **RCC:** "Excellent, now give us tribute... er, tithes. Yeah, that's the ticket."

**RCC:** "Hey, remember us. We used to be Rome, but our military isn't as strong as it used to be, so we're a church

now, and we want to be your friends." Islamic Nation:  
"Sorry, I already gave."

If you're looking for treachery, dishonesty, and murder after blessed murder (and you're tired of reading political blogs) go talk to the religious folks. Christians are mostly over their blood lust (at least within their own borders, they don't mind doing it to others), but Islam is still developing and they didn't get to wipe out an entire race of people like we did.

As far as Israel is concerned, that's a real touchy subject. I'm Jewish (enough), but I don't exactly like what went down in Israel. You see the Palestinians and the Israelis fought side by side to get rid of the Nazis, and the allies were so happy about all the hard work they did (and guilty about not acknowledging the holocaust when they could have stopped it) that they said, "Hey, it's your country now. Go ahead, take it." And as so often happens, when you toss anything valuable between two people who have become friends to take it away from someone, they immediately started fighting each other over a useless piece of desert.

Some people, like the pope, have a vested interest in human affairs (because said affairs constitute the primary part of their income) but I'm not beholden to any special

interest groups. Take the lot of them and flush them down the drain, if Muslims can't see why it's hilarious that they're protesting being called violent by perpetrating violence, and if Christians can't see why it's hilarious that they're being intolerant about being accused of intolerance, then the whole thing just makes me laugh harder.

Complacency is the root cause of these problems. People who think they are too busy with important work get too complacent of religious idiots that they fail to tell them to shut the fuck up so we can all go back to buying late-night infomercial products like Girls-Gone-Wild Pt1000: Bizarre Vegetable Insertions and Jerry Falwell's Jesus Jumper Bible Study toilet paper, with a picture of the lord on one ply and a verse from the bible on the other.

Don't overlooking the value and true purpose of cultural sensitivity. You see, while all these religious extremists are out in the desert killing each other, I'll culturally sensitize my way into every piece of Christian or Muslim poontang I can sink my teeth into (Arab women are hot, not that Christian girls aren't, but if anybody ever pulled my dick out of their mouth and said "ya'll" to me I'd poke out both their eyes). Now if only I could find a way to convince my wife that I'm doing it for the good of humanity, then we're in business.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday September 21, 2006

## YOU DON'T HAVE ENOUGH VAG IN YOUR LIFE

Category: [News and Politics](#)

I'm overseas, so I was looking up information on how to send in an absentee ballot today.

### [VAG](#)

What I found was even cooler than getting to vote. So who cares if it's sophomoric, I think it's damn funny. And they say that politicians don't know how to have fun. I can just picture two overpaid government employees sitting around eating ding-dongs, smoking a bowl, and laughing their asses off at all the people out trolling the Internet for VAG.

It's the perfect thing to describe our electoral system.

VAG

Sex Mahoney for President (go ahead, you can do it, just use your VAG)

Thursday September 21, 2006

**PEOPLE TAKE PICTURES OF EACH OTHER JUST TO PROVE THAT THEY  
REALLY EXISTED**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

I'm disgruntled, I suppose.

I've been listening to Jello Biafra's spoken word albums these past few days, and it's eerily similar to some of the things I read on Myspace, you know, all those political blogs. The only difference is that he's mostly talking about Democrats, not Republicans.

I know that both parties are corrupt, but I had hoped that maybe the Democrats would do something other than the same damn thing as the Republicans. It turns out; they're all just wolves wearing different clothes.

Maybe the Catholic Church has the right idea, the asshole doesn't change, but he puts on a new hat. When the old asshole dies, they just stick the hat on a new guy and nothing really changes. I'm not in favor of fascism or anything, but maybe we could make it a stipulation that anyone who has ever held public office has to wear a big scarlet P on their clothes.

How in the hell do things ever improve? If there were no profit to be had from humanitarianism, then we'd still be farming feudal lands. I'm not too sure that we're not still serfs, working on electronic farms.

One of the avenues of reform I would love to pursue is the creation of a labor union for office workers. My old man has been an office worker most of his life and he used to do the 60+ hours a week (plus commute and work at home) he's been laid off from failing companies and started his own business. The closest I ever came to working in an office was as a security guard for a number of big companies, like L'Oreal and Pfizer. The way they treat their office employees makes me sick. Employees are the power; you don't build a pyramid from the top down except in a pyramid scheme (and we all know how well that works).

The worst that happens is the fiscal conservatives are right and the office jobs leave the US just like the manufacturing jobs, and it would solve the immigration dispute because you'd have Americans out there picking their own fruit. Sometimes, I just don't know, maybe it would be a good idea if mothers got out of PTA meetings and spent eight hours a day collecting strawberries and sun poisoning. The best thing that happens is that bosses start treating their employees like people instead of indentured servants.



I don't know why I am surprised that so many people in America subscribe to the coming fascism, and you wouldn't be either if you saw them at work. They're willing to lie down and take a whole lot of abuse. I don't care what you think of me, call me a bum, but I won't put up with a boss that tries that shit. My wife says I'm unemployable, I think she's just jealous.

I dream of a farm someplace where it's fall all year round, where I can grow marijuana and ignore every person on the face of the earth while I fill reams of paper with writing that no one will ever read. Is that too much to ask? I suppose a little porn wouldn't hurt either.

I read an excellent piece about elections and consumerism today. If there's anything on the planet more evil than advertising, I have no idea what it is. Some people think it's a necessary evil; I think it's evidence that there is a much larger percentage of people on drugs than this country will admit to itself or the world. If you can find someone who has purchased more than five products from late night TV (I'm being very generous here) you need to become friends with that person, and find out exactly how someone can go on being cheated again and again.

I want to be dismissive, that's its for children, that all advertising is aimed at people who are too young to know

any better. Certainly, when I was a little kid, if I saw something on TV I wanted it, but I can't think of anything that ever turned out to be half as good in real life as it was on TV... even porno. When's the last time you were in a seven-girl gangbang?

Caveat Emptor, that's Latin for let me tell you about the new product available now for a limited time only. It's called War in Iraq and everybody on your block wants one. For only twenty dollars you can have ashtrays made from dead baby bodies and we'll throw the head of an insurgent in for free. Why for only twenty dollars you can kill your neighbors annoying child. Aren't you tired of his friends and their loud music? If you act now, we'll also give you this set of commemorative Elvis plates, what better way to remember the king than to eat off his face.

What the hell does Elvis have to do with dinnerware anyway? I used to think it was just for kids, but just because your hero is on a plate doesn't make it any cooler than the Transformers on my lunchbox. Transformers? I don't know what are kids into these days? Ahh, the fucking transformers. How retro, that's Bullshit for my warehouse was running out of room and I found these in some old boxes.

Speaking of retro, what about the Iraq war. Liberals and conservatives alike have rehashed arguments long left

dormant, slogans and rhetoric that no one has used in forty years is back in play (I'm guilty of this myself). You'd think that with a "new" war we'd at least find a new way to argue about it. I listen to Bill Hick's comedy routines from when Bush Sr. was in charge and you can play them for people today, except for the occasional reference to Webster and Star Search, you'd think he was talking about Jr.

They used to have pet rocks; I can't wait for the day when someone figures out the right advertising pitch for "Shit in a Can."

Republican, Democrat it doesn't matter, if you told these people that they could get elected by fucking school children on national television you'd have George W Bush and John Kerry lubing their cocks on a playground, surrounded by news cameras, the next day.

It's amazing how good your own shit smells to you. I think my writing is fantastic (feel free to use it as fertilizer in your gardens).

Before I leave you, I want to talk about bait and switch. It's a very simple thing to do, you advertise a particular product and when people come into your store to buy it you sell them something else. It's illegal, but people still do

it, because it's kind of hard to prove. Examples of bait and switch:

"Vote for me and I'll stop those queers from getting married! Actually, we're all out of that, why don't I show you some of our poison the environment specials instead."

"Rap music is destroying the American family. Hmm, we're all out of warning labels, can I show you some of our nice, white, pointed hoods. The new line just came in."

This blog lost focus about an hour ago, if you're still reading at this point; you're braver than I am, because I'm quitting. You can't make me go on any longer. Sure there are plenty of other generic statement I could make expressing my outrage, but this has to stop. It's an abomination.

Another thing that bothers me...

Will you quit it already, people have better things to do than listen to you whine. Why don't you go get a job already?

No one will hire me.

They would if you cut your hair, and shaved those side burns. What are you some kind of weirdo?

Well, yes, but I hardly see how that disqualifies me from gainful employment. Who is this anyway?

This is your Ego; the Id's been running the show for far too long here, we're putting you on an all abstinence diet. No more ice cream treats.

What?

No more political ravings?

But the world needs my help...

The world needs an enema, and if you don't stop blathering like an idiot, then I'm going to grease you and make you that enema.

I kind of like that idea.

You would, wouldn't you? You make me sick. When are you going to show some respect?

Respect has to be earned.

You think it's any coincidence you have residual coat hanger scars on your soft tissue, you're mother knew what you were. A blight, that's what.

But people want to hear what I have to say.

I think you're just talking to hear yourself think, it makes sense considering how much you like playing with yourself. Show some dignity, that's not something a decent person does.

Decent people can suck my ass.

All the learning you wasted your money on and that's the best you can do. Where's the style? Where's the grace?

Brevity is the soul of wit.

You can't even think of anything original. You may think you're winning now, but just you wait. When you're in your thirties I'm going to make you fat...

No.

... and bald...

No!

... and a Democrat.

I guess that's not so bad.

I mean a Republican.

No!!!

Then it's time to shape up pretty boy, stop bothering these people with your opinions and go back to writing fiction.

But my fiction is terrible.

Not half as bad as your opinions.

They're your opinions, too.

Shut up, flesh monkey.

Sex Mahoney for President (don't vote for that putz)

Friday September 22, 2006

## LOVE LIFE

Category: [Romance and Relationships](#)

There's so much tension in this world, and I blame it all on women.

Everyone knows that women are the cause, the root of all evil. It's a stated fact. The bible says so, and everyone knows that everything written in the bible is true. Except that shit they wrote about me, that was just a pack of filthy lies.

Let me put it this way, no one in their right mind is going to go out and blow themselves up if they've got a good woman giving it to them regular at home; or maybe they will. I've known plenty of men who were willing to go out and do the stupidest things just to get away from their ladies. I mean golf? Come on. Who in their right mind wants to get up at 6 in the morning to slog after a little white ball?

It's not so much that these golfers want to get away from the ladies who are giving it to the regular-like, rather they're not getting any at home and they can't stand the constant reminder of the (maybe) still gorgeous women to whom they're married.



That's the way it's always gone, except studies show that men are more often the ones who grow cold towards their wives. Boys are the ones who aren't putting out.

I've been with plenty of women, and as long as you fuck them proper, they keep the complaints to a minimum. Let's face it, most of the guys I know are not anything special, most women are willing to look past the fact that I'm a jerk as long as I keep them entertained. The minute that stops, I may as well be one of those dogs you've had forever but don't have the heart to put to sleep (to the nice ones anyway, the vicious ladies just dump me at the pound and I hope for a new girlfriend to come by).

Women get crazy when they don't get their sex, and it's impossible for one man to meet the sexual needs of one woman. Women need many lovers, that's how it works in nature, and who are we to fight nature (excuse me a minute, it's getting hot in here, I have to turn the A/C up). The irony of the situation is that women are a lot more prone to monogamy than men. You see them all the time, gals who are willing to stick by losers (like me) with ferocious loyalty, despite all logic.

So this strange paradox starts to develop, a woman is gung-ho for a particular guy, but there's no way he can take care of her proper, and the guy starts getting worn out

after awhile. The whole thing initiates this feedback loop, where the woman starts going a little nutty, and the man pulls away from her, having less sex than usual, so the woman gets a little more nutty...

The only conclusion I can come to it that Muslim and American women must be sexual predators in the highest degree, I mean fuck machines that need dick like oxygen and cable TV. It's a classic defense, when someone feels they aren't good enough, they just stop competing; it's the easiest way to stop losing. It just doesn't make sense any other way.

You see, men without women start doing some really stupid things. (The heterosexual kind anyway. Gay men are a lot more centered in their sexuality because its partly a choice, but anyone who feels forced into their sexuality might display these signs.) Like forming elks clubs and playing golf. Now the more they pull away from their wives, the more crazy their wives will get, so by the time golf starts, you're talking about women who are telling their husbands where to go, what to do, how to do it, who to talk to, etc.

The women branch out their craziness into other areas too, the PTA, SIBBA, PETA, a church, by the time this feedback cycle reaches full force, you're talking about

women and men who are entrenched in crazy activities, perpetuating that craziness and doing some crazy shit. At least that's what I have to believe to keep myself sane.

I found a website today full of books that parents wanted taken out of school. Some of their rationale included things like "glorification of sex and violence and Judaism." I don't know about you, but Judaism is pretty damn glorious to begin with, you get to control the banks, the media, Hollywood, a secret cabal bent on Zionism and world domination. I couldn't figure out with what this parents group was so concerned about kids reading about Jews. Until I looked at their parents organization, a front for a religious group. I suppose the rationale is that if your child reads about Jews, they'll go out and become one.

I suppose there's logic there to support that. At some point in time, they're parents must have read about assholes.

Now, I wanted to compare these people to Nazis, but that's all the rage these days. The Nazis are being beaten to death out there. We get it; they were evil, get on with it already. I mean, what's six million Jews, Roms, Communists, and Labor Organizers anyway. Not much, I can tell you that.

I get into arguments with my wife all the time about censorship, she says that parents have a right to say what their children can and can't read, see, listen to, think and I think that parents have as many rights over their children as I do over you, who are reading this. I can try to keep filthy thoughts from your mind as best I can, but eventually you're going to feel my hand down your pants and I'm going to have to explain myself.

Earlier I said that the paradox with women is that they need many sexual partners but they are so committed to one, well the same thing works for men, men need a constant partner (think about yourself or your friends, and how you break down in between ladies) but they're committed to fucking it up almost as soon as they get in a relationship. If you ever want to see someone animated, excited, and interested in the dumbest thing you've ever heard, look for a married man talking to a gorgeous woman. Oh they pretend, but I know what you do. I'm one of you, and I'm just as devious as the rest of you. The paradox is that without a woman around all the time, a man falls to pieces; men are little boys that need a mother around to make them feel safe (and lick their balls from time to time).

These paradoxes are the primary causes of all the craziness in our world, so I'm calling on children, to fuck your mothers, because they need your help more than ever.

Some of you may have effeminate fathers, so you'll have to give them a taste of what ails them and fuck them in the ass. It may be unpleasant; children, but society will thank you. I'm also calling on women, those tender flowers, to drop their sensible veneer and do some good in this world. Go out and find yourself someone who doesn't speak English and fuck their brains out, not only will you be doing yourself a favor, but you're also bringing the world closer to racial harmony.

I'm sick of people saying that kids don't have rights, of course they do. Of course you do, children. You know where mommy and daddy keep their pills, you know; the ones that make them feel normal (but you must never touch). Why not pretend to flush them down the toilet once a week (but hide them instead) and watch mommy and daddy sweat. Even better, take their car keys and throw them in a river. Don't let anyone tell you that you don't have rights. You have just as much right as your parents, and, since you're still in school and most likely a virgin, you're probably a lot smarter and saner than they are; thus, you are more qualified to make rational decisions.

If you've read this article, children, you know exactly why mommy and daddy are so crazy. So the next time they try to get you to do something that you don't want to do, stand up for your rights; tell them to go fuck themselves.

There, now that we have that settled, take those pills  
and send them to me, my address is...

Sex Mahoney for President

(it's times like these that I wish there was a family  
category for Myspace blogs)

Monday September 25, 2006

## **CALDONIA! CALDONIA! WHAT MAKES YOUR BIG HEAD SO HARD?**

Category: [Music](#)

I love party music. You know the kind that makes white people wish they were black and makes record executives want to sanitize (whiten) them for radio/MTV commerciability.

Occasionally I find myself singing along to something that really swing as I'm on my way home from work and I draw stares from people who don't expect to see a singing westerner race past them on a bicycle.

My wife sings a lot more often than I do. Sometimes we'll be in the supermarket together and she'll start singing along to "Muskrat Love" or "On the Border." I wish I had balls that big, I'm often immobilized by fear in those situations and I'm very reluctant to sing or dance. There was a while when I was better about it, but you have to nurture that kind of thing or it goes away pretty quickly. I thought maybe if I stopped singing and dancing all the time people would stop asking me if I was gay, but that hasn't changed at all.

If I had a pair of balls, I'd have a high paying job right now, because I wouldn't feel bad about lying to people to sell them things they don't need. Sales jobs are always

hiring, and they're not too hard to do; you just have to lie to people and not feel bad about it as you take their money.

I've met a lot of salesmen in my life, especially industrial salesmen; they're a vanishing breed these guys; the internet and down-sizing has killed most of them. There is something about that lifestyle that is infinitely appealing, in the same way that being a porn star sounds good until the first time that a three hundred pound grip named Bruce has to fluff you to keep the scene going.

There is a very fine line between reality and our perception of it, and if you're the kind of person that can travel freely on that line, then you're not cut out to be a salesperson. Salespeople live in a world of cutthroat reality that masquerades as fantasy, again much like pornstars. I find salespeople to be more interesting than pornstars though, because a porn star is actively involved in their livelihood, a salesperson just gives you access to something else. So while a pornstar might fuck you for a thousand dollars, a salesperson will sell you the same service, regardless whether they can deliver on the promise. Nobody holds car and soda companies responsible when, after buying said car or soft drink, your halitosis continues to turn away debutantes and cum dumpsters alike (although I don't know where that bum got off telling me that he wasn't interested).



I'd like to think that I'm immune to the charms of salespeople, but I'm a sucker just like everybody else, and if the right deal came along I'd jump on it like an idiot. Like most men, a woman can talk me into just about anything until she has sex with me; if I ever met a woman who could genuinely feign interest, she could probably get me to give her my clothes in the middle of a busy street. The problem with salespeople, like all other jobs, is that most people aren't that good at it or too into it, to pull off that kind of thing.

There are some products that don't need to be sold, they just grab a person so hard that you have to possess it, no matter what the cost; it's passion like that which breaks up marriages and ruins friendships. For some people, commodity plays a big part in determining desire, and I'm one of those people. The more rare something is, the more I want it. So salespeople, if you're listening, all you have to do is tell me that it's one of a kind and I'm your sucker. I don't go for all that, "everyone-on-your-block-has-one" shuck and jive; if anything, the more people that have something the less I want it.

That's how I feel when I listen to good party music, the kind that makes even white boys think they can dance people like Louis Jordan. Last night, I was riding my bike home and

listening to *Saturday Night Fish Fry*, and if you've never heard it, it's just a simple song about a musician who goes to a party and the cops break it up. It's a good tune, and you can dance to it (if you can dance, I can convulse to it). And when the music is good enough, it doesn't matter who else is listening to it, or what kind of people are around you, you just get into it and forget the world.

That's one of the nice things about going back and forth between reality and fantasy. I can let go and ignore all the stupid things (like the fact that I can't dance) that stop me from enjoying myself. It's an organic moment that springs up all of the sudden and disappears just as quickly. The petty and the proud try to force that moment. The enlightened know how to let it drift away like smoke and wait for another one.

Salespeople don't do that, they watch like hawks to see what generates that feeling and they try to capture it in a bottle for easy resale.

When I was a kid, I remember catching a caterpillar and keeping it until it turned into a butterfly. I'm married to a beautiful woman who will probably kick my ass for announcing that. In two weeks, I'll listen to *Saturday Night Fish Fry* on a subway car and feel nothing that will make me want to sing or dance. I'll listen to my wife singing "Love

Will Keep Us Together" to a dairy freezer and feel embarrassed, but I'm listening and waiting. Another one will come along before long.

Free Art

Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday September 26, 2006

### **GRIM REAPER OF LOVE THRIVES ON PAIN, PEOPLE BEWARE**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

Sandy Berger has taken a lot of heat for his theft of classified materials, but there was nothing particularly damaging about them, and the government does not have the authority to classify information. They may think they do, but enough dedicated sons of liberty and a few pounds of ammunition can make even the most dedicated conspirator give back to the American public that which is rightfully theirs. A government that hides information from its people is lying to them, just as surely as I am lying to my wife when I don't tell her that I visited a twelve year old Thai prostitute for two American dollars on a business trip last year.

The government claims that information should be classified so as not to embolden our enemies. I say they're pussies who are afraid of their own shadows. I'm not afraid of terrorists. If terrorists want to attack America, then I say "bring it on," but kindly desist when I return to the country next year.

The fact that Berger put the materials "down his pants" is a little misleading. Right now I'm wearing pants and I just put a cigarette lighter "down my pants." It sounds very insidious, until I reveal that I put the lighter "down my pants" into my pocket, which is where Sandy Berger put classified materials, as well as in his coat pocket and his briefcase. When the Wall Street Journal (one of the few conservative papers I respect) covered the story, even they conceded that no important material was lost. The materials were printouts from the archives and Berger cut them up to dispose of them when he was finished.

My final words on the subject of who is responsible for September 11th are as follows:

*At the approach of danger there are always two voices that speak with equal power in the human soul: one very reasonably tells a man to consider the nature of the danger and the means of escaping it; the other, still more reasonably, says that it is too depressing and painful to think of the danger, since it is not in man's power to*

*foresee everything and avert the general course of events, and it is therefore better to disregard what is painful till it comes, and to think about what is pleasant. In solitude a man generally listens to the first voice, but in society to the second. So it was [up to 2001] with the inhabitants of [America]. It was long since people had been as gay in [America] as that year. -Tolstoy-*

If you want to know who is responsible for September 11th, then go into a bathroom, turn on the lights, brace yourself, and look in the mirror; the people responsible for the attacks on September 11th are every man and woman who voted for incompetent leaders in every election since the dawn of time; who let themselves get bamboozled by meaningless terms like "right" and "left" wing (which come from France, think about that as you gorge on Freedom Fries); who drive SUV's on crowded suburban streets because they were classified as work vehicles, held to lax fuel emission standards and looked cooler to cart your bastard children around in than a minivan; who stare mindlessly at season after season of American Idol and spend money that they, or someone who supports them, earns just vote for a talentless hack that by all logical evidence should be sucking dingleberries out of a closeted businessman's asshole at midnight in a highway rest stop; who thought it was more important that gay's be kept out of the military than taking anyone who would volunteer for the job; who

watched the news footage of the 1993 twin towers bombing and watched when they fell and felt a twinge of anger because your regularly scheduled episode of "The Bold and the Beautiful" was cancelled; who was too busy to go vote in 2000 because they were learning how to program their brand new cell phone to play "Ode to Joy" whenever someone called them, even though they didn't know that the song was called "Ode to Joy" or that it was written by a German composer named Beethoven,

There's so much more vitriol that needs to come out, but this has done me good; it feels like I just crapped a Buick. As far as Madeline Albright is concerned, fuck Madeline Albright. [Who wants to listen to some wealthy elitist who went to one of those upper class snob factories called the Ivy League anyway?](#) So before it happens again, go out, get yourself registered, and remember one thing:

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday September 27, 2006

## **RUNNING BUCK WILD LIKE A CONCUBINE**

Category: [Romance and Relationships](#)

There is an interesting can of worms you open when you start looking at sex laws, as I'm no fan of statutory rape laws myself; however, there is a lot of debate about where you should draw the line. I'm from New Jersey, and there, it is legal for a thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen year old child to have sex with someone up to four years older than themselves; at the age of sixteen, all bets are off and you can sleep with anyone with whom you consent.

The problem is that children at that age do not have full reproductive rights in the eyes of the law; for instance, it is legal for a 13 year old girl to have sex without their parent's consent, but if she gets pregnant she has to have her parents consent to have an abortion. It is also legal for a pharmacist to deny her access to over the counter birth control. Of course, a lot of these concerns are not in the realm of men, but occasionally you get a case like the one above, where consensual sex took place, but it was considered statutory rape (considered an aggravated offence to give "sex offenders" additional punishments). When both parties are underage, the charge is usually applied to the boy.

The easy solution to this problem is to repeal sex laws where they infringing upon the rights of couples engaging in consensual sex, or your children might be thrown in jail when they get caught behind the bushes doing what you did when you were eight years old. "Say hey, baby. Want to play doctor?" The tricky part is determining when someone can consent to anything. A 13-year-old girl can consent to her 17-year-old boyfriend shoving zucchini in her asshole, but on the day he turns 18, they have to wait until she catches up.

It certainly makes for an interesting scenario where once a year for three years, a 13 year old could get together with a 17 year old (then when they're 14 and 15) who's birthday is one day after his or hers and have consensual, legal sex once every year for one day a year. Of course, they would have to stay dressed until midnight of the younger partner's birthday, but once the clock hits twelve, they're free to strip down and do what they wish. The strange thing is that if a 12 year old boy and a 17 year old girl planned out the even ahead of time, the 17 year old girl could be arrested on charges of conspiracy to commit a crime.

So what's with these sex laws, they even get crazier the more you look into them. In Montana, it is legal for an 18-year-old girl to strap on a dildo and fuck a 16-year-old boy



in the ass, but if that girl was a boy doing the same thing it's statutory rape. It is also technically illegal for a child, under the age of consent, since the child is having sex with someone who doesn't have the right to consent to sex. It gives a whole new meaning to that bully who told you to: "Stop whacking yourself. Stop whacking yourself."

Now, I'm in favor of abolishing all restrictions based on age, whether it's what movies a child can watch, music they can listen to, even the ability to drive a car. If a particularly tall ten year old can get behind the wheel, then they should have the right. And maybe, just maybe, if kids can fuck whoever they want when they're young, they won't grow up to be deviants of the kind that repressive sexual practices lead to; they'll be nice deviants, you know the kind that want their balls stepped on by women in high heels, and to get pissed on by people who shout obscenities at them.

In other words, good, clean, American fun.

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday September 27, 2006

**NOW PEEL OFF YOUR TUBE TOP SO I CAN FEEL YOUR BOOBS FLOP ON MY  
LUBED COCK**

Category: [Romance and Relationships](#)

A lot of people I know have jealousy issues.

The last girl I dated before I got married, I was jealous of her all the time. Whenever she told me about a guy she met, I would instantly dislike the person and tell her about it, explaining that guys only talked to girls because they wanted to sleep with them. It is a very endearing trait to have your boyfriend constantly tell you that men nod their heads at the useless girl words you speak so they can see your goodies. I still think that's true (I want to sleep with just about everyone I meet), but it's also true that shit stinks, and I don't feel compelled to rub that in people's faces.

My wife once told someone that I was hanging out with another girl, and they were shocked; they insisted that they would never let "their" boyfriend do that. I don't understand all this jealousy and it makes me confused about other things as well.

Like friends. I can spend all day with a friend (male or female) and my wife won't care, but the moment I stick my

penis in said friend, suddenly it's a big to-do (and sometimes my friends don't like it very much either). Some people say that's because sex is special, but there's nothing particularly special about it. Sometimes you just have sex because there's nothing good on TV. It's certainly not my genitals, which are not very special at all, in fact, they're partially defective (it's not erectile dysfunction, I only have one ball, it was a tragic bear baiting accident, don't ask... okay it is erectile dysfunction, but please don't tell my wife, I've been fooling her for months with a broomhandle and a black man named Leroy, I think she knows that something is up because I always ask her to put on a blindfold, and she only complains a little bit, every once in a while she'll call out: "Leroy!").

Some people think I'm a deviant, and they're probably right, but it's much better to be a deviant than a square, ain't nothin cool about being a square.

I'm not jealous of my wife (who would be? she's married to me) and it's been so long since we talked to a couple that I had forgotten all about that jealousy bug, but last weekend we went out for dinner and drinks with another couple and the guy was telling me all these jealousy stories; for instance, men flirting with his wife, or dancing with her at a club. He told me about stepping up to intervene and stop people from flirting with his wife. I

don't do that to my wife; if someone is attacking her, I'll find out about it eventually.

Part of me can understand jealousy. Let's face it, you're one person out of billions, the chances that you're the best at anything are so slim you could cut a diamond with them; of course there's somebody out there who's better than you at everything (maybe not one person, but you put together 4 or 5 well chosen people and that's enough to surpass anyone's best qualities). So who knows, maybe Mr. or Miss Right will come through the door and sweep your beloved off their feet.

But wouldn't it have happened already? Sure in the early stages of a relationship, maybe in the first year or two, it's plausible to realize that you made a mistake and want to leave (it happens all the time). Of course there's somebody out there who's better than you, but they chose you (for whatever reason). Besides, if you've only been dating someone for a year, you don't really have all that much time invested in them. You're not missing out on much, so getting a lot of sand in your vagina won't do any good.

I don't discount all that, but there's something else lurking there, something more devious. Human beings are terrible creatures, we project our feelings onto other people, so that the thief is always the first to accuse

someone of stealing from them, the sexual deviant calls everyone a slut or a whore, the devil worshipping spawn of the devil call themselves Christian Fundamentalists. We project our own sins onto the world because we can't admit that we are the real sinners. So what does jealousy have to do with any of that?

It means you're thinking of leaving, that you are flirting with everything that attracts you in twenty miles and pretending like your significant other doesn't exist; however, it doesn't stop there, the psychosis goes a lot deeper. Remember all those feelings of inadequacy, well you're not feeling that about yourself, it's your partner with their bow legs and their nasal voice and every other physical flaw they might have, from the birthmark you used to think was cute that now sickens you, to the way they saw the word newspaper. You can feel it in your gut, you're better than they are, and they don't realize it.

The feeling sits in your stomach and festers as you watch them eat foods you find repulsive and mention inane bits of conversation. Their friends getter dumber and dumber as your relationship progresses until you hate them as much as you hate your partner and you start thinking about all the things you'd like to do, but can't because you don't have the stomach for it, but your partner's best friend uses that

same stupid catch-phrase, and wouldn't putting your fist up their ass make you feel a whole lot better.

Then you start staying awake later at night, staring at the ceiling, wondering about the person sleeping next to you, and the animosity grows until one day you see them talking to someone else, giving them the same fake laugh and dried up banter that you've been suffering through day in and day out since you met; you can't take it anymore. You clam up, don't say a word, and without warning spring it on them, maybe you never even say anything about it either, you just act pissy and complain and ignore them until finally you find yourself watching them in the dark and fingering the kitchen knives, thinking about how easily metal goes through skin...

Not me though, I don't have that problem. I'm a well-balanced and adjusted individual, so when my wife tells me things like: "I'm going to the gang bang. I'll be back around 10. There's dinner in the fridge." I don't care, she can do her own thing, and as I wash and dead skin out of the fingernail-sized cuts on my palms I think about how great it is not to be jealous. I'm never worried that my wife will leave me or cheat on me, because if she was going to leave this know-it-all, little-dicked, annoying, slovenly, unemployable, burnout, dickhead, crotch-sniffing Jew; she'd have to go live with her mother.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday September 28, 2006

## **I'VE GOT A GUN IN MY HAND AND THE GUN WON'T COCK**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

There are some things that even I think are taboo.

That's not true. Everything is fair game.

In the 1980s there was a religious group that wanted algebra banned from school textbooks because they didn't want children learning that there was no absolutes.

Morality? We made it up (and I'm using the royal we here to include all those people who came before us and gave us their wisdom), same as we made up rockets, bukkake, and birthdays. I hate my birthday, there's nothing I find so odious as people celebrating the day that a woman shat me out of her vagina. Not that I find vaginas or shitting disgusting the two things are fine, but I go to the toilet every morning (and sometimes in the afternoon and evening) and I shit out something, too; I don't hold ceremonies and give out cigars. A lot of people think children are special, just like morality, as if human beings are the only species on the planet that has morals and children. It's a nice little lie that people tell themselves as they drive their disappointing children home from the hospital, five miles per hour under the posted limit.



One of the greatest things about being human is freedom of choice and sentience, and they're lies just as surely as my name is Sex Mahoney. At the moment you make a choice, it may seem free, but looking back, after the fact, you can clearly perceive the events that led up to your choice and it doesn't seem very free at all. In fact, if choice were really free, we'd be able to take a choice back, but we can't. I can't take back that time I told my ex-boss to go fuck himself and you can't take back that time the alcohol made the person you woke up next to look a lot better than they do. Choice is no freer than that ride I keep getting promised.

Sentience is just as bad. Self-awareness? The ability to realize that you are you and not someone else? Meta-thinking? This is our great accomplishment? I'm sorry, but I'm nonplussed. Maybe if no other species on the planet knew how to masturbate, if we were the only ones, then I'd be excited about it, but that's not the case. My cat is self-aware, he knows that he exists and if you doubt me I can prove it. The other day I was chasing my cat around the apartment, and I got bored and left off, he realized that I wasn't going to play with him anymore (he stared at me for a minute and walked back and forth first) so he gave up and got a drink of water. He thought about it, then acted. As

far as Descartes is concerned, that little fucker is sentient.

Human beings like to masturbate so much that they've invented these terms, "free will" and "sentience" to convince themselves that they are somehow better than animals; however, if human beings were really free to choose, then things like war, poverty, and murder would have been extinguished long ago. They're human behavior characteristics as sure as my cat's fondness for licking the sack that used to contain his balls. Humans are governed by the law of nature, and very little else.

Human beings are good at inventing justifications for our animal actions, and, as far as I know, that does separate us from the animals, but my knowledge is limited by the language barrier that exists between myself and my cat.

As far as I can figure, there are only two things that separate us from the beasts: Contraception and abortion.

No other species on the planet has the ability to control its health and population like the humans. Animals like rabbits and mice and all those other little bundles of joy that fuck and fuck until there's millions of them are subject to the whims of nature. When there are too many rabbits, the food starts to dwindle and rabbits die, but

humans can stop all that from happening with an afternoon trip to the doctors office and a clever application of a vacuum cleaner.

I hear a lot of people adopting a new stance on abortion, saying that they are pro-choice until conception, but pro-life after, as if choice ends at an arbitrary place. It's this kind of thinking that leads to those charming Catholic families where you have three children all born within a year of each other, followed by the mistake baby.

Human beings are never as free as when they contradict the laws of nature. Mother Nature makes us blind, fuck you we have glasses for that. Mother Nature gives us weak hearts, fuck you we have pills for that. Mother Nature tries to make us pregnant, fuck you; we've got a procedure for that. If people think that contraception is enough, and that another alternative for those who get pregnant is too much, then I'm personally going to start ripping the airbags out of cars. You're wearing a seatbelt, anything that happens to you after that is in the lord's hands. Even that, our ability to transcend nature's boundaries, is part of our nature. You can't escape from this bitch; she's like the craziest ex-girlfriend ever.

In a simpler world, where the number of human being on the planet matters, I would get behind a ban on abortion,

but we're doing fine; if anything, there are too many of us. The idea that a child is any more precious than any other member of the herd is ridiculous.

I am aware that I now have a contradiction on my hands, because I would not advocate killing a person, whether the government did it or a private citizen. I can't even think of a good argument to defend abortion in the face of that glaring inconsistency. So I'm going to take a lesson from George Bush.

The Bible says, "Thou shalt not kill." What does that mean? It's so vague. Because the bible clearly states in many other places that killing is fine. I just want to define killing so it fits in with my lunatic agenda. Don't worry, it will keep you safe.

If that kind of logic can get people tortured, it ought to be good enough to kill a few fetuses.

The problem with arguing about abortion is that people don't see the humor in it, just like morality and sentience, we made up abortion, so it's just as ridiculous as anything else we've invented (see parachute pants). So what if a doctor wants to pick up a little skull and do some pantomime, am I the only person that finds that funny? Okay so there are some things that probably go a little too far,

but I've seen more than one picture of a soldier standing next to the body of an enemy doing something just as bad. Just like your judgment after a few drinks, morality is flexible. We would never think of robbing a liquor store, but we don't mind taking some paper clips home from the office. Even mafia dons in the early twenties would order the execution of their enemies, but they wouldn't sleep with another man's wife. There are no absolutes. There is no right and wrong except how you perceive it.

There's also no way to settle this debate, between advocates of abortion and advocates of fascism (that's another trick I learned from Bush). Each woman has to make the choice, each time she gets pregnant; as much as I would like to convince them to get rid of their demon seed, there's someone else out there who wants them to keep it. The difference between the two of us is that, even if abortion is outlawed, there will still be people having abortions, and if abortion stays legal there will still be people who don't have abortions. What I, or anyone else has to say about the matter, means fuck all to a sixteen year old girl who told her boyfriend to leave it in a little longer (or more likely, who's boyfriend said he wanted to leave it in a little longer, five seconds before he followed that with 'Uh-oh'). Each person who makes the decision to abort or not, makes that choice at the time, and then looks back at it, years later and realizes that it wasn't so much

of a choice after all, they did what they were programmed to do.

Just like now, I'm going to post this blog, go home from work and masturbate. I'll rationalize it to myself: it was that woman on the elevator, the one in the skirt; I just need to relax a little; I've got a killer hard-on and I've got to do something about it. But in the end, I'll do what I was born to do.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday September 29, 2006

## **IT'S LIKE HAVING MAYONNAISE SHOT INTO YOUR BRAIN**

I write about negative things so much of the time (because they're easier to get a laugh) that it seems like I'm a very cynical person, but that's just a cover; I'm a dreamer just as sure you were born.

It's not that I have a negative view of the world; I'm just able to see the hilarity of it all. It's part of a defense mechanism that I've developed over the course of my life. It's not something that I'm proud of, but it certainly comes in handy. I'm more likely to laugh at you, even as you get ready to beat the crap out of me. As defense mechanisms go, it's not a bad one. I have a friend, who every time he feels threatened in a relationship; he goes out and spends a ton of money on prostitutes. He doesn't even sleep with the prostitute; he just pays her to tell him that he's wonderful and lay on his chest. I can laugh at that, and it doesn't cost me a nickel. You'd be surprised how much a hooker charges, even for something like that.

I was thinking about my time in high school and looking at some of the students I've taught; just like most of the adults I know, there's a big rush to be with somebody. Except for a few of my friends, I've never known anyone who's gone on a "date." I'm not even sure what a date entails, but it seems frightening, like a sales meeting for a time-share in hell. I'd like to think that I can turn down

a good pitch, but I know I can't. I've become too nice in the last few years. So even if I went on a date with a complete nut case, I'd probably end up sleeping with her just so she wouldn't feel bad (which is also what I would have done back when I was evil so if you're wondering how NICE me is different than EVIL me, I don't really have an answer for you, probably the only difference is that NICE me won't enjoy it?)

I have a real problem with love, because love is an easy thing to give out. What does it take to love somebody? Absolutely nothing, you just ignore the bad things they do. So what she's got her finger up her nose, everybody does it. So what she just ate what she pulled out of her nose, it's not something I'm into, but who am I to judge. Of course, if later in the conversation, she told me that she was pro-life, I'd debate her about the subject until she was fed up (who is she to judge?).

Someone wiser than I said that loving everyone is the same as loving no one. I don't know if I agree with that. Certainly hating everyone is perceived, as it's own type of hate, so why should loving everyone be any different? There's a stigma, a mystery attached to love, so that people tie it up in sex and think that there's something special about loving another human being, but I was on my way into work this afternoon and I saw a guy with a leaf blower



clearing garbage off the sidewalk, this woman dropped something, bent over to get it, and the leaf blower lifted her skirt so I could see her little purple panties. I loved that guy with the leaf blower, it lasted for as long as that skirt was in the air, when it fell, so did my emotion.

I love people all over the place for no reason at all. Tonight I'll go to dinner with my wife, and I'll be hungry, when the waitress sets out food in front of us, I'll love her a little bit. It will be just as real, and just as intense as the love I feel for my wife, but it won't last any longer than the meal. When it's over we'll go our separate ways, and I won't think about her until I'm hungry in her restaurant again.

I don't love my wife all the time, that would be impossible to do. There are some times when she pisses me off right fierce, and I know there are times when I piss her off even worse (I'm kind of a pain in the ass to be around, most of the time). Eventually we'll go back to loving each other, and neither of us is any wiser than just a few hours before the other was thinking about how easy it would be to stab their sleeping spouse.

I don't know if it's endemic to our time, but love is so commercialized that it's hard to tell if anyone loves anything. Love is marketed so well, that the images we see

on the silver screen seem sentimental to us while in real life they would drive us so crazy we'd call the police. One of the best romances I've ever read is Eugene Onegin. Girl falls in love with guy, guy spurns the girl because she's bookish and homely, guy falls on hard times, girl blossoms into beautiful woman, guy comes calling and she sends him packing. It's marvelous because it would never happen in real life. A real man would sleep with the homely girl and never call her again.

I watched *The Notebook* when it came out on DVD because I really wanted to see Rachael McAdams naked, and I was disappointed (because she only gets naked in the deleted scenes so I wasted my time by watching the movie when I could have gone right to it) because it seems so cheap, romance like that. I was surprised by how many people enjoyed the movie, although, in retrospect, I should not have been. Making people cry is like pissing your pants, you can do it anytime you want and it's not hard at all, but, in polite society, it's frowned upon.

Love **is** like oxygen; it's all around, just waiting to be picked up by anyone. People are so busy with... buying new shoes, smelling their asses, picking their noses? ...that they don't recognize it. They have no problem picking up hate, or frustration, and venting it on whatever convenience store clerk they meet who doesn't speak English. One of the

sad realities of life is that love, true love, is hardly ever reciprocal and rarely coincidental. The person you love the most is the one least likely to return the favor, and that little pissant who used to annoy you as a child, is the girl of your dreams as you sit, Scrooge-like, in your old age.

The secret to love is to spread it around all the time, on everyone who will sit still long enough for you to get a good thing going (and who doesn't mind the invasion of their personal space) but still have enough time to get out of there before they call the police. It's such a stupid message, appreciate what you have, so I say fuck that, appreciate what you can get your hands on and suck all the joy and fun and love out of it as fast as you can; burn through it quickly, because it's a limited resource. It's what we human beings do. Then when it's gone, sit around, bemoan the fact that you will never love again. Sleep with nutcases you meet on dates and take them to see *The Notebook 2: The Revenge*.

So the next time your spouse or significant other asks you if you love them, be honest: "Not right now, check back with me in an hour." And remember, while chick flicks might seem like a good idea to get a girl in the mood, roofies only cost half as much and they're twice as fun (for you, not for them; what kind of a sicko do you think I am? I

wouldn't drink someone. Two or three shots to the head will do the same thing for free).

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday October 2, 2006

**THANK HEAVEN FOR LITTLE BOYS, FOR LITTLE BOYS GET BIGGER EVERY  
DAY**

I didn't want to do anything political for a while, but then fate hands me a moment like this and I can't refuse. Some men stand rigid when the winds of fortune blow, but not me, when fortune blows, it's well the worth the extra money, and who cares what you look like.

Mark Foley, a Republican Congressman stands accused of improper communication with minors because he emailed and IM'd congressional pages, the youngest of which was 16.

My views on age restrictions notwithstanding, 16 is the legal age of consent in the District of Columbia (and in most states in the union). What the representative did was not illegal. As a 16 year old, those boys are fair game, and if he wants to pursue them, there's no legal recourse the boy can take until the older man becomes predatory, or a stalker.

If I were a lesser man, I might pounce on the opportunity to chastise the representative for his behavior, just to get personal and rub it in other Republican's faces, but I see nothing wrong in the man's behavior and it is not anyone's responsibility to regulate morality. The problem with attempting to regulate morality is apparent in the recent scandals among prominent lawmakers.

People break the law all the time; it's easy to break the law, most of the time you don't even realize that you're doing it. Technically, it is a crime not to ask someone their age before you sleep with them, but people lie about their age all the time. Before I was 18, I used to lie about my age to get cigarettes, and now that I'm older I lie about my age to get children's discounts at theme parks and the movies. Most laws are on the books, not to keep the populace safe from a threat, but because one or two people couldn't keep their mouths shut about something that bothered them, and they pestered a lawmaker to do something about it. That's wonderful when it comes to something like seatbelts in cars, and it sucks when it's something like alcohol prohibition.

Morality, like farts and religion, is a personal thing; it's different for everyone. Defining morality for a whole family, let alone a society, is about as effective as using your testicles to break out of prison. It's no coincidence

that so many children run away from home to join the circus every year.

Even my personal morals are flexible because different situations call for different morality. Ordinarily I wouldn't tell anyone that they have to listen to me, but as a teacher I am compelled to do so. Rather than yell at kids, and punish them for misbehaving, I try to give them every incentive to pay attention. I'd rather it be their choice (with my careful manipulation) than something I force them to do, because it doesn't matter how good it is, if someone forces you to do it even the chocolate blowjob ice cream car would suck to drive.

Regulating morality opens the door to lots of wacky things that plague our society today. Who cares if gay people get married? **We do!** Who cares if people smoke pot? **We do!** Who cares if a congressional representative tells your 16-year-old son that he's so hot? **We do!** The concerned parents of that 16-year-old boy, who want to be the concerned parents of everyone. I already have a set of parents that I don't listen to, the more the government tries to play mommy and daddy, the less I listen to them at all. It's come to the point where I get a letter from the President telling me to eat my peas and I tell him to make me, then we sit at the dinner table all night, until the sun comes up, and he always falls asleep before I do.

The real problem with regulating morality is that it's impossible, sure there are some cops out there who have a real hard on for telling people what to do with their hard-ons, but by and large, most people (regardless of their job) just want to be left alone until it's time to punch out and go home. I know cops who don't give speeding tickets just because it's raining and they don't want to get out of their cars.

The further that blanket of morality gets spread, the more people it covers, and then ordinary citizens are paying off cops just to (select one: drink a little bathtub gin, smoke a little grass, pee in public places, or murder small children). Everybody has a price, and if enough people are willing to pay, then the police become the natural recipients of a lot of bribe money. This is capitalism, and (as conservative Republicans like to remind us) capitalism works best when there are fewer government controls of business. So if oil companies can be trusted to regulate themselves, I should also be able to regulate my intake of marijuana and hobo killing.

So ask yourself, who it hurts, when a 16 year old boy has a consensual conversation with an adult. It might hurt the parents to know that their child is smart enough to realize that hard work and determination are not the only

ingredients to success in this world. It might hurt the 16 year old, who expects a naive and gentle lover. It might hurt the adult who will have his heart broken by the fickleness of a 16 year old's love. Of course, the adult might be getting a blowjob from the 16 year old in his car, and fail to pay attention to the road. He might drive his car into a telephone pole and knock it over into the apartment of a quality control technician at a makeup plant, killing the quality control technician instantly. A temp could temporarily handle the quality control technician's job. The temp might let a tube of lipstick that smells like fish guts go out to stores. The lipstick might get sold to the unsuspecting wife of the President of the United States. The President might go to kiss his wife and demur because her mouth smells like fish guts, leading him to cancel their makeup session and eventual blowjob. The President might then be so angry over not getting his bi-weekly spousal blowjobs that he over reacts to a threat from China and fires off nuclear missiles, plunging the world into ten thousand years of darkness and nuclear winter.

Or a US congressman might masturbate in front of a computer, go home and tell his wife that he loves her, and the page might get a recommendation to a good college. It's a ridiculous argument for a ridiculous crime.



A lot of democrats and republicans salivate over the opportunity to make the opposition look bad, but every time something like this happens it casts a big shadow that lets politicians do even scarier things in the shadows. There's a simple formula I apply to news stories that come out of Washington, the more noise they generate, the less important they are. The really wicked stuff sneaks right past on page 12 of the Sunday section. If you don't believe me, go read last week's paper. There's an advertisement for a new food product from the Soy lent Corporation.

Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday October 2, 2006

**YOU TOOK THE WORD AND MADE IT HEARD AND EASED THE PEOPLE'S PAIN  
AND FOR THAT YOU WERE IDOLIZED**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

The easiest way to spot a liar is to look for the person who's talking the loudest; more often than not, they're full of shit.

People have a tendency to say the exact opposite of what they mean, so when I tell my wife that I love her, I mean to say, "Why isn't my pie ready when I come home?" When someone

bumps into me in a crowded subway and I tell them that it's okay, I mean to say: "Do it again and I'll have your guts for garters." And when the president of the United States says that the country is safer, but not safe... well I don't know what that shit means. I suppose it's like sticking an athletic cup down your pants moments before a sledgehammer crushes your balls.

I'm always amazed that men and women fall for the lines that other men and women feed them while they're trying to score. I hate using lines like those myself (and yet I still do it like a fucking nitwit).

1. "You have such pretty eyes."
2. "Nice shoes, wanna fuck?"
3. "You're so funny."

That last one is almost exclusively female (any man that tries to get a woman into bed by telling her she's funny has trouble envisioning himself as anything more than a friend). All men would like to think they're funny (where's that damn kettle when I need it) but not in a George Carlin type of way, more like James Bond, delivering a snappy one liner while you swing to safety with a pretty, half-naked girl cradled in your arms as something explodes behind you; for example, tossing a grenade into a bank where a bunch of terrorists are holed up and saying: "Take **that** to the bank."

I'm amazed that people fall for this shit, because it doesn't make any sense. Anyone who's ever seen a movie, heard a song, read a greeting card, glanced at a decorative toilet paper holder has heard this shit before; it's old, and it's not getting any younger. The only reason I can see for people buying into this garbage is that they want to believe it, and when you've got a world full of lies and suckers who want to be lied to, the field is ripe for the plucking.

For all the *Cosmo* and *Maxim* magazines printed every month, not a person on the planet has self-esteem issues so bad that they would call themselves ugly (in private). Everybody wants to believe that they're James Bond or Paris Hilton, that's why they keep making James Bond films, and people keep paying Paris Hilton. Across the board, if you look at any popular movie, music, celebrity, etc they almost all represent desirable personalities that a person can slip into for an hour or two, in the dark, where it's easy to forget that you've got forty pounds of gut hanging over your belt buckle because you're watching someone who's lean, mean, and gets shit done.

So we come back to the world of politics, everybody on the planet has an asshole and an opinion, though one smells better and is more fun to share than the other. Just like

everybody wants to think they're Brad Pitt (or Steve McQueen, for my older readers), everyone thinks they're opinions don't stink like the shit they are. It's not a far cry that in a celebrity fueled culture; the country eventually started electing celebrity type politicians. Guys who were taller than their opponents, who had the curious salt and pepper executive hair that only the waspiest of wasps can develop, and who spouted back, over the television, exactly what you want to hear. I equate politicians with phone sex commercials, only I have more respect for phone sex commercials, because I've watched a lot of C-Span and a lot of late night advertising, and not once has Wolf Blitzer or Brit Hume ever given me a hard on.

Trying to change people's opinions is just as hard as getting them to sleep with you without using crappy romance and stupid lines. I should know, you wouldn't believe how hard it is finding a woman when the best you can do is: "My bed fits two people." I've never been a good rhetor, I can't argue with someone, and when it comes to sex, I like to pretend that I'm a smooth lothario, but I usually just turn into a giggling idiot with a hand and face full of breasts. How is a person supposed to engage in meaningful debate when you've got two huge boobs in your face? And on a cable news panel discussion show, sometimes there's four or five. That's no way to have an argument.

I realize, as I'm writing this, that I've been denigrating other people's opinions, and you, beloved reader, might ask yourself why my opinions are any better than anyone else's. They're not, they're useless turds, left to dry in the internet sun, but, as anyone who's spent a good deal of time in the woods will know, when someone isn't expecting it, a dried turd makes for a hilarious practical joke. So the next time someone is arguing with you about politics or romance, take one of my blogs and smear it on their face while they're not paying attention. At the very least, the smell will take a day or two to wash off.

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday October 4, 2006

**CRAZY PEOPLE WALKIN ROUND WITH BLOOD IN THEIR EYES... ALL SHE  
WANTS TO DO IS DANCE**

Silence sounds so good.

All of us, we talk too much. There are times when we should keep our mouths closed. I've had a problem with verbal diarrhea all my life. I've offended everyone I've ever met. I can't even talk to most people, especially if they have bad news. I suppose I can help it, I can keep my mouth closed, but every so often people expect some kind of response.

I've lived the last few years of my life doing more listening than talking. When I was younger I used to talk all the time; I suppose getting married took care of that. My wife shuts me up most of the time now. It's funny how much people will talk if you listen to them. People will volunteer some pretty fucked up things. Perfect strangers will tell you how they were pulled into monkey cages at the zoo and raped by chimps. It makes me wonder, if these are the things people talk about, what are they hiding.

I'm not a person who does a whole lot of talking during sex, unless it's necessary speech such as "You like that, dontcha' bitch."

I try to go as long as I can without speaking when I meet someone, let them tell me who they are first.

I know that I'm a distant person.

There's too much emphasis on community and togetherness. Human beings do awful things when they're clustered together. People should spread out as far as they can from each other. There's about 148,300,000 square km of land on the planet. That means every person gets 2/100ths of a square km. Of course some people will have to live in pretty harsh terrain, but in America, we have a saying about indigenous populations that don't want to move to where and when we tell them: "God wants it this way."

Some people, if you let them go long enough without talking, they start humming or singing to themselves just to hear some human contact, even if it's only themselves. Aww, shucks.

Sound plays such an important part in the human experience, sight, too. I can't think of any other reason why people get dressed up. Why are people so fascinated with wearing uncomfortable clothes? Heels and wingtips? Ties? These little costumes we've invented for ourselves are just as ridiculous as wide Elizabethan collars and tights. The goal of an industrialized society should be to produce uni-

color jumpsuits that we can all wear. I know that some people say that their clothes express their individuality, which is fine, those people can make their own clothes. The industrial strength of every nation would increase dramatically if only we stopped making all these damn clothes.

In a world where two companies control 80% of the media, why is anyone concerned with clothing individuality. It seems as though clothes are least of our concerns. I'd rather wear a state mandated diaper everyday, but have a choice when it comes to story.

Story gets a bad rap because it's fantastic, it seems like so much fluff, but the important parts of a story are not the things the characters say, or the author writes, but that which remains silent. The force that moves a story is a voice that never speaks, but guides knowledgeable spectators towards an overwhelming conclusion. If you have any doubt that story is important, and vital, remember that people have been killing each other over their favorite books for millennia; which is great because just like Mark Twain said, so few people have ever read their religious texts that they may as well be fighting over the ingredients in a Twinkies.



I'm going to replace the text inside the Christian Bible and the Muslim Koran with recipes for various Jello dishes and see how long it takes people to notice.

Remember, the louder a person shouts about a particular subject, the more you can be sure that they're lying. It is better to remain silent and wait for people to burn out their ire. The best part about staying silent is that you carry an air of gravitas, so no matter how much the other person argues, the worse they make themselves look.

Of course, keeping quiet is the hardest thing in the world for me, especially when I think I'm right (don't act so surprised, like you don't do the same thing). Arguing with people is almost useless; it's like trying to convince someone that you're a good lover by telling them that you are. You have to prove some things, and there's no two ways about it. Just get in, do your thing, and get out before they see your face.

So the next time you see someone, and you want to tell them how you feel, save your words; give them a hug instead. Then, while they're distracted, give your finger a good lick and stick it in their ass. Nothing says friendship like a finger in the ass. Or am I thinking of rectal exams. I always confuse the two.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday October 6, 2006

## CAN YOU TAKE ME BACK WHERE I CAME FROM CAN YOU TAKE ME BACK

Current mood: 🌀enthralled

Category: [Life](#)

Sometimes I get to thinking about the past.

I'll see a pog, a tie-dyed shirt, or a bottle of Moxie and I'll think about that magical time when cast cost 89 cents a gallon, people were nice to each other, and unicorns roamed the face of the earth. I'm talking about the past, but it's a place to which neither you or I have ever been.

We remember it like it was yesterday; the way the sun shone off the water the first time you saw the beach, or a woman's smooth skin bathed in moonlight the first time you put your penis in someone's mouth; however, it doesn't exist, it's an illusion, Michael.

Try visiting the past, going to the places of your childhood conquests and seeing them in a different light. You can't read the same book twice.

What we have instead is a connection of random present moments, with no greater significance than what is happening right now. People who constantly look to the future are

accused of daydreaming, but if you're remembering the past, you're guilty of the same crime.

The tricky thing about the past is that we remember it so fondly; some of us have even learned lessons from the past, that we get tricked into believing that it's real. If the past were real, we could manipulate it like a turd, but it's ethereal, like a fart. Try catching a fart and you'll see how real the past is.

The past is a dangerous place, you can get lost in it, just like people get trapped in their future, counting their chickens before their eggs hatch. Marketers make a fortune off this crap, selling watered down, user friendly versions of a past that doesn't exist in the form of "retro" clothing, music, toys and stories. I'm not sure what happens exactly, but it seems that every so often, a logjam develops and crap from the past floats back to the surface. What else can explain the culture of the last thirty/forty years?

Nostalgia has become such a big business, that people have figured out how to sell that warm feeling you get when you clean out your attic. The things you callously threw away, or blew up, when you were a child are now back, and they cost twice as much as they used to. These are time travelers; relics from a past age and that transcended that mythic past and provide tactile proof of what we once were.

Full of promise.

Ask any kid and they'll tell you. What do you want to be when you grow up? Astronaut, President, Doctor, Professional Baseball Player. There was a time in our lives when we believed all those things with such force, that to even consider anything else was unthinkable. Children are lost in the future, they're always telling you how old they'll be; they're in a rush to grow up. There's a magic age when you're exactly as old as you want to be, when you don't wish that you were any younger, or any older, and all the cards fall your way.

It changes for everyone of course, but I used to have a saying with a friend of mine: "When you're 21, you start living; when you're 22, you start dying."

When you're young you believe people when they say that you should live life without regrets, but that's a soft option. Regret is as much a part of life as learning to masturbate and getting caught doing it. Choice is a fluid process, that changes from minute to minute, but the past is fixed, it has already happened; we are powerless to change it, just as we are powerless to change the future. We can only affect the present. If you've lived your life so that you've never been in a position where you can only pick one

of two really tempting option, then you haven't really lived at all.

Life requires tough choice. You can't sleep with the blonde bikini model and her slightly chubbier brunette friend (unless you're creative with how to give someone rohypnol), you have to choose, and picking one just might cancel out the other.

In the 1950's, people in America were tired of slaving away long hours and fighting in wars, so they reconstructed a perfect, sanitized Victorian era that never really existed. In the 70s, people reconstructed the 50s and turned the tough Marlon Brando and James Dean into Arthur Fonzerelli and Donny Osmond. People try to recreate the past in the vain attempt to travel through time, but when Donny Osmond is your idea of recapturing your lost youth, then things have turned from bad to worse and you just might be at the vanguard of a massive cultural enema.

Right now, we're in the middle of a whirlwind, and to us it doesn't make any sense, the way the world works right now, but we'll look back on it (in ten or twenty years) and it will be perfectly clear that things couldn't have turned out any different. Only we'll tell our children about when even poor people could buy gasoline, and how we voted in the last election before Mad King George took the throne, back

in the good old days. Hey, does anybody remember how to  
Macarena?

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday October 9, 2006

## **I MUST BE CRAZY**

The other day, I was haggling with a prostitute when my wife caught me, I knew I should feel bad about it (everyone knows that sex with a prostitute is not cheating), but she started yelling and throwing things, and I couldn't help but feel a little ashamed.

That happens to me a lot, when I feel bad, but there's no earthly reason why I should; for instance, the other day I was walking through the outdoor mall and I accidentally bumped into a child. The kid wasn't watching where he was going and he walked right into me. He must have been really surprised because he landed on his ass. Of course, I started laughing and twirling my pencil thin moustache, and then the parents look at me like I'm some kind of cartoonish super villain. They pulled the little boy away just before I could tie him to the train tracks and explain the complicated workings of my evil plan. Curses! Foiled again!

A lot of people have told me that I remind them of a cartoon character, they usually say it's because I have many pairs of the same outfit, but my ability to take a safe to the head, or shotgun blast to the face, and live is often overlooked.

My philosophy is simple and Socratic:



1. Everyone is stupid. If you have any doubts, or ambitions, to rise above the general stupidity, then I want you to write down "I am smart" on a piece of paper and keep it with you at all times. You are to take it out the next time you examine a bit of wax from your ears, those little boogers that develop in the corners of your eyes while you sleep, or when you take a good long sniff of the pleasant odor coming from your (insert your favorite odiferous body region).

2. Anything you take seriously is just a joke that you don't get. If you don't believe me, then just look at the big three things people take seriously, love, death, and religion. Religion is an easy one, people singing in funny hats... hilarious. Death is just as ridiculous, one second you're looking at a sizable booger that was making it really hard to breathe, the next you've pissed and shit yourself while making a hilarious surprise for whomever finds you. It is hard to make fun of love; after all, what's funny about speed dating, hallmark cards for 50th anniversaries, and Valentine's Day?

3. There is no such thing as morality. People are afraid of things they've never tried, but once they get used to it, it's actually very nice. I used to think that killing people was wrong, but once I killed my first hobo, I felt pretty good. The best part is that no one really cares about hoboes

and they usually have a collection of bizarre items that make for great scrap booking. A lot of people like to wrap morals up into neat little packages so they can pass them along as wisdom of the ages, but morality is constantly shifting with time. It certainly wasn't wrong to pee in your neighbor's gas tank 1,000 years ago, because there were no such things as gas tanks. Sure you can say that it would be wrong to pee in your neighbors cart, but that's hardly the same. Morality gets an upgrade when new things are introduced and people become afraid of them. If you don't believe me, then just as every boy and girl what they thought when they first heard about sex. I know a lot of six year old who are terrified of sex... you can't bring them near a catholic church. I tell them the same thing that priests told me when I was a boy, "This is our secret..."

4. Marijuana is a wonder drug. Some people dislike the laziness, the paranoia, and the sloth. I couldn't be happier. It's my dream to one day own a home just so I can grow pot and smoke myself retarded until I'm dead. The only good thing about potential is wasting it. That's one of the biggest complaints people have about drug use and abortion, "It's a waste of potential." Potential what? Most people won't amount to more than a pile of dirt, and those are the really important ones. None of us is so important that the loss of one of us matters in the grand scheme of things. I know that many other drugs have been touted as wonder drugs,

but marijuana is it. It won't answer any of your questions, but it won't kill you, and after a little herb, you don't really care about those stupid questions anyway.

5. I'm always right. Sure I may agree with you in theory, but you don't live inside my head. As soon as you walk away, the argument is rationalized and won.

6. I will do stupid things for breasts. You said you needed someone to carry your refrigerator up sixteen flights of stairs? No problem.

7. Planning ahead is useless. The number of coincidences necessary to execute even the simplest plans are too extraordinary to fathom. It's like trying to say that random protein strands combined to form life without some kind of intelligent design (which everyone knows is impossible). I prefer to pick up on the spur of the moment and go adventuring; it limits my range, but increases my spontaneity. How spontaneous can you really be taking a trip to a resort or hotel someplace far away? If you're really dedicated to spontaneity, then take as much cash as you can manage and go to the airport in the clothes you're currently wearing.

8. Velveeta cheese sucks. Processed food in general blows, fast food, ready made, freezer food is generally

terrible, occasionally good. Why people eat this crap is beyond me. My biggest complaint with America is not the secret prisons, the wire-tapping, the international bullying, or the insane obsession with Paris Hilton; it's that fucking fake cheese. What's the matter with people eating fake cheese and other processed foods, don't these people have servants?

9. I want to fuck everyone I meet. It just makes sense, there's an activity that takes up a good amount of time, and so often it's ignored during friendly visits. Sometimes I'm sitting around with a friend, staring at the walls, looking for something to do. If we could suck each other off, it would kill a half hour at least. Of course, there are some people with whom you don't want to engage in sexual activity, that's why we have marijuana. Sure, you're still bored, but you don't care as much.

10. Nothing is absolute. I like speaking in absolutes because it's funnier that way: "Nobody likes fat people... Nobody!!!" but of course nothing is true across the board. Some people look at me and say, "There goes that god-less, shit eating, pervert" while others say, "There goes that god-less, cock gobbling, asshole." Everyone is entitled to their opinion and no one is any more right than anyone else. Even dying is no absolute, there could be a heaven out there, nobody knows; I do know that the odds of there being

a heaven are worse than the odds of winning the lottery, and that's a pretty tall order. You can't ever say "Never" for certain, because who knows what's going to happen to you in the future. Sure, George Bush says that he would never negotiate with terrorists, but let's see what he has to say when he and Osama get together for the first time in a decade after Bush leaves office. "Come on, 'Sama. Can't I be the top for once?"

There it is, the short list of Sex Mahoney's philosophy. I did forget to mention that I believe in breasts and money. So if you're reading this right now, you should send me one or the other in the mail. If you're attached to your breasts, don't hesitate to cut them off, I'll put them to much better use... and I can give them zany sound effects.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday October 10, 2006

**OH MY GOSH, I WAS WRONG! IT WAS EARTH ALL ALONG. YOU'VE FINALLY  
MADE A MONKEY OUT OF ME.**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

I love Planet of the Apes.

Easily, the Apes movies are the best cinematic series ever. I love the original, Beneath the, Escape from, Conquest of, and Battle for the Planet of the Apes. Sure the series brought back mass marketing tie ins and cross promotional gluttony not seen since the days of Blondie and Charlie Chan, but the Apes were worth it; if only to show the world how racist America really is.

I am often accused of reading too much into things, but you have to read into art works. Trying to understand them otherwise is like trying to explain the ocean by studying the waves. The original planet of the apes, the strong message is against nuclear destruction, but race lies just below the surface of the story.

In the book, La Planete de Singe, the apes are modern; they drive cars, fly helicopters, and attend plays. In the movie version, the apes are primitive; they live in mud houses that resemble African architecture circa 1600. The apes themselves are stratified; the light skinned Chimps and

Orangutans are peaceful and academic, while the Gorillas are black, nasty and mean.

In the sequel, the gorillas take over ape society and launch an attack against the few remaining human mutants, but the movie is largely about the political struggles of a human survivor and the mutants (with some good laughs at the expense of religion thrown in for good mix). The apes serve no dramatic purpose other than to distract from the political debate while the humans blow up the world again.

Racism is so deep in America that most people have no idea they're racist. They gather in large groups to protest when policemen kill a black kid with a water pistol, and then go home to their gated community McMansion developments. Others ignore the issue all together and pretend like it's the fault of the victims, but almost everyone has the ability to detect when they're on the receiving end of such treatment.

Even I, who espoused such liberal rhetoric, turned out to be just as much a racist as anybody when I started working with a dark skinned guy who was a self proclaimed thug; however, it was all characterization, and when we got to know each other we were good friends.

I'm not going to talk about a problem without giving some possible solutions; so, I'm going to take action.

I have assembled a task force of several large black men led by Lexington Steele (left) and Mr. Marcus (right) with Blackzilla (not pictured) on point. We will go on a mall tour of America and we will not stop until every last white girl has had hard-core multi-orifice intercourse with every member of my team.

These men have already done a great job of inoculating women against racism, but my plan will have a number of added bonuses.

1. Racial diffusion - white women will soon give birth to a generation of mixed race children. Black women will turn to white men and repeat the process.

2. Less socially conservative religion in government - Most of the religious social conservative that influence our government are run, influenced, or organized by white women. With my plan, these women will be filled with something, but it won't be moral superiority or the large sticks they currently have in their asses.

3. Economic Stimulus - my plan will be a great boon to the pork and lubricant market.



4. Medical - the more good sex a person has, the more likely their body is to produce endorphins, which will decrease the number of depressed women in the country, thereby reducing Americas dependence on foreign drugs. Happiness also increases the body's ability to defend itself from disease and infection.

5. Scopophilic - 9 out of 10 white girls look much hotter with a big black dick in their ass.

6. Economic Stimulus - the results of my program will obviously be recorded for posterity and scientific research, but once we are finished with the footage it will be available online or on DVD and VHS for a modest price.

So you see, understanding and double penetration can bring the world together, but only if we want it to happen.

If you are one of the millions of people in America that suffers from a racist outlook, please, call me and I will be at your house with a big black dick just as fast as you can say "Jack Johnson."

-Paid for by the citizens for Interracial Porn  
Proliferation-

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday October 11, 2006

**GOD CAME TO ME IN A DREAM, I KNEW IT WAS GOD BECAUSE THE WORD  
GOD WAS SPELLED OUT ABOVE HIM...**

Category: [Religion and Philosophy](#)

... with an arrow pointing at his head.

I was listening to a lecture the other day, given by a cognitive science professor, who said that he believed religion should be taught in schools, and I agreed with him. Religion should be taught in schools, the objective history of all religions as well as the core tenants of their faiths and creeds. Surprisingly, the professor said that when he introduced the idea to school boards, they were strongly opposed to teaching "other" religions.

Like all human activities, most religions are very inclusive, they want to accept all people... who believe the same things they do; unfortunately, they also demonize anyone who believes differently. For a group to survive, they have to provide an illusion of solidarity, the hard way to do that is to build education and rational thought among its congregation, the easy way is to call everyone who doesn't subscribe to your beliefs an infidel, blasphemer, or heathen.

Religion, politicians, and the publisher's clearing house sweepstakes have been promising people that things will be

much better in the future for thousands of years, and things have gotten better, but that doesn't satisfy any of those three groups. Politicians have to keep getting votes, the publisher's clearing house has to sell more magazine subscriptions, but what do the religious folks get out of being religious. Looking at the benefits of religion are more telling than the precepts of a religion.

The earliest religions were all naturalistic and pantheistic. Most cultures chose prominent aspects of their survival (plants, weather, the sun, animals) and prayed to those things to stay or go. In the case of edible animals like pigs and deer, the prayers were to stay; with large predators, like lions and tigers and bears, the prayers were to stay away. These were the days of limited family involvement; the tribe raised the children. Gods changed when tribes settled and family structures became more important, stories about the Gods shifted away from animals who helped people to families of deities. During this time the most famous pantheons of antiquity arose, the Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Norse, Hindu, etc. I did leave one out, the Hebrew.

The Hebrew pantheon was different, not that it was monotheistic (it is far from that, but I'll get to that later), but that the family it focused on was a human family that did not worship any one God. The oldest part of the

Judeo/Christian Bible is the story of Abraham through Moses, everything that comes before that was added later. Unlike the pantheons we associate with Greece and Egypt, Abraham worshipped a number of different Gods, because, unlike the sedentary people of Egypt and Greece, Abraham was a nomad. Just like the wandering hunters who prayed to different deities depending on what food was plentiful and what weather they needed, Abraham prayed to the deities of the lands he wandered through. Abe's in Egypt, he swears allegiance to Horus; Abe goes to Ur; he swears allegiance to the god's of Ur. At the moment that Hebraic beliefs arise, there is a synthesis of old (nomadic) beliefs and new (family centered) beliefs. The nomads prayed to the animals to let them eat them, Abraham prayed to the gods of his host country so he could eat there.

Societies built bigger and bigger centers, towns, then kingdoms, and empires and the image of God changed again. God became a king (it's not that big a change, to go from father to king) and decided the fate of nations. The line of monarchical succession has almost always been from father to son, and so it makes sense that the next synthesis of old and new involved power passing from the father to the son, or Jesus. If you look through history, you'll see that heredity is a piss poor means of succession and every time a king dies there was usually a power struggle among various factions that claimed the throne. The same thing happened

when Christianity came to power, the old guard said that the son didn't have any right to the throne. When power struggles happen between kings, often many people were killed and nations erupted in civil war, the same thing happened with religion and you still see the vestiges today.

That's a lot of history, but says nothing about the benefits of religion.

Religious institutions work in much the same way as politics and the publishers clearing house, there are national (and international) workings to religion, but most of the work occurs in the home or in small communities. Religion also presents a structured moral model that can shape a community, but more importantly presents, within that moral framework, a structured hierarchy. Christian God is a man, the father, who watches over the family. Power is delegated to divinely chosen governmental representatives (you may think that modernity has done away with the diving power of kings, but George Bush said God wants him to be President, and when is the last time a non-Christian was President). In a community where all participate in the same denomination, and go to the same church, there are tremendous social benefits to positions of power.

Every week, at a church, a few people lead a religious service, and present an editorial (sermon) it is the easiest

kind of advertising, because not only do people listen to you in silence, but they donate money to hear you talk every week. Just like in politics, if you are a concerned citizen, with a lot of friends in your church, if you don't like what the pastor says, you can have them replaced with someone friendlier to your ideology. While you're at it, why not have the clergy casually mention that Bob's Discount Iguana Stand is having a special on reconstituted iguana meat this week, after all, Bob helped you get rid of the last minister.

Of course, this is a Christian model, there are other religions in the world, but the patterns are largely the same. There doesn't seem to be anything special about Christianity, but people maintain that it's the one true faith.

The best arguments in favor of any one religion over any other are no better than the reason a person chooses one type of mustard as their preferred condiment. For most people, they're willing to settle for the bland yellow variety (God is good, God is great, we surrender our will as of this date) but for others, the truly daring, they want their God spicy brown, full of horseradish and pep. Religious folks wouldn't be so threatened by atheists if, in the back of their minds, they weren't so sure that we're right.

Of course, I don't subscribe to atheism any more than I subscribe to religion. There may be a God out there, I don't know... I can't know, but to assume that there is one God, who has chosen your club over any other (including all those possible clubs in other parts of the universe) is the equivalent of putting a spotlight in your living room, wearing a tiara, and declaring yourself the sexiest person in the universe twice nightly then masturbating like a caged monkey in front of a mirror while you admire the grandeur that is you. There could be a God out there, and it might be a wise old man with a beard, or a ring of three concentric lights, but it's just as possible that God is idiot savant child with a knack for science that randomly created human beings while searching for the perfect taco. And that's one to grow on.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday October 13, 2006



## **I AM A GOLDEN GOD**

Category: [Travel and Places](#)

I don't know if you've seen one of the best movies made in the last ten years. It's the second in a series of three films by a Korean director named Park Chan Wook called Oldboy. I won't get into the movie here, but I want you to watch a scene from that movie:

What that character (Oh Dae-su) just ate, I also ate; of course, mine was cut into pieces before I ate it.

I went out to dinner with a group of teachers from work and they ordered this dish. At first I saw the tentacles and the body glistening, but I thought it was a trick of the light, or oil poured over the food, but no, the octopus was still alive and its tentacles were moving.

Octopi (or Octopuses both are correct) have a decentralized nervous system; each tentacle contains autonomous nerve endings to enable the octopus to move its arms independently of a single brain (the way we humans move our appendages). When an octopus has its tentacles severed, they continue to move for quite a while.

As I picked up the tentacles, some of them used their suckers to try and hang onto the plate. They wrapped themselves around my chopsticks. The first one I put in my mouth used its sucker to grab one of my teeth and I had to use my tongue to pry it loose. Dipping the tentacles in red bean pepper sauce didn't seem to hinder them much, but when you put it in wasabi soy sauce, they stopped moving completely. They didn't taste too bad, much like any other kind of sushi, so if you like sushi, you'd probably like live octopus.

So far, in Korea, I have eaten dog, pig stomach, lungs, and ears, live octopus, dried squid jerky, and a number of other strange things. I love traveling.

Hope you enjoyed this presentation.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday October 13, 2006

## **I TURN TO STONE, WHEN YOU ARE GONE**

I don't know about you, but I believe in pessimistic induction.

If there's one thing consistent throughout all history, it is that we people don't know what we're talking about, and we know even less about anything else; however, since the dawn of recorded history, there have been experts who want to tell everyone "the truth."

There are a lot of different versions of the truth floating around out there; nobody seems to know anything about anything.

These are some things I know:

I know that in the long run, everything we know today will be turned upside down and the exact opposite will be true.

Not too long ago, everyone thought smoking was a good idea and doctors used to advise people to have a cigarette every now and again. Doctors said it was good for them; people started smoking multiple packs a day. Then it turned out that smoking causes cancer.

Now, most places in the civilized world are banning smoking in public places: restaurants, bars, and airports. In some places, you can't even smoke out on the sidewalk and it's common knowledge that smoking is dangerous.

But...

Smoking a pack of cigarettes per day is a bad idea, so is eating a gallon of ice cream everyday (that's why they put serving sizes on ice cream cartons). Why are there no serving suggestions on cigarettes? Are they so deadly that even one of them can kill you?

Let me tell you about crabs.

My brother's friend works for an environmental agency that found a 1:1 cancer ratio of crabs caught near where I lived as a child. The study found that eating even one of these crabs guaranteed that you were going to get cancer at some point in time. That's a dangerous consumable.

Cigarettes? Not that bad.

Death from smoking and its complications are preventable deaths, of course, but cigarette smoking is a blessing in disguise for America, because the more of the population who smokes, the more don't live long enough to take out money

from Social Security. In nature, a plague or starvation usually takes care of the oldest members of a society; we've got cigarettes.

We all die someday, some of us in ways more horrible than cancer and emphysema, but the chances are small that smoking one cigarette every now and again will cause you to develop a horrible disease. Cigarettes are considered a luxury item, which is something you shouldn't have all the time, like pop rocks and soda pop, but people abuse luxury items just as surely as they can; otherwise, soda wouldn't be a billion dollar a year industry.

There's a lot to be said, but very little sex appeal in temperance; I don't even like temperance, and I'm the one advocating it.

The law of diminishing returns tells us that each time a person experiences something; the emotional or physical response diminishes. That's what people decry when they make slippery slope arguments about drugs, terrorism, abortion, or any LIFE THREATENING activity.

I tend to indulge in activities, sucking all the joy and fun from them that I can muster. When I learn about a new subject, I study it incessantly until I'm so tired of it that I can't stand to look at another word pertaining to it

anymore. It's not terribly healthy, but it keeps me entertained.

The majority of my blogs have been politically themed, but I've tried to keep a fair hand between the two parties. My sympathies lean more towards the Democrats (because I like rooting for the underdog), but I don't see a lot of hope coming from that direction.

America is a country of heavy indulgence; from gigantic SUVs to air conditioners that will give you hypothermia, we are the nation of the Big-Gulp. You can't get a large soda in America; it's now the extra-large. We are not a country that likes nude beaches, because unlike Europeans most of us are fat. Americans aren't just religious, they take the bible literally to mean that God who, by the way, had better help you if you're a fag, because America is so hetero it hurts, created the Earth 5,000 years ago.

All this over-indulgence is a sign of something big coming on the horizon. Most people online like to talk about the unification of North America and South America into blaa, blaa, blaa, but that will never happen. America, over the next thousand years, will probably look something like Europe, Africa, and the Middle East after the fall of Rome.

Indulgence and pig headedness are just the symptoms, not the disease. There is something rotten at the heart of America and it's slowly eating its way out like a cancer. People cry about crazy liberals who want to turn America into a socialist country and vote for conservatives who actually are turning America into a socialist country. People cry about conservatives who are bigots and fat cat politicians and then vote for upper class elitist scum liberals.

The terms liberal and conservative have more to do with American overindulgence and pigheadedness more than the politics. Just as with any exclusive club, people call themselves name to separate themselves (and reinforce their fragile egos) from the masses. Conservatives and Liberals both want to believe that they are rational people with an even handed view of world news. The truth is that both terms are about as meaningful as two senators hurling racial epithets at each other. They mean about as much as what I just plucked out of my ear.

If you have any doubt that liberal and conservative are empty terms then look at people who call themselves similar titles. A real punk wouldn't call himself a punk. A real pedophile prefers the term priest. A real asshole prefers the term party animal. Liberal and Conservative are too neat

to be effective adjectives. When you have something wrapped up that neatly, it's advertising.

I don't know about you, but advertising has very little effect on me. I shouldn't say that because it's not true, advertising has a very strong effect on me... the same effect as... say... eating a bucket full of raw sewage and week old oysters. Everyone says that advertising doesn't work on them, but if that were true, just like soda, advertising wouldn't be the big industry it is today. The fact remains that there are people out there who make their purchases based on what they see in media. The media drives politics.

Even before there was television, politicians spoke on the radio, and in newspapers. You can find campaign buttons from as far back as... well, as far back as there have been elections. I'm sure that in ancient Greece, there were men in togas walking around with Demetrios and Lemnos '04 stickers. Advertising works on people who are too busy to make any other choice but an impulse decision. Ask some of your female friends how long it takes for them to decide that they're going to sleep with someone; if it's longer than five minutes, I'll be impressed.

People want simple, neat little packages in which they can wrap their beliefs because it's much harder to do actual research or even (god forbid) read a book. That's why you



have words in big letters on over the counter medicine: Long Lasting, Extra Strength, Conservative. The only thing that's different about a liberal or conservative politician is the color of their campaign buttons and the animal used to represent them. There must be a way to get past all that.

The people.

Overindulgence and pigheadedness run both ways; you can only pull the people along by the nose for a short time before something else distracts them and they're stuffing their faces at the trough of some new luxury. History has shown that people aren't getting any smarter or any more temperate. What needs to happen to motivate the people to give up their gluttonous ways is to make everything and anything legal. Prostitution, abortion, drugs, shit eating... if you can think of it, it should be legal. I'll even set up the very first drive through heroin and feces brothel buffet.

People need these outlets to blow off steam and no one in their right mind can seriously claim that any politician (Republican or Democrat) is serious about stopping any of the above practices. There is a tacit understanding that people get to indulge their vices, but getting caught brings heavy consequences. What's the harm in letting people indulge? If they are allowed two things will happen: people

will go so buck wild that they'll get tired of whatever they're doing soon enough or people will indulge to the point of personal ruin and death; in which case they are no longer a part of the society. Within a few months of legalization, you'd see frequency of use drop off and remain steady, except at those times when you really need a Hooker Smack Shit Burger... like Christmas.

Sex Mahoney for President

Saturday October 14, 2006

## **I'VE GOT SOMETHING TO SAY, SIR, AND I'M GONNA SAY IT NOW**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

Unlike religious organization, there is no "church" of atheism. Atheists do not have the power of even some of the smaller churches. Atheism, while often treated like a faith, is not a faith in the same way that religions are faith based. Where the religious meet an unanswerable question, the answer tends to be "because God..." (an argument that was once used to explain concepts like thunder and the right of kings). Atheism simply says that the answer is not currently available, but could be with better scientific analysis.

The ACLU gets a lot of flack because it often stands up for unpopular causes, but they have done a remarkable amount of good work especially in regards to worker's rights. Don't forget that the ACLU was also instrumental in breaking down religious boundaries at segregated country clubs so that Irving Mendelbaum and Casper Whitehouse III were able to play golf together.

I see no reason why the boy scouts, or any institution advocating religion should receive any government money or use government facilities. There would be uproar if a group of Satanists used a school cafeteria to hold a black mass.

When it comes to the separation of church and state, the government should treat religions like Hindu cows, reverential but left to fend for themselves.

As to the ACLU "siding" with terrorists, the level of civilization in a society is best measured by how a society treats its prisoners.

Removing Christmas from schools is not a fascist move. At best Christmas is a farce, whatever dignity Christmas had left was bought by Hasbro, marketed on Madison Ave, and sold in your local mall. Saying that Christmas is a religious holiday is like calling an aging prostitute a paragon of virginal chastity. The whole Christian religion is like a cheap hooker; Jesus nightlights? Come on. It's now so bad that I wouldn't be surprised to see Jesus condoms ("Christ is cumming!!!)

Like farts, religion is best kept to yourself; however, I do not have a problem with teaching religion in school as long as they meet two core concepts:

A) All religions have equal time, not just Christianity: Judaism, Islam, Hinduism, etc. The course should also include a small portion of defunct religions as a comparison to religions that exist today.

B) The history of religion must be taught from an objective standpoint. That means the portions of the bible (or any other religious text), for which there is no extra-textual corroboration, cannot be included in a History class but reserved for a literature class. The existence of religious texts is not proof of their validity; only a confluence of materials lends validity.

Sex Mahoney for President

Saturday October 14, 2006

## ***SHE'LL NEVER GO TO HOLLYWOOD***

Category: [News and Politics](#)

Debt to society is a very ambiguous term (much like torture), but with the right logic, we can determine how much debt a person owes to society.

The number of participants and their ability to sustain itself determines the strength of a society; therefore, when a person dies, the society loses one participant unit. When society kills another person to make up the "debt" for killing a person, it's the same as paying off credit card debt by borrowing more money. If an insurance company can put a price on a person's life, then the justice system can do the same thing. Putting people in prison is just as bad as killing them since, if they are not working, they are not contributing to society, so prisoners have to work. When a person commits a crime they should not spend an arbitrary amount of time in jail; instead they should have a job that meets their skill level at which they will work until their debt is paid off. The same thing should happen when someone is murdered, killing their murderer does no good to the society at large.

Attributing a value to a person would take care of any justice system mistakes, since, if the conviction is later over turned, the justice system will have a fixed amount of

money to pay in restitution to the wrongfully convicted, as opposed to now, where they get nothing.

Putting prisoners to work significantly decreases the amount of money required to house them, especially if they are paid a fair wage for their work. There are currently more people in jail in America than any other country in the world, including communist China. Prisoners would use part of their fair wages to pay for the cost of living in a prison: food, clothes, maintenance laundry, etc. It would be just like people who live in apartment buildings except the prisoners would probably have fewer choices; instead of being able to pick coke or Pepsi, only one company would get the contract to supply beverages.

Abortion and euthanasia are not murder, they are choices made by people in position to make them: expectant parents and people of sound mind and body. A person has a right to decide when and how they die (if that's an option, most of the time you're just minding your own business when an ACME safe falls out of the sky). A parent who brings a child into the world without the capacity to care for that child is committing a crime much worse than aborting a fetus. Children already take up too many public resources. If a parent is willing to pay, they should have the choice to get a free abortion, just like I should be able to eat a hot dog without worrying about mad cow or E. coli.

Throwing religion into the mix doesn't add much to the argument, but you can't take Jesus' word for anything, that bastard said he'd call me and he never did. Jesus is remarkably inconsistent in his message, even from gospel to gospel. At best, you can sum up Jesus' philosophy as no death penalties for Jews who believe in him (there were no Christians at that point in time) and fire and burning for everyone else if they refuse to convert; that's hardly a peaceful or practical message.

The possibility of escape and recidivism is not a reason to execute someone, because most prisoners return to prison.

The thing about rights is that they can't be surrendered or taken away, that's what inalienable means. You can try, you can put a person in jail, you can execute them, but the mind is a vehicle of freedom and no matter what you do you can never make a resistant individual a prisoner of the mind. People can be broken and brain washed, but by then, they're no longer people, they're mindless sheep and they do things like listen to Phil Collins, believe that Bill O'Reilly is an independent, watch network television, and any other kind of bland entertainment you can imagine.

Sex Mahoney for President



Sunday October 15, 2006

## I JUST WANT TO PLAY ON MY PANPIPES, I JUST WANT TO DRINK ME SOME WINE

Category: [Religion and Philosophy](#)

I'm often confused about many things.

Like, why isn't your shoe size a measure of your foot?

Well, there is an answer to that question.

Shoe size can directly correspond to feet measurements, but that puts a tremendous burden on the manufacturer to test every new shoe for an acceptable range of feet that can comfortably fit inside the shoe. Instead, most companies use a measurement system that measure the size of the model foot over which the shoe was constructed. Why bother doing hard work, let the customer figure it out with a complicated system of measurement and medieval torture looking Brannock devices.

I had a legitimate inquiry, I did a very small amount of research, and I came up with an answer to my question. It's very easy to do, and the Internet facilitates the process incredibly.

Say for instance you wanted to know, how dumb America is as far as countries go, you could do a quick search of the

Internet and see that 55% of Americans believe that God created human beings in their present form compared to all other "civilized" countries where the belief is closer to 10-20%.

Originally, when Darwin introduced the theory of evolution, people were aghast. "How can men have come from monkeys? Where is your proof?" They said. People all over the world searched for a missing link.

Ape -> ?Missing Link? -> Human

"There you go." They said. "No missing link, no evolution."

Well, in the one hundred years since, missing links have been discovered; archeologists have delivered the asked for proof. Which has now created this argument:

Apes -> ?Missing Link? -> Australopithecus -> ?Missing Link? -> Human

"You see." They say. "Where is the missing link? No missing link, no evolution."

Let me get all Tolstoy on your asses for a minute.

A hungry child, standing underneath an apple tree, looks up and sees an apple on a branch, too high to reach. He wants the apple so badly, and just as he thinks about how much he wants the apple, it drops from the branch and falls to the ground. What has caused the apple to fall? Well, to anyone else it can be explained by the wind, or the ripeness of the fruit, or the biological function of trees, or the weight of the apple; however, to the little boy, it was his desire for the fruit... try convincing him otherwise.

Similarly, creationists (and other religious types who feel that aliens came to earth and fucked the monkey) have faith that it was God who created human beings and no amount of persuasion in the world can convince them otherwise.

You and I can explain the fall of the apple from the tree by a confluence of events that all transpired to cause the apple to fall, but the little boy, who cares nothing for wind or biological function, wanted the apple and he caused it to fall accordingly. As more and more of the evolutionary puzzle move from scientific theory (humans are descended from apes) to scientific fact (humans and apes have a common ancestor, but we split the scene a long time ago, Daddy-o), science presents a confluence of events that suggest species evolution over time.

There used to be a sketch comedy show called "Almost Live" and they ran a bit called "Who Killed JFK Today?" It was a game show where contestants had to explain their theory about who killed JFK. There was one guy, who was quiet through the whole skit, but it was announced at the beginning, he was the undefeated champion of the game. The first two people had thirty seconds to explain their complex beliefs and proofs for the involvement of aliens, or the CIA, or the mafia, or... it doesn't really matter what they say because they run out of time and are disqualified. Finally, when the undefeated champion gets to go, he simple says: A tiger did it."

Arguing with religious people is like trying to fist a small child; sure you can get it in there, but you"  
[http://members.tripod.com/~tiki\\_21/gifs1/sucker.gif](http://members.tripod.com/~tiki_21/gifs1/sucker.gif)"> Click here to see my past blog about how to fist a small child. Similarly, religious people should not have to defend their beliefs against the unbeliever's attacks for the same reason that I no longer have debates with my friends about who would win in a fight, Godzilla or King Kong (which is in itself a perfect example of why arguing with the religious is ridiculous). The answer is plainly obvious, if you watch the Japanese version of the movie, the answer is Godzilla, but if you watch the American version, the answer is King Kong.

So, America, who would win in a fight: Jesus or Science? The answer there is plainly obvious as well; if you're a Christian, Jesus; if you're a scientist, science.

It's not so much that religious people object to the idea that human beings evolved (because you can easily fit that argument into a God centered universe; God set the wheels in motion then sat back and watched what it knew would happen), but that human beings evolved from apes; it opens the door to all sorts of moral quandaries. If human beings are evolved from animals, then they are part animals, and the majority of human culture and civilization have been attempts to distance ourselves from the beasts. Just as children don't like thinking about the dirty, hot sex their parents had, which led to their conception and birth (that moment when you sprang from your mother's distended labia) and rich women in department stores don't like to think about the Malaysian sweatshop where their \$1,500 sunglasses were assembled; religious types don't like to think about the dirty things that might have happened on the way to mini-malls and Paris Hilton.

That doesn't explain why this peculiar phenomenon seems localized to America, until you examine the confluence of evidence. America is the youngest of the modern countries, it was the last to free its slaves, it was the last to adopt UN resolutions against international terrorism, it was the

last to enact health and safety reforms, it was the last to develop a comprehensive national highway system, it still hasn't accepted the metric system, and people here still eat Spam. It's not that America is stupid, it's just slow.

So relax, give it some time, and someday (hopefully before the Sun burns out all of it's Hydrogen) they'll catch up to the rest of the world. In the meantime, enjoy the fruits of American stupidity, NASCAR, Paris Hilton, and me.

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday October 16, 2006

## WHAT WOULD YOU DO IF I SANG OUT A TUNE

Category: [Life](#)

Sometimes, when I'm watching the Wonder Years (or similarly sappy TV) I get so embarrassed that I can't even look at the TV (or in this case laptop).

I guess that I'm reliving the violent pain of childhood and adolescence every time Kevin Arnold begins and ham fisted conversation with Winnie Cooper. The show is not that great, but it's genius in how awkward it is.

Mercedes and I watch a lot of movies and television since we've been in Korea. We don't have a real TV, so we download whatever crap we can find online. Have you seen "Legally Blond 2?" I haven't either, I fell asleep, but Mercedes watched it. I used to watch very few new movies in a year, focusing instead on all those classics I've missed, now I'm watching all these new movies, and, for the most part, they suck. Mercedes calls me a snob, I tell her I'd rather be married to a wildebeest... we agree to disagree.

Recently, she put her foot down for the first time in our marriage; she said: "No more Mystery Science Theater 3000... ever." I can't fight her too much on this; most of the episodes I've watched recently have been pretty bad. Some



classics stay fresh to this day. When was the last time you watched "Puma Man?"

Somewhere, there is a group of people responsible for making "Puma Man" who wanted to make a serious movie and use it to make some money, which is hilarious, because "Puma Man" is reprehensible at best.

I made a movie a few months ago, and I think it's better than "Puma Man" (it's shorter at least) if only because I didn't try to do anything serious with it. The movie is pure comedy and intended as such from the first to the last celluloid frame. Still, if there is any justice in the world, the director's mother is also out there, and she loves the film her son made, no matter how many times Donald Pleasance mispronounces the word Pyu-ma (It's Poo-ma).

For the director of "Puma Man" there must be thousands of times when he looks at his creation and cringes (if he's one of those serious types) because revisiting a work of art you've created, while it's being shared with people, is about as painful as that time your mother showed pictures of your butt to the first boyfriend or girlfriend you were dumb enough to bring to your parents house. "The Wonder Years" is replete with these moments, because it brings back those times in my childhood when I should have kept my mouth shut instead of saying something really stupid to a girl. I

cringe even thinking about running into some of those old flames because... well... it's embarrassing.

Of course, I pass it off as a joke to diffuse my nervousness. It's what I do, that's my defense. It's a lot easier to look at ease when you're laughing and smiling like an idiot (sometimes).

Each of us, we grown men and women, have a few dozen to hundreds of people who witnessed our most embarrassing moments, starting with our parents, who can tell stories of our micturation accidents, to our old (would-be) lovers who can remember poems and awkward groping. It's hard to be a grownup around someone, when they remember the time you tried to kiss them and accidentally cut their lip with your braces.

In the bible, it says that Jesus went to his hometown and no one there believed he was a prophet, because prophets are never believed in their hometown. This piece of biblical wisdom struck me as very odd, not that it's uncommon (mistakes in the bible are frequently glossed over by narratorial opining), but that the conclusion is plainly obvious, as pointed out by the author.

I try not to get on too high a horse, because I'm a person like the rest of us, an ape if you will, because I

leave myself open to attack from people who know me and know that I am often completely full of shit. The exception to this is, of course, when I'm traveling, because people in new places don't know that I'm full of shit and I can once again exploit my shit-full personality to its maximum potential. I cannot do this at home.

Dana Carvey used to have a good bit about Sting, the musician, and the decision to call himself Sting.

Gordon: (In a British accent) Hey guys, from now on, I want you to call me Sting.

Friends: (Also in British accents) Fuck off!

There's a certain level of pretension you need to call yourself by a ridiculous title like Madonna or Sting or the living son of the one true God. I don't have that in me, maybe it's just my defense mechanism acting up, but people are too ridiculous for things like that; however, I wouldn't laugh at a friend if they told me they were inventing a better toaster, the toaster of the future. I would laugh at someone who told me they were exhibiting their performance art piece "Turds in A Minor" at the local theater.

The best art is unpretentious. It captures natural moments and embeds them in a work to make us feel exactly what the author (used here in a very loose sense) felt at

that moment. Whether it was disgust at being trapped in a bathroom while two hot chicks had a farting contest (Harold and Kumar Go to White Castle) or the horror of realizing that your girlfriend has a penis growing out of her chin (Picasso, *Laying Back*).

What troubles me most about art is that people revere it as if it is inaccessible to any but the most trained auteurs, when all it takes to be a painter, writer, dancer, musician, etc is to paint write, dance, play music, and do etc. Sure you may not do them well, and no one will pay you for your work, but the joy of art is in the act of creation, not the sale of your inner thoughts and feelings.

Still, even Picasso left an occasional skid mark in the occasional pair of underwear. If you ever feel like you're a big man (or woman), like you've got something important to say and people should listen to you for your expertise, unless you're building something or repairing something, you're probably full of shit.

Those awkward moments, the ones I'm so embarrassed to admit or even relive; they were born from my belief that, at a particular moment, I knew I was doing the right thing. Young people (younger than me anyway) love to say things like "I live my life without regrets" but if you don't have any regrets then you're not really living. You should

constantly grow and develop as a person so that you can look back at an incident, five to ten years down the line, and think about what an idiot you used to be (just like Kevin Arnold). It's healthy. You can also go back and do all those things that you should have done a long time ago, it's never too late for forgiveness and second chances; for instance, if you're a girl who, when you were thirteen, left a boy standing out in the rain with flowers that he bought for you, it's not too late to email naked pictures of yourself to him at [Sex\\_Mahoney@sexmahoney.com](mailto:Sex_Mahoney@sexmahoney.com)

Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday October 17, 2006

## **I LIKE LYING NAKED IN MY BEDROOM TYING OFF THAT DINOSAUR**

Category: [Religion and Philosophy](#)

I've got an addiction that I just cant' shake.

I've been reading these blogs about porn addiction, and let me tell you, there is a serious problem concerning pornography in America.

If you're unfamiliar with the term, let me explain.

Pornography is... well it's... gee; it's hard to define. I guess pornography is just one of those things where you know it when you see it.

Graphy is a Greek suffix that means the act of writing or describing, and porno, in its closest approximation, has to do with prostitutes. So pornography means writing about or describing prostitutes. That's an easy enough definition. Why did Justice Stewart have such a hard time describing pornography in the landmark court case, [Jacobellis v. Ohio](#).

Some people have suggested that pornography is any material that contains sexually explicit material, but that definition is too broad; other have said that pornography is sexually explicit material created for the sole purpose of sexual arousal, but that is also too broad because I could

make a movie with a very thin plot and say that the primary purpose of my movie is to protest against global warming and all the cum swallowing is used to prove the point.

Critics of pornography say that it is demeaning to women, that it leads to depression and self-loathing, and drug abuse because most of the performers were abused as children and now seek acceptance in any way they can. Critics say that the type of sexual arousal caused by pornography is inherently unhealthy, which leads to a third definition of pornography, one that is much more concise. Pornography is sexually explicit material created for the sole purpose of unhealthy sexual arousal.

Unhealthy sexual arousal, I like the sound of that.

I've been thinking about this for the past few days and I've come up with different types of unhealthy sexual arousal, many of which I will soon post in my new series: [Unhealthy Sexual Arousal: Pimpin' It Hardcore](#). Here is a sample of the videos I will provide:

1. Doesn't that Vacuum Cleaner Hose Attachment Port Look Sexy?
2. The Budget Guide to Automated Cunnilingus and Electric Mixers.

3.           Razor Blades in your Vagina: One Woman's Heroic Tale of Triumph Over Adversity
4.           Unprotected Sex With Herpes Sufferers and You
5.           Got the Flu? Why Not Fuck.
6.           Ten Simple Ways to Give your Boyfriend the Clap
7.           Don't Trim Those Claws and Other Ways to Make Human/Canine Sex More Enjoyable
8.           Eating Out: A Connoisseur's Guide to Feces
9.           Lubricants, Abrasions and You
10.          Corpse Fucking for Dummies, now with an expanded section on the debate between Pre- and Post-Embalming Necropheliacs.

The idea behind unhealthy sexual arousal tries to distinguish between good sexual arousal and bad sexual arousal. Since masturbation is the only 100% disease, attachment, and pregnancy free sex I know, then there can be nothing unhealthy about masturbation, the activity for which porn is best designed. The idea that there is good and bad arousal is ridiculous, as thousands of Hollywood movies have shown. If you're asleep and an animal starts rubbing your private parts, you get aroused, only to wake up a few moments later to engage in comedic antics.

People use all kinds of things to shake their addiction to pornography, but none of it seems to be working. Each year the porn industry gets a little bigger and a little



more powerful. In fifty years, you won't hear people complaining about the military-industrial complex; they'll descry the fellatiary-sexual complex, which, by then, will control the government. There will be pornography on network television and in advertisements everywhere. Sure, now it might just be a model showing off her bare legs and cleavage in an add for long term financial solutions, but what happens when it's a giant vagina advocating the latest in Weather Prediction software. Pornography will be everywhere.

We must use all our power to fight this terrible scourge or face the worst of consequences. Can you imagine what would happen if people were walking around, constantly sexually aroused?

I'm not addicted to porn though, I just love it. My addiction is far worse than that. I've tried to quit many times and I can't, I'm not strong enough. Every night I pray to Jesus to help me overcome my addiction, and so far it's done no good. Thanks to a recent article I read, about how one woman overcame her addiction to pornography, I know that God is testing me, so that when I overcome my addiction, I am all the stronger for it. You see, I am addicted to oxygen; I can't help it, I have to breathe all the time. Knowing that I'm weak like this is a tremendous blow to my self-esteem; sometimes, I turn to drugs, alcohol, or meaningless sex with strangers to help cure me of my

addiction; that only makes it worse. I think that my addiction began very early, my parents and friends were always encouraging me to breathe, and I didn't want to feel like a loser; sometimes I lay awake at night and cry about it.

Please pray for me. Help me overcome my addiction. And go watch porno, there's nothing unhealthy about that.

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday October 18, 2006

**I GO: THERE'S NOTHING-WRONG MOM. AND SHE GOES: DON'T TELL ME  
THAT, YOU'RE ON DRUGS!**

Category: [Blogging](#)

A lot of people think I'm really strange; some people even call me crazy.

You can't blame them; they've known me for a long time. Perhaps I am a little crazy. At the very least, I'm definitely socially awkward, a jerk, and a lecher (I can't pass a pair of breasts without giving them a little bit of a glance, even the terrible ones). Nobody ever thinks they're crazy or abnormal, in fact, you don't even notice your foibles until you try and mix with the "Normals." (Oddly, Microsoft Word detects a spelling error with the word normals but finds nothing wrong with words like normalcy, that's a topic for another blog, another word MS Word doesn't recognize).

For instance, the other day I was watching the woman exercise. I had passed her on my way to work and saw that she was stretching in a very revealing outfit, so I returned the next day with some snacks and a few drinks so I could watch her (there was a bench nearby). She didn't notice me at first, but when I started shouting suggestions at her, she took offence and walked away. Sometimes I don't understand people.

A few weeks ago, I was waiting for a bus and when it pulled up, this old woman tried getting on the bus first. She was having a terrible time getting her walker up the steep stairs, so I picked her up and set her at the back of the line. Everyone gave me these strange looks, but it makes sense that she wait at the end, because we would all get on the bus faster than she would. It's time efficient.

I never wash my hands when I come from the bathroom, unless I've managed to shit or piss on myself (which even then is slightly ridiculous because urine is sterile and everyone eats their own poop, don't they?). The piss I'm pretty lax about, but the shit I was off because otherwise I'd end up staining my clothes with it; however, if there are no towels in the bathroom I won't wash at all, no matter how much shit I get on myself. I hate those stupid dryers (even though they're environmentally friendly). Instead, I look for a stranger, introduce myself, and try and wipe it off on them.

I don't understand presents for holidays and birthdays. Isn't it enough that we spend time with these people, but we have to think about them when they're not there and go out of your way to get them a present? It's a much nicer gesture to pay for each other when you go out, pick up a check here and there, not only do you not have to gift wrap it, but

you're telling your friend that you value their friendship enough to pay to spend time with them. What I don't understand is why people get so upset when you bring it up over and over again. Why even bother being giving with people if you can't rub it in their face later?

Why do women like flowers? Almost every girl I've dated says, "I don't like flowers" at the beginning of the relationship, but at the end, they all complain about never getting flowers. I've bought plants for girls, but they don't think it's the same thing, they get very upset with plants, as if you think of them as your mother or aunt, but plants live, you can keep them for a long, long time. Flowers just die, you may as well buy a turtle and not feed it. I understand that dead flowers smell a lot better than a dead turtle, but with flowers you don't get the added entertainment of watching them try to eat themselves from severe hunger psychosis.

I like to tell unattended children that their parents are fattening them up to eat them.

Politics and religion are two topics that rile up most people. If you want to piss someone off, start talking about politics and religion, the wackier the better. I used to tell people that we should place an eighteen-year moratorium on childbirth and take that time to educate all the adults

who couldn't make it through the first time. It's a nice solid plan and it's completely ludicrous. One time an internet show was interviewing people on the street about their political agenda (during the 2004 RNC in New York) and I told them about my plan, the reporter looked like she had accidentally wandered into a psych ward and spoken with the king nutcase. I like to goad people about their religious beliefs, but my interest fell over the last few years. It's not quite as rewarding as telling children that their parents are going to eat them, because the children sometimes come up with logical arguments to support their contrary position.

It's easy to make people cry, just show them a picture of something really sad and they'll remember a painful moment in their life that was similar; it's hard to make people laugh, that's the true test of greatness. If you can make people laugh, you're doing all right. You can also make people cry by kicking them in the genitals.

I'm primarily a fiction writer, but I've been having a lot of fun with this blog, and I haven't written much fiction recently, except for the story I posted the other day. It's a variation on two themes from classic stories; I just melded them together. Tomorrow, I'm going to put up another fiction piece that is my satirical version of "The Notebook." The idea came to me yesterday while I was eating

kkoji, which is Korean for meat on a stick. I thought it was so funny I laughed out loud and spewed spicy chicken everywhere. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did. One of the things I admire most about Andy Kaufman is that he didn't care if anyone else got the joke; it was funny to him. I couldn't agree more, that's what makes me a jerk. I try to joke with people all the time, so it's very hard to have a conversation with me, especially if you don't know me, and think I'm just a smart-ass idiot. I have a tendency to joke about things that most people find offensive; for instance, one time the police was interrogating me and I made a joke to my wife that if I went to prison it wouldn't really be cheating, because I wouldn't have a choice. That's what makes me socially awkward.

It's not that I'm crazy; I'm just lonely. I need your love. I need it so bad. Couldn't you help me find love? I think I left it in the back of this unmarked white van. Why don't you come inside? I've got candy.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday October 19, 2006

**HERE'S A GLASS. THERE'S A HOUSE WITH A HOSE AROUND THE CORNER.**

Category: [Life](#)

I used to have this friend named Pat, and I loved him.

Pat was an upbeat guy. The youngest of seven or eight children, Pat was what you would call a Catholic mistake baby. If you know Catholics, you know families like this; there are four or five children roughly the same age then there's one kid that's fifteen years younger than their next oldest sibling. What I find curious, is that if these women are still fertile all that time, when keeps them from getting pregnant for those ten or fifteen years? Does the husband just forget to pull out one night? Is the wife taking birth control on the side? Anyway...

Pat went to high school with my wife, and we met him on the street one night; I thought he was a cool guy and, lo and behold, a few months later we ended up working together.

Pat and I started hanging out every once in a while. He would come over, get stoned, get drunk and sometimes pass out. Pat always wanted to pay me for the weed he smoked, or buy weed from me, but I don't like to sell drugs, I like to DO drugs. I don't mind sharing if someone comes over and hangs out. I don't want money for it, unless money gets you



high, but all my experiments in that area have been unsuccessful so far.

I love smoking weed, because it inebriates you for a few hours at a time. One of my biggest complaints about drinking is that you have to keep at it, it takes dedication, which, most of the time, I don't feel like mustering. Sure being drunk is nice, I guess, but it's rarely worth all the effort of getting drunk. I like alcohol, it's not that bad, but it's not worth it.

Marijuana is a great drug because it's good any time of the year. You can smoke weed any time and it makes any situation instantly better; be that work, play, family functions, or a trip to a Chinese buffet.

The fall is my favorite time of the year; I love to watch the leaves change color at the exact time that the sky is as clear and blue as it's ever going to get. It's my favorite time of the year to trip.

A lot more people than I ever expected are averse to tripping; I don't blame them, it can be very mentally demanding (plus that means more for me). Most people have a strange belief that eating mushrooms or acid will make them see bizarre things and will warp their fragile, little minds; however, the visual effects of acid or mushrooms

don't make anything appear, they just blur the things that are already there.

A lot of cultures have advocated the use of hallucinogens as a way to communicate with God, and I can't blame them, but as I don't believe in God myself, I think their opinions are misplaced.

Alcohol and marijuana slow down your thinking process as many inebriated drivers, their rear wheels spinning uselessly in the air as they crawl out of the shattered windshield, over the bits of child splattered on their hood, will tell you. Speed, cocaine, and the like speed up your thinking process, but don't make it any clearer, like talking to a fifteen-year-old cheerleader. The thing about hallucinogens is that your thinking process is not impaired at all, although your motor functions may be; however, the synapses in your brain make connections they otherwise would not. So it's easy for someone on hallucinogens to see a connection between paper towels and potato sticks where a sober person would find none.

The fall is my favorite time to trip because it's a dry season (in the spring and summer I always feel wet when I'm tripping and it's unpleasant) and the trees are positively exploding with color. The fall also reminds us, we humans, of our place in the universe; that we are here for a blink

of a geological eye and then we're gone. In my opinion, there are lots of pretty things to see (and touch), so why waste time worrying about anything, when there's so much more to enjoy.

The fall is my favorite time of the year because people huddle together in their homes; large social activities fall off as the weather gets colder and the days shorter. The fall is the best time for going home.

So, Pat didn't want to trip at first, but I kept telling him that there wasn't anything wrong with it, and he'd enjoy himself just fine. We ate mushrooms together, and Pat spent the night smiling so wide, it looked like his face was going to split open. I don't see Pat much anymore (a few more times after we tripped, but he got a new job as a high powered stock broker and got real busy), but I'd like to think he's doing okay out there, maybe a little more centered since our adventure.

This is the first year in a long time when I haven't tripped during the fall, and as I watch the leaves change color, I miss it more and more. Most of the time, the world is a crazy place and I can't make much sense of it, and tripping makes it much more incoherent, but I get a feeling when I start tripping, like the world is slipping away. It makes me feel so disconnected that I could slip off the face

of the planet and disappear, not only while I'm tripping,  
but at any moment; just that I'm not aware of it until the  
walls start melting. It makes the world feel like living in  
an insane asylum, and that feels like coming home.

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday October 23, 2006

**I'VE GOT A BRAND NEW HOUSE BY THE ROADSIDE AND IT'S MADE OF  
RATTLESNAKE HIDE**

Category: [Life](#)

I'm a one trick pony.

Any self examination is bound to be wrought with a little bit of disappointment mixed with a jigger or two of depression and a dash of anger. I used to have so much potential, what happened?

As much as I'd like to take the easy way out and blame some third party like the Jews or liberals or conservatives, I'm too old to believe that there really is a boogey man hiding in the closet (especially since I am often hiding in other people's closets). As children, it's very easy to feel victimized, because we don't understand that there are other intelligences out there, which have needs and desires that are sometimes diametrically opposed to our own. Children think that someone is out to get them and that is why their parents refuse to buy them (insert name of overpriced piece of plastic).

There are very few people out there who take actions specifically to injure another person; for instance, when that nice, young man comes up to you with a gun, he doesn't really want to hurt you, he just wants your money. He thinks

he needs it more than you do, and that you'll be more likely to give it to him if he brandishes a gun. There's no evil intent there, it's just a guy trying to get by.

Victimization is a tricky thing; it's very hard for a person in the above example to look at a situation objectively and say: "So what it's just money." People feel hurt; they feel betrayed.

Similarly, that girl you meet a bar, the one whose cleavage gets a little more pronounced as the night goes on and who seems more interested in you after you've had a few drinks; she's not trying to break up your marriage, she was just looking for a good time. You're the one who had to spoil it by bringing her back to you house because you didn't think your wife would be there, even though she specifically told me that she was going out with some friends.

The wife should also let it go, her husband wasn't out to hurt her, he was just trying to spend an evening without someone bitching at him.

Most people do not set out to hurt other people, but most people lack the ability to empathize with others (or think through the consequences of their actions) and so the people who depend on them are often hurt in the process.

Then there's me...

I'm not a bad man; I just think it's funny to test other people's patience. So when I'm out at a bar with a friend, I'll urge them to talk to that woman with the pronounced cleavage, even though I know they have a girlfriend. I'll tell my gun-toting friend that he really needs the money and that woman in the Gucci shoes obviously has more than she requires. I like to hurt people, but only if they get the joke.

Emotional pain, while much more damaging than physical pain, is also much easier to overcome. Just look at children and you'll see this principle demonstrated. You could tell a child that their parents are splitting up and it's all their fault, making the poor little bastard cry, but an afternoon at an amusement park (or an other place that generates the kind of positive energy on which a kid likes to groove) can clear that up right quick.

My wife always gets mad at me because I tell her that she's being ridiculous for being in a bad mood, but I can't help it. There's something wrong with my brain that makes my happiness level directly inversely proportional to the level of depression around me. If you want to make me really upset and depressed, take me to a place where people are happy and

jovial; it drives me up a wall. When people around me are in a bad mood, I instantly feel much better. I don't know if their depression reminds me how ridiculous it is to be depressed or if I get off on their misery, but either way, that's how I roll.

I lied when I said I don't know why it happens, I know exactly why it happens. You see, my brain is all confused and I never believe people when they say things like they're happy or they're sad because they look forced (as I'm sure I look to other people when I say I'm happy or sad); most human emotion is forced, we convince ourselves of an appropriate outlook and then match our attitude to that. Most of the time, in conducive places, the veneer holds up, but sometimes, it wears thin real fast. Ever spent a week anticipating a particular event, only to participate in said event and feel let down? Better yet, look at stereotypical brides on their wedding day, the anticipation builds for so long that no amount of happiness could possibly match the anticipated level and people get sad. Not for very long, though, that's why we have drugs. Think of your family vacations; long drives with your parents (and a sibling or seven) as they scream at you to: "Just be quiet and have fun, God damnit!"

It's not that I revel in people's misery, or disdain people's happiness; I just hate the necessity of those emotions in predictable situations. People at a wedding, who



are miserable most of the year, take that opportunity to get drunk, let loose and have a good time. The ability and means of producing that emotion are within them all the time, but they wait for approved situations for acting out their desires. The same goes for depression, if you find out that your spouse is cheating on you, it doesn't necessarily have to produce depression, in fact, it can be a moment of relief that you no longer have to worry about that particular person screwing you over (as they already have).

There's an ecstasy in the experience of being, without emotion, and experiencing the world as it flows through you, without subjective observation.

Of course, I'm being a complete hypocrite; I'm a one trick pony myself. All I can do is look at the world around me and laugh at its absurdity. There's nothing more absurd then getting married and having a big wedding (unless you really need an electric hair curler/toaster/massage chair). If you want to be monogamous with a person, just make the decision in your mind and do it, change from the inside and let it work its way out in your actions; that way, when you eventually fail, you won't feel too bad about it. When you have a big ceremony like that, you're just setting yourself up for disappointment; everybody knows the first marriage never takes.

Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday October 24, 2006

## **BANANA CHIPS FOR YOU, BANANA CHIPS FOR ME**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

Wal-Mart often comes under fire for being evil and destroying local businesses. Defenders say that their business model has made them a successful corporation; therefore, the people who complain are just jealous of Wal-Mart's success. They say that Wal-Mart creates jobs, turns a huge profit, and brings an innovative approach to retail. Companies that make too much money often come under fire, but I'm here to ask why. Why is it that successful companies are often targeted for their success?

Perhaps profit is the enemy; after all, millions of people are uselessly buried every year when their corpses could be used to create a highly nutritional slurry and the land (which is wasted with unnecessary burials) could be turned into housing tracts or farms. There's a lot of waste in this country; for instance, crack babies whose parents don't care or are dead, why not sell those children to foreign governments where underage prostitution is legal and encouraged. Medical resources are being wasted on old people to give them brief life extensions, why not let anyone over 65 die naturally so they don't provide a burden on society.

Some say that employees should receive a share of the profits if the company does well, and some counter that argument by arguing that companies should therefore be allowed to cut wages if a person under-performs. Unfortunately for the later writer, their argument is flawed, because companies don't have to lower a worker's wage, they fire them. Profit sharing would probably be very effective. The important thing to remember is that corporations, and governments, are inverse pyramids where the more POWER a person has, the less likely they are to influence anything directly, while the less POWER a person has the more likely they are to have a direct effect on the business. Part of running a successful business is keeping the workers just happy enough that they want to keep working for you, but not so happy that they want special treatment and realize that they actually hold all the POWER.

Part of the problem in America is that workers have had it too good for too long, and if business owners want to get back some of the power they've lost they've got to gradually lower the standard for workers, which they've been doing admirably since Ronald Reagan helped break the strength of large labor unions.

The American Dream is a myth; it's a pyramid scheme like organized religion, the lottery, and those schemes from which pyramid schemes get their name. True, you have a

pretty good chance of making it in America, but you have an equally good chance of being eaten by an alligator and winning the lottery on the same day (in no particular order). There are 300,000,000 people in America but there are only 793 billionaires worldwide, even if all those billionaires were American that means there's less than a 1% chance of any person becoming one. The odds are much better of becoming a millionaire; there are 2.5 million millionaires in America, or 0.8% of the population. Those are still good odds, considering that the probability for a divine creator are much, much lower.

The best indicator of a country's success is not the number of wealthy individuals, but the number of people who climb out of poverty (pull themselves up by their bootstraps), but I don't have any hard data on that. I do know that in France, in 1790, the distribution of wealth was so lopsided that the peasants revolted. The bottom 40% of America currently controls about 1% of its total wealth.

It's not that profit is a bad thing, but what generates the profit and where that profit goes can be a bad thing. One of the biggest complaints I have with the current Republican leadership is their insistence on breaking up the estate (or death) tax. Apart from the first few million dollars (which are not taxed), there is no good reason for one generation to pass wealth along to their family. Like I

said before, if you have it too good for too long, you start to get strange ideas in your head that you somehow deserve it. Case in point: Paris Hilton.

One of the main reasons for opposing the consolidation of wealth is that competition breeds innovation (even though it might not always be healthy in the short term). Large corporations are unwieldy and bureaucratic; they stifle innovation. The larger a corporation gets, the higher it's operating costs; the trend, in cutting costs, has been to cut benefits to mid and low level employees (which is sometimes justified) but makes the employees (who had been treated nicely) more prone to corruption and greed. Then there is the question of where the money goes once it's been reaped. In a perfect laissez-faire world, it would automatically be redistributed through investment, but more often these days it's getting hoarded.

I guess the big problem is not profit, but the mercantile idea that money can only be made by taking it from someone else. Money does no such thing; money is a myth like the chariot god who rides the sun across the sky every day and rests in a palace during the night. Of course, try living without money and you'll find that even the myth has some basis in reality, just like the fact that the sun goes across the sky every night. People believe that money exists and that they need it to live, but there were plenty of

people alive before the creation of money, living in societies and trading what they had too much of for what they needed. Money is the same way, it's a completely useless commodity, and so whenever you have some, you generally want to get rid of it in order to get something else, like an ice cream cone or a hooker.

The great thing about money is that there is always more of it. If you don't like your job, then go look for money in the street, or just sit outside a subway station and ask people for it. Sure, you probably don't have the sympathy effect going because you're not homeless (yet), but you can still probably rake in a good couple bucks, especially if you can play an instrument.

So what do you do with all that money, once you have it? Well, you can run for public office, and then pass laws that protect your money from disappearing in taxes, or you can move out of the country, to some island in the middle of the ocean and name it after yourself (Jose Cuervo). The important thing is that you keep the money moving around, so it doesn't start to stagnate; otherwise, you turn into one of those old timers who's got money stashed in every coffee can in the house.

I still haven't answered my initial question (I get sidetracked that way): Why is Wal-Mart evil?

Wal-Mart is a lot like crack. Marijuana (my drug of choice) is fairly benign because addiction rates are very low and a little bit can go a long way, but crack is a drug dealers dream because it's easy and cheap to make and addictive as all get out. One of the nice things about addictive drugs is that they let you live in a semi-constant state of denial about how much you really need those drugs. Just like Wal-Mart's...

Censorship. Wal-Mart sells safe, vanilla versions of movies and CDs (but not books); I understand that a business can sell whatever it wants, which is why I wouldn't mind if Wal-Mart straight up refused to sell those products, but to pass off censored versions is worse than tawdry. It's like paying good money for a hooker, and all she'll give you is a hand job.

Crack is also great (for dealers) because it doesn't last very long; so, you've constantly got repeat customers looking to get a fix. Just like Wal-Mart's shitty...

Products. Wal-Mart is in the business of selling crap, and when I say crap, I don't mean crap in a metaphorical sense, like they sell lots of crap; I metaphorically mean, Wal-Mart sells crap, as in shitty products. Let me use an anecdotal story to explain why. When I was thirteen years



old I got a toaster oven for Christmas (why I got a toaster oven is not important, I was a weird kid, leave it at that) and I had that toaster oven until I moved to Korea, it probably still works (if it hasn't been thrown away), sure not in the best condition, but it works. I had that toaster for over ten years. A similar product from Wal-Mart has a shelf life of less than half that, because their toaster ovens are made by a Guatemalan company Block & Ducker by children (whose tiny hands don't know how to wire toasters) with shitty components (aluminum foil does not conduct electricity as well as copper). Of course, my parents probably spent a little more money on that toaster; let's say 100 dollars, so the cost of operating the toaster (minus electricity and things to toast) was ten dollars per year. A similar toaster from Wal-Mart costs about 30 dollars but lasts only two to four years, which doesn't seem that bad, you buy a toaster once every two to four years, and you forget about it, but that's some wasteful shit. Home appliances should not be disposable like plastic utensils and paper cups, it creates unnecessary waste and it ends up costing you more money.

So a new toaster every two to four years costs approximately \$80 to \$150 over the course of ten years, but you also have to include the cost of going to the store and buying the toaster (which, if you're an American probably includes a trip in your car), the time wasted to get a new

toaster, the money you have to pay the garbage man to take away your old toaster, and the interest you end up paying (let's face it, if you're an American, you're probably buying your new toaster with a credit card). A very good friend of mine has an excellent saying: "I'm too poor to buy cheap things."

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday October 25, 2006

## **BUT IT'S HARD TO READ THROUGH THE RISING SMOKE OF THE BOOKS THAT YOU LIKE TO BURN**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

Some of my favorite movies are about alien invasions; not the new "War of the Worlds" (that sucked) but good alien movies that star Jeff Goldblum, Bill Pullman, or Will Smith. Someday, aliens are going to invade the earth. Are you going to stand for that? Because I'm not, I'll tell you that right now. My brains are for thinking and masturbating only and not so I can fuel an alien craft that runs on human brain slurry.

When I was much older than I am now, I ran for several elections; I never made speeches, I didn't do any campaigning and I lost, but often by narrow margins. Of course, in each of those elections, I opined the unfairness of it all, cast aspersions on my opponents for voter intimidation and gerrymandering, and acted like a complete and total asshole (which is what I do best). Those were hard times in high school and university. If I only knew then what I know now, that blaming your opponent and casting unfair accusations is campaigning, then perhaps I would have been a little bit less of an asshole, but then again non-assholes usually don't run for public office.

There is a certain hubris involved in politics; everyone thinks they know how other people should live there lives, but very few of them enforce their beliefs on others in significant ways, say like passing laws. I often dream about telling other people what to do, that's just the fascist in me, but I refrain, because I have a lot of behaviors that other people might find offensive, and I don't want them bothering me.

When I lived with my friend, he was notoriously bad about washing the dishes; most of the time, he would leave things in dirty dishes so long that they would crust over and mold up. I almost always ended up washing his dishes for him. It's not that I was coddling him (although in a way I was), but I myself do not like doing dishes very much either, and I hate washing dishes immediately after I eat; I don't mind waiting a day to take care of things like that (I'm also notoriously bad about folding clothes, there are always piles of clean clothes lying around that go unfolded, when I go back to America, I'm not buying a dresser). I do hate being hassled; I would do anything to avoid being hassled. In the case of my friend, I found that if I didn't hassle him about the dishes, he wouldn't hassle me, and then I could wash the dishes at my leisure. It wasn't a perfect system, but it worked.

It seems to me that people want things to be perfect all the time; they're rarely happy with the little fixes that I value so much. I value the closeness and connection I form with appliances that are difficult to operate without some knowledge of its defects; for instance, my beloved toaster (the one I wrote about yesterday), when it got a little old, it didn't work so great anymore, you had to hold the knob in such a way for it to turn on and stay on. I love that toaster more than I love a lot of people I've met in my life. That may seem funny to you, but there were some days when nobody in the world loved me like that toaster.

Perfection is a myth, like women who REALLY don't care about the size of a man's penis and men who REALLY want to cuddle, but people seem to like myths, so they persist and plague our collective subconscious. I don't care for myths; I like to test things and see if they really work. That's why, a few years ago, I was on top of a very tall bridge, praying for God to give me the power of flight so I could spread her message to the masses. Two broken legs and many painful hours of physical therapy later, I was finally cured of my mistaken belief that there is no God by a priest who told me: "The Lord doesn't like to show off."

The strangest place where people seek perfection is in their politicians. If a politician does the slightest thing wrong, there are calls for his head and he's roasted on the

bonfire of partisan bickering. Mark Foley didn't do anything wrong. It's perfectly legal for a grown man to solicit sex from a 16 year old boy in Washington DC. Bill Clinton didn't do anything wrong, he got a blowjob and lied about it so his wife wouldn't find out. I'll even go so far as to say Trent Lott didn't do anything wrong, he probably didn't mean that the US would be a better place if segregation had lasted past the 60s (he was at a party commemorating a dude, he got caught up in the emotion of the whole thing, and you would too), but, as a white, male, land owner in the South he most likely is a racist and so when people called for his head for being one, there wasn't much he could say in his defense.

Politicians are people just like you or I, the only difference is that you and I are content to go about our daily business, quietly grumbling about the woman with large fingernails who pops her gum on the train or the jackass who cut you off on the highway. Politicians want to tell other people how they should live their lives, but they'll rarely ever tell them to their face; they get people like you and I to do that. When is the last time you saw a politician stand in front of a crowd of junkies and say: "Federal funding of rehabilitation programs has got to end. You people have a problem and you should be ashamed of yourselves."

Politicians are those asshole neighbors who call the cops when you're having a party instead of coming over to tell

you that you're being too loud and ask you to keep it down.  
Why would they do that?

Well, if anyone asked me to keep it down, while I was having a party, I'd tell them to deal with it (because I'm an asshole). The world is not a perfect place; sometimes we have to deal with imperfection.

I rarely keep normal hours because I hate the sun and all it's glaring evil. That means I sleep during the day and I have to deal with traffic noise, constructions, people shouting, and music blaring, but, as a human being, I've developed a defense to all those troublesome auditory distractions... I ignore them. Just like my toaster that needs a little jiggling to get toasting; I learned the best way to shut out noise from the outside and go to sleep.

Politicians are the people who call the cops on your party and not the people who ask you to keep it down, because they know it won't work most of the time.

That said, there are two words I would like to discuss that I hear thrown around an awful lot: liberal and conservative.

Let's get this straight, because what I'm about to say is of no importance to anyone. Conservative simply means, less

likely to take risks. If I want to get across a river and the only bridge is a piece of dental floss held in place by two midgets with Tourette's Syndrome, I'll probably keep walking until I find a safer way across, even if that means I have to go out of my way to find one. Liberal means more likely to take chances; so, they wouldn't think twice about crossing the dental floss death trap. This is an extreme example, but I think it's easier to prove a point if you explain it in very hyperbolic terms.

When it comes to politics that means a liberal would be more likely to try something that hasn't been done before, while a conservative would be less likely to introduce radical changes to an existing system. The current two party system in America is not comprised of liberal Democrats and conservative Republicans, both parties are overwhelmingly conservative. Despite many changes suggested by both parties, neither party is currently advocating the complete overthrow of the United States government in favor of rule by monkey law. That would be considered the extreme liberal ideology. Despite many attempts to resist changes to laws, both political parties want the governmental machine to keep running almost exactly as it has in the past, with very minor changes. The Republicans and Democrats in Washington are almost all conservative.



Of course, on particular issues, each party becomes more liberal or more conservative; for instance, Democrats are more conservative about foreign diplomacy, national security, and increasing taxes to the wealthy and businesses, but liberal about social issues such as marijuana decriminalization and gay marriage. Republicans are more liberal about foreign diplomacy, national security, and immigration, but very conservative about social issues such as gay marriage, gun control, and criminal law. Both parties become liberal when they want to change existing laws and social programs to reflect their agendas, both parties become conservative when they want to keep things the same. One issue, upon which Republicans and Democrats in Congress consistently agree, is that they (as a legislative body) deserve more money.

Conservative and liberal are myths just like perfections. The only people I've ever met who are completely conservative are corpses, and the only people I've ever met who are completely liberal are new born children. Adults, that is thinking adults, make judgments based on their thoughts and opinions about each particular issue that comes up in their day; asking themselves questions like: "Should I beat that man to death because he is a homosexual?" or "How much butter IS it unhealthy to consume in one sitting?"

The polarizing effect of conservative vs. liberal is based on the age old idea that there is "Other" and Other is not only completely different from you, but is also actively working at your destruction, by fair means or foul; which is why, Other is responsible for all the bad things that happen in your life and the world at large.

People have such a hard time empathizing that they fail to realize essential truths. Liberal or conservative, the people living in America are Americans and they are most likely not working to undermine the country in a deliberate way. Conservatives and liberals are all acting on their best intentions while they demonize their opponents, because both sides believe, not that they know what would be good for the country, but that Other is completely fucking clueless when it comes to survival in the 21<sup>st</sup> century. If this were true, there would be people wandering around in blue and red dunce caps, sticking their fingers in electrical sockets from Derry, Maine to San Demis, California.

It's about time that people stopped arguing with politicians and let them do their own thing down in Washington; leave them alone and let them issue useless proclamations and ridiculous laws. You and I, we're people and our survival is dependant upon each other in this great web of a society our ancestors built for us. If we don't stop imagining boogey men in liberal or conservative

clothing then we'll soon be jumping at shadows in dark alleys. Of course, people need a target for their anger, otherwise they start to realize that the problem just might be themselves, so if you really need someone to hate, then let's choose a random celebrity every year and throw them into a pit of boiling lava during the Super bowl halftime show (now with more tits than ever). Besides, if we don't stop jerking ourselves off over how superior we are to our political adversaries and start getting along, then the first alien race that decides to invade our planet is going to wipe us the fuck out. Are you an alien sympathizer? Because if you take part in partisan bickering and useless discussion of conservatives or liberals evil, then you're aiding the aliens and that makes you a traitor.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday October 27, 2006

## IT'S A PORN UTOPIA, A CORNUCOPIA OF WARM FALLOPIA

Category: [News and Politics](#)

Sexual intercourse is very frightening.

Okay, maybe not so much anymore, but think back to the first time you were about to lay down to make the beast with two back. I'll bet dollars to doughnuts that you were shaking in your sheepskin. Luckily, my first time was with a woman who was experience in such matters and she soothed me with her kind words.

I disrobed, stood naked and erect before her; she said, "Put the money on the nightstand when you're finished and get out" then she lay down.

There's still so much fear that goes into sex, and you see it on people's faces all the time. It disturbs me to no end when I see a guy or a gal ham fistedly flirting with someone and using lines you wouldn't buy in an email forward let alone real life. Sex involves a form of advertising that makes me feel very uncomfortable, especially since people dress themselves up so nice just to trade body fluids with another monkey human. Most of the time, I just wait until someone yawns and then blow a snot rocket in their mouth; it's just as gooey and almost as satisfying.

Part of the problem is that people are not ready for sex at all times. You really have to convince some people that it's sex time, and these people are not for me; at that point, you're selling something that the other person doesn't need, but you make them think they want. I prefer to revel in my sewage treatment worker-like aromas and hobo style of dress and leave myself open to the world. Who wants to fuck? You do? Sure, I've got an afternoon to kill.

I hear lots of reasons why people should have sex with strangers. There's the danger, but just because it's hard to conceal a gun when you're completely naked, doesn't mean it can't be done or that a gun can't be substituted for another weapon. There's the disease and pregnancy, but condoms can take care of a good majority of that. If you are one of the unlucky 1.2% of the population for whom condoms don't work, then you can console yourself that at least a bus didn't hit you. Besides, less than 1% of the world's population has AIDS, so the chances that sleeping with an infected person and catching the disease through a defective condom are so minimal that you may as well put your money on getting hit by a bus, because that's far more likely to happen. The other venereal disease are either curable by antibiotics or, like herpes, won't kill you.

I often wonder why people aren't more amenable to fucking strangers. Say, for instance, that I was waiting at a train

station, and an announcement was made that the next train was delayed and wouldn't arrive for the next thirty minutes; why not fuck to pass the time. Sure, some people remember to bring books, or a newspaper with them when they take the train, but there's no reason why you can't read a book or a newspaper while someone manipulates your genitalia. And so what if you have to put down your reading material for a few minutes to accommodate them? You'd probably spend the same amount of time in idle chitchat on the platform.

The plain truth is that people are too uptight about all kinds of things to hump a stranger without any hesitation. There's image problems, and inane religious hang-ups, and let's not forget cleanliness issues.

The only reason I wonder why people aren't more welcome to getting fucked at train stations and the like, is that, every year, people go to the polls and vote into office people who get off on fucking others. A politician, who you trusted, is using your vote to line his or her pockets with your tax dollars and the best defense people generally muster is partisan rancor over the proclivity of a particular party to partake in such behavior.

Since politicians end up doing the fucking anyway, and people already have the societal inclination to not get fucked, then I think it would be a much better political

system if candidates were positioned outside polling places (more than 500 feet away, so as not to influence the outcome too much) where they could "register" every voter before they cast their ballot. Sure, right now, I despise President Bush, but maybe if he gave me a little tender anal action, I'd be more inclined to believe him when he asks for my trust.

Of course, this is obviously a ridiculous plan. No politician could ever service as many voters as there are districts, and what would you possibly do before national presidential elections; also, no man could ever last so long without causing major health problems. Since it is a politicians job to continually fuck their constituents, and a man (for physical reasons) is not up to the job to do the fucking, then it is obvious that men are not suited for politics, and a law should immediately be passed that bans men from running in general elections.

Women, on the other hand, can service thousand of partners in a single day; therefore, all political candidates, from this point on, should be women and women only.

I support the candidacy of pornstars like Mary Carey and Mimi Miyagi, because politicians should know how to fuck, and, ask around, if you want to get fucked, you don't go

knocking on the door of rich, protestant, white boys with bad haircuts. Rich, protestant, white boys with bad haircuts are for making your significant other jealous when you tell them that your new boyfriend/girlfriend is a (choose one: lawyer, doctor, accountant, stock broker).

So the next time you head to the polls, I want you to cover your finger in talcum powder, stick in and out of your ass a few times, and savor the unsatisfactory feeling, because that's the modern American DemoRepublicancrat party fucking you. It doesn't feel very good does it? Don't worry, I know what you like.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday October 27, 2006



## **THEY'RE GONNA PUT ME IN THE MOVIES**

I'm so tired today; I can barely keep my eyes open. I don't know what it is, I didn't do anything yesterday, but today I feel like I could pass out at any minute.

All last week, and for the last few weekends, Mercedes and I have been watching movies. Before I left America, I swore I would never watch another remake, reimagination, sequel, adaptation, comic book based, TV show based movie. I couldn't stand paying 9 or 10 dollars to go see a version of Willy Wonka that was worse than staring at a black screen in silence for two and a half hours. When I download those same movies for free, I don't mind so much, in fact, I actually enjoy watching some of them.

It seems that, as movie prices get higher, Hollywood studios are releasing longer and longer movies. The average length of a summer blockbuster is now well over two hours, and Peter Jackson's piece of shit version of "King Kong" was almost three hours long (not to mention his god-awful "Lord of the Ring's movies"). This weekend, Mercedes and I watched "Superman Returns," which ran 154 minutes and Spiderman 2, which ran for 127 minutes; there doesn't seem to be an end in sight.

My father always said, that if you can't be good then at least be long. I've taken that message to heart (just look at the length of my average blog, or any of my novels), but I'm just an amateur, my product is supposed to be mediocre; these people making movies, they're professionals. What the hell are they doing?

Last night, Mercedes and I watched a special called "Pirates of the Internet" about how file sharing is evil and people who do it ought to be ashamed of themselves. As the primary source of much pirated material, I took great umbrage to that statement.

The primary opponents of file sharing have so far been music and movie executives, the music industry most notably during the Napster fiasco, and the movie industry in their recent ad campaign to fight file sharing by comparing it to robbing a bank (or a believe it was a liquor store in the commercial). I will leave aside my qualms with money for the moment to discuss the inherent value of a piece of art.

In a free market, an object is worth exactly as much as people are willing to pay for it. The largest targets of Internet piracy have been pop stars (in music) and Hollywood (in movies); as someone who is part of the file sharing community, it is very hard to find esoteric films or songs online without some serious digging or a friend or two. Most

of the file sharing I do involves hard to find movies and music in an effort to increase awareness of these products. When it comes to living artists, who don't get a lot of radio play, I like to make their material available so that people can get it if they want, but I still buy the album and rip it myself because I like the artist and I want to see them do well. I only physically rip music or movies under two circumstance: when there is something I want for my computer and carrying around a CD or DVD of all that material is unwieldy, or when a company makes a point of people not sharing the record.

A few years ago, I was at a concert and Citizen Cope opened for Dan Bern; they passed out these LPs with a specific warning against music piracy. I went home and immediately ripped the song and posted it online. The band Guster released an album a few years back, and someone from their record label posted dummy files online; I bought the CD, ripped it, and shared the hell out of it.

My ability to manipulate the technology owes a lot to hardworking people who develop software to do the things I need to do. It used to be very difficult, but now, in the space of a few hours, I can make a perfect DVD copy of a movie in less time than it takes for the studio that made the movie to negotiate the domestic distribution rights.

It's so easy, that I can now rip the FBI and Interpol warning off a DVD and post them online.

I'm not sure why some people rip music and movies, but I can tell you why I do it. I like the digital format, CDs and DVDs are cumbersome and they frequently get scratched. The sound is not as good as analog, but, with the right stereo, it doesn't really matter. Computers have always been more rewarding to me than people, because within those little boxes, lie enough material to keep us from going bored for the rest of our natural lives.

The other reason I rip movies is that I'm an asshole. When people make rules that are easily broken, I like to flaunt the fact in their faces. Like women who tell you ridiculous things like "Don't come in my mouth" and "Who are you and why are you climbing through my window" or those annoying clerks down at the supermarket who insist that you "pay" for everything that you "break" (Hey, if they didn't want people making whipped cream turkey bombs, then they shouldn't sell whipped cream, frozen turkeys and butane in the same store). When movie studios say that they depend on people going to see their movies, which makes me want to rip them all the more.

I can't tell when it started, but there was a time when I loved the movies, and they loved me right back, but times

change, and lovers change. The person who cooked you breakfast yesterday is tossing someone else's salad today. Movies have a new beau, and I'm not sure who it is, but he makes her dress like a tramp.

I guess it was during "Planet of the Apes" the Tim Burton fiasco. The first time I watched the movie, I really, genuinely liked it. I was so excited to see apes on the big screen that a fugue can over my mind and I brayed like an idiot. I watched it a few days later with my girlfriend, and, without the expectation of finding caviar; I tasted the shit from which the movie was actually made. It was so long, too; I think I fell asleep the second time I saw that awful piece of garbage.

Some people accuse me of being a snob about it; they say that I can't relax and enjoy myself in the movies; that I'm too critical. I suppose they're right, but until I find someone masturbating in the Hallmark card section of the druggists, I'm going to keep my cynicism. There is a certain forced quality present in most of the movies made these days, and it is reflective of the conservative thinking in America (I don't mean political ideology, but that is an extension of this) whereby market research and focus groups and demographic analysis and a whole bunch of other things that businesses employ to find the best way NOT to lose money. There doesn't seem to be any studio out there who is

doing anything innovative, just recycling the same old crap. From a business standpoint, I can understand it, because movies have been a great drain of money for a long time, but from an artistic standpoint, why even bother making movies when you can just take footage of puppy dogs rolling around in tall grass and sunsets for people to drool over.

I said earlier that the market would dictate what people are willing to pay to see a movie, and they do; for most of the drivel that comes out of Hollywood, they're willing to pay... nothing. Movies are so bad that people won't even bother paying for them; they'll even sit through shitty CAM rips just to watch them for free.

The Hollywood execs and director (M Night Shyamalan) said that internet downloads were killing the industry, and that Hollywood studios would not be able to continue to make the kind of movies they've been making if the trend continues. They said it as if it was a bad thing; I couldn't be happier.

One of the reasons I hate the Yankees is that players turn into pansies once they start playing for them. I guess when you're getting that big a paycheck, there's no need to kill yourself. Still, it's boring to watch Roger Dorn and galling to see the Roger Dorn's go to the World Series year after year. The last few years have been great. I love to

see the Yankees lose. Once they're on the bottom again, then I'll start rooting for them. I love underdogs.

Perhaps is Hollywood studios had the fear of God put back into them; they'd take a few more chances and produce something more than processed (American) cheese entertainment. For half the price of a "Star Wars", or a "Superman Returns," studios can make a pretty good product with acting that is just as good as the major "stars" of today. The problem is not that people are downloading movies. It's that the movies are so bad, people would rather wait a few hours than pay ten bucks for ticket, five dollars for popcorn, four dollars for a drink, five hundred dollars for a gun, twenty dollars for a box of ammo and have to shoot themselves rather than live with the fact they spent hard-earned money on "Superman Returns 2: The Return of Superman Returns."

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday October 30, 2006

## **OR I CAN PUT ON SOME BLACK PAJAMAS AND GO AS A BIG, BLACK HALLOWEEN CAT**

Halloween is a great holiday, and it actually is a holiday, since the word holiday means "Holy Day" and Halloween is religiously affiliated; therefore it is a holiday.

There are lots of American holidays that are not holidays, at least that's what my congressional representative said when he finally replied to my 231<sup>st</sup> letter on the subject of making April 16<sup>th</sup> National Bukkake day. My argument was that people would feel refreshed to get a face full of cum after taking a big federal dick in the ass; the congressman wrote back that I had 48 hours to leave the country or face reprisals from the eff-bee-eye.

So here I am in Korea, where people don't really make a big deal out of Halloween. I don't mind, I was never all that into Halloween myself; sure, it was nice when I was a kid, but my capacity for consuming large amounts of sweets has diminished to the point where I can barely finish a whole bag of Hershey's miniatures without feeling slightly queasy.

One of the most popular treats in Korea is a rice cake/cookie type thing called ddok, which is great when used in dishes like ddokbokki, but terrible when served as a



desert. The taste is something like soggy Styrofoam. Fortunately, there are plenty of other treats in Korea that are incredibly delicious and, in large grocery stores; you can find all sorts of western treats. Today, I brought in two bags of Hershey kisses cookie and cream for my students. I was recently mobbed by a group of Korean children with their hands out begging for candy like a pencil neck geek in a hotel room after the prom.

I want to wax nostalgic about Halloween, but my memories of the holiday are vague at best. I suppose the drugs are largely to blame for that, but maybe it's the chocolate as well. Either way, I can't remember Halloween no matter how hard I try.

I can't remember Halloween worth a damn, but I can still remember every line from the "Peanuts" and "Garfield" Halloween specials. Candy! Candy! Candy! Candy!

Of course, Halloween is just a plot, conceived by big corporations, to keep power in the hands of conservative, "family values," candidates. Don't you find it odd that Halloween always comes right before election season, so that people are so busy eating week old Baby Ruth's and leftover candy corn that they feel full, or content with the way things are i.e. less likely to vote for the right candidate.

There's something fishy here I tells ya, and I'm willing to bet that Mounds is at the bottom of it.

Mounds. Just saying the name makes me shudder with disapproval. What kind of candy is just coconut covered in chocolate? That's not candy, that's the bland taste of communism; a world where there are no nuts for anyone. Mounds would like to see that, all the other candy bars brought down to its level. I can picture it now, a swaggering red wrapper flaunting itself over a defeated Snicker's Bar: "Where's your caramel and peanuts now, pretty boy?"

It's not just Mounds that's ruining it for everyone; it's all those little candies that nobody likes to eat: candy corn, those strawberry flavored candies that come in strawberry colored wrappers and live off the change at the bottom of old ladies' purses, candy necklaces, sugar daddies, and wax lips. They've all ganged up and they're coming for your candy. With Mounds in the lead, they want to make sure that none of the candy is delicious anymore, because they hate your freedom, your freedom to choose a candy bar that you love. The freedom to savor the delicious nougat of a Three Musketeers, or the chocolate, peanut-buttery, goodness of a Payday; the very core values of Halloween are at stake here. If the Moundsorists have their way, pretty soon, they'll start coming after those candies

you only like a little bit, like O! Henry's, Hershey's Special Dark, and black licorice jellybeans. You may have been silent when they came for your skittles, and your M&Ms, but will you stay silent when they come for your Lemon-heads and your Krackel? The time to act is now, before it's too late.

Evidence shows that candy is the leading indicator of a free country, and our country cannot be free unless we eliminate the scourge of liberal, communist, tree hugging, hippy loving, moon bat candy. I mean, seriously, have you listened to what those people have to say? They're crazy.

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday November 1, 2006

## **I GOT A WOMAN, WAY OVER TOWN, SHE'S GOOD TO ME**

First off, I want to express the deep regret and sorrow that I feel for the disparaging comments I made yesterday. I am a man, and as such I often make mistakes and stick my foot in my mouth. Unfortunately, at birth, I was fitted with an experimental device, designed to improve infant flexibility (my parents always dreamed of my being a circus freak) that placed a magnet in my right foot and the back of my throat. I'm accepting full responsibility for my action, but please remember that this is a medical affliction and I too am a victim.

I suppose I should not have said the things I said, but sadly, I was under the influence of alcohol at the time I said them. Alcohol has been a thorn in my side all my life, and I've tried to battle the evil effects of alcohol addiction, but I have a disease. I have to drink. I've spoken with many (Christian) scientists about this, and they all agree that I am powerless to do anything, unless I accept Jesus Christ as my lord and savior. Until then, I will probably continue to succumb to the temptations of the bottle, and repeat the mistakes I made yesterday.

I would also like to take this time to say that I was abused as a child, people were constantly saying off color things around me, and I just assumed it was normal, since that was what I grew up with. They were also constantly

ending sentences with prepositions, and this has been a problem for me since I was growing up. One time... when I was just a little boy... I was taken to a dark room by my uncle... where he read... crude (sob) jokes (sob sob) to me, until I wasn't able to take it. I thought I was stronger than that; that I could live my life without ever mentioning this terrible abuse, but now I realize that I need help.

It is a shame that I live in a culture that rewards such foul behavior, because, without that society, I might have led a productive life as a politician or a political consultant, instead of a teacher and a writer.

I accept full responsibility for the things I said and I apologize to the Mounds candy bar. I had no idea what a pillar of the community the Mounds candy bar has been; all the charity work and donations to third world countries. I have even received reports that Mounds candy bars may have the possibility to cure cancer.

But the Mounds candy bar is not entirely blameless in the matter; the Mounds candy bar has allowed the liberal Democratic Party to hide behind its coconut goodness and dark chocolate shell. It's time that the Democrats faced the music and stood up for themselves instead of trying to deflect the issue onto harmless candy bars that everyone loves. The Mounds candy bar has to stand up for itself and

if it does not then it deserves the attacks made against it, just as surely as the cowards who would cut and run in the war on deliciousness.

The time for empty rhetoric is over; there is a war going on, and if we're not above those ivory tower eggheads then we're just as bad as they are. We can't let up on those who would attack the symbol of liberty exhibited by the Mounds candy bar, we've got to stay the course; for those who would cut and run, you're cowards and you don't deserve the delicious coconut center of freedom.

I love Mounds candy bars, how can you not. They're very simple, plain candy bars of the people; not like those fancy, ivy-league Snicker's bars. As I've said before, when I was a kid, I was very unassuming and so I often got what other people were willing to throw away. I love black jellybeans, good'n'plentys, and Moxie cola. Sure, the big name stuff is nice every once in a while, but it's cheap hollow, like dating a girl with breast implants. Sure, the hardware is the same, but it just feels empty.

I rarely read contemporary books, preferring instead to focus on the classics. It just feels like past writers were able to cram more substance in their work than the people who are writing today (myself included). The best thing about being writing a classic book is that everyone buys it,

everyone says how great it is, but nobody reads it. That would be the ultimate dream, to be a word renowned writer, whom no one has ever read.

I do have a sincere apology to the people who read this blog; I'm sorry for spending so much time on political drivel, but the elections are coming up and if I can convince just one person that the whole thing is a sham, then I'll feel good about not having made a difference.

Tonight, I would like everyone to masturbate in the name of liberty and invite others taste the fruits of your freedom. A little bit of liberty never hurt anybody, and if you eat some acidic fruits, like plums, blueberries, and cranberries, it will even taste a little sweeter.

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday November 1, 2006

**YOUR DENIAL IS BENEATH YOU, AND THANKS TO THE USE OF  
HALLUCINOGENIC DRUGS, I SEE THROUGH YOU**

Election seasons always make me feel dispirited about politics and its ability to change the world.

It surprises me that so many American heroes have been politicians (particularly presidents) when it seems that politicians are about as useful as a bag full of hedgehogs. The best I can figure is that presidents, and other political figures, act as security blankets for an American public too busy sucking its collective thumb to think rationally on their way to the polls.

In America, during the last presidential election, an overwhelming majority supported the current president in his bid for reelection (because boys kissing is icky)... well, not entirely. You see, only 55% of the eligible voters voted in the presidential election and of those 55% only 51% supported the president; so, at best, half of one half of the voting population supported the president in his bid for reelection (because boys kissing is icky). Bush got very excited for his narrow victory and declared that it was a mandate from the people, going on to accomplish... not much, as far as I can tell. Sure there was the push to save marriage, but divorce rates went up again; there was the push to save social security, but that was a miserable



failure; and there was the push to keep the country safe, but that was a miserable success.

The number of freedoms given up by Americans has not made the country any safe (by the presidents own admission that we are not yet safe) and the war on terror is going about as well as the war on drugs and war on poverty and war on... on what else is there to declare war?

In times of emergency, politicians like to make proclamations and claim that they are in control of the situation; it is true that in public many people agree with them, but in the dark, when they're alone, every person listens to a different voice, one that says that nothing is under control, it never has been and never will be; we group together as a society to keep that voice away; we think: "In numbers, there is nothing bad that can happen to us."

Us. Each and every one of us, with out memories of childhood and the jokes we share with one or two people who know us really well; can it be that we will die, that we will cease to exist? It's impossible, many of us say, "I can't die now, I've got tickets to a play next week, and I'm going on a vacation next month with my family." Then along comes something sudden and just like that, you cease to exist.

Man proposes, God disposes.

That's one of my favorite quotes on the subject. I don't believe in God per se, but I like to think of God as everything that we human beings can't control. You'd think that human beings, as the temporal animals we are, would do a little better job of taking care of shit right now, but we love to leave things for the future. I know I have to return my library books today, but I really want to see the end of this, and by then I'll be late to work, and... I'll just bring them back tomorrow.

Now, as a concept, has gotten a bad rap over the years. Nobody likes to throw up what they're doing and do something right now. Even I, as I am about to defend doing things right now, don't like to break my train of thought and start up a new project.

There's nothing you're doing right now, that couldn't be put off for another time, if something better comes up, and that's part of the problem. You can use the same logic to refute whatever it is you want to do right now. I'm sorry, I can't go see a movie with you; I've got work to do. The logic being that you can do both things later, but one is more important than the other. Work is more important.

I do my best to never bring work home, and if I ever have a job that requires me to do extra work after I leave, you can be sure that I will do everything in my power to get out of that job. There are a million things in the universe more important than whatever work you're doing, and if it costs you your job to realize that, then so be it. The thing about jobs is that you can always find another one; the thing about life is that this is the only one you get.

Earlier, I was talking with my wife about a charity group that's trying to make changes in Africa, and I applaud the ideal of this group; to make changes in a desolate place is a wonderful thing, but desolate is hardly the word to describe any place where there is life. People are suffering wherever you go, and you would be hard pressed to tell a man who just missed his train in suburbia that he is suffering any less than a starving child who just saw the last bit of edible food snatched away from him. The two beings are probably not even aware of each other. The man and the child are disconsolate because they have to wait, and nothing anyone can say to them will alleviate their suffering; indeed, if their situations were reversed, they would still feel just as upset.

The ability to change is present only in the hands of the person initiating change. All over the world, people stand up and call for change, assuming that (when fate or time or

luck) when they find a cause that is successful, they are responsible for decisions of thousands, or millions, of human beings who stood up and decided to change their world.

The United States has marched into Iraq and made proclamations against pillaging and armed resistance, proclamations that in different times, worked wonders on the population, but now fall on deaf ears. Surely, should the tide change, politicians would stand up claiming credit for the defeat of resistance forces and the liberation of Iraq, but they would, in no way, be responsible for the peace just as they are not responsible for the current violence. The people of Iraq will give up fighting when they are ready or have been obliterated from the face of the planet, and nothing the American military or politicians can do will change their resistance.

Currently, people in America are becoming more hardened and embittered towards each other over facile beliefs or political affiliations, with each side clamoring for the other side to recognize the inherent goodness and value of their words, but words, like faeries and elves and God and other make believe characters, only have as much power as the person who hears them allows.

I can't promise either side that they will win, but I can promise that in one hundred years, all of your cares and

worries, your causes, your friends and family; they'll all be forgotten; and if you manage to survive the ravages of time, your words will be twisted out of proportion with what you intended and people will commit atrocities in your name or uselessly dissect your poetry in college English classes.

I wanted to write something funnier today, but I'm all out of laughs. Sorry about that, I forgot to take my enema last night.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday November 3, 2006

## **BILLY, DON'T BE A HERO, DON'T BE A FOOL WITH YOUR LIFE**

Someone left a comment on this blog saying: "What if that moron had been elected president?" (referring to John Kerry) which I found particularly hilarious, because of the indicative that. It was very astute of you to mention which particular idiot, because you wouldn't have wanted to confuse him with the other idiot that was elected president.

My favorite thing about the whole fiasco is that Republicans are mad because John Kerry made an ad hominem attack against the military, but the Republicans ad hominem attacks go by unnoticed every day (keep that in mind you filthy, god-hating liberals).

Soldiers do no need to be protected like children, they're hired killers. A government trains people to kill other human beings, which is all well and good when you're talking about defending your homeland, but when you send them halfway around the world to kill brown people, then soldiers are not performing a "noble" act, nor are they "serving" their country; they're halfway around the world killing brown people.

You see, President Bush and his cronies have made much of the lack of terrorist attacks in the last few years, and they attribute that success to their international policies and the war in Iraq; however, the reason why we haven't had

any terrorist attacks is actually a magic rock that I found in my backyard. I had that magic rock in America until September 10, 2001 and the very next day there was a terrorist attack. I returned with the rock a few days later, and voila, no more terrorist attacks. You may doubt me, and the powers of my magic rock; you may even ask me for proof that my rock works, but that's only because you want the terrorists to win and you hate freedom.

I was actually starting to look up to Kerry after what he said, because soldiers are stupid. Before you get upset about that, let me clarify. I'll be very liberal in my estimate and say that soldiers are made up of a fair cross section of society, well, a large portion of society is of average intelligent, certainly less than what anyone would call smart. Even being VERY liberal and saying 15% of people worldwide are "smart" that still means 85% of the people in the world are of average or below average intelligence. This time, I'll work in the other way and conservatively say that only 5% of the people in the world are stupid. Either way, you're left with a population that is 5% stupid, 15% smart, and 80% average. Well, the military has 1.4 million active duty troops, 144,000 of which are stationed in Iraq, or ten percent of the military. Assuming that the military is a fair cross section of society, it is possible to say that:

- a) Half of the troops in Iraq are stupid, b) None of the troops in Iraq are smart, or c) Two-thirds of the military's

intelligence is currently in Iraq. All of these statements are approximations, but when you take into account that America currently ranks 55th worldwide in adult literacy and the number of American adults who graduate high school or college is lower than most developed nations, you can say that the troops stationed in Iraq are at least dumber (comparatively) than similar forces from other countries.

All that is getting away from the issue at hand, why is the military beyond reproach? In classrooms all over America, similar low paying, high-risk job are used to threaten children who don't study. You better do your math homework, or at least learn how to say: "Do you want fries with that?" Many parents, without sufficient educations, work hard, grueling jobs so they can send their children to college. Why? So that the children don't have to kill themselves working in coal mines, or deep sea fishing ships, or woodsmen. The implication being that, if you don't study hard, you'll have to do manual labor. Starting salary in the armed forces is somewhere in the mid-twenties, while the average starting salary for college graduates is in the mid thirties to forties. By definition, a college graduate is more educated (not necessarily smart, but for the sake of argument lets just say better trained) and less likely to join the military.



Now to the point of honor, because let's say that people are going through college, getting degrees and joining the military from a sense of honor to defend the motherland. Well, the people in Iraq are fighting against the American military to defend the motherland for their honor. If both sides are fighting to preserve their honor and defend the motherland, then which side is actually on the side of honor, and which side is chock full of murderous aggressors. We'll let the history books decide that one.

Let me close by saying this: I've met a lot of military recruiters in my time, and I very rarely hear them saying anything about honor, patriotism, courage, or freedom; however, I often hear them talking about benefits, salary, career, and advancement. The military is a profession (one of the oldest besides prostitution, and very similar in requirements and protocol), by the same logic that gives the military honor, someone working at a Starbucks, serving coffee, is entitled to the same sense of honor as a soldier. Only, if an employee from Starbucks were to shoot up a house full of women, children, and unarmed civilians, I'd call that person what they rightfully are... a murderer.

So maybe John Kerry is an idiot, chances are good that most of the troops in Iraq are not stupid, but chances are equally good that they're a far cry from smart.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday November 3, 2006

## **WHEN I TELL YOU THAT I LOVE YOU, DON'T TEST MY LOVE**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

The United States fights wars to free oppressed people from tyranny around the world. The US does not fight wars of aggression or territorial conquest. The US rescues cats from trees and hugs orphans. The US has twice stopped Dr Satanicus from realizing his dreams of world conquest. The US does not fight wars for territorial conquest.

But

Since the Southern states seceded from the Union, the civil war was technically a war for territorial conquest. The US plans on keeping permanent military bases in Iraq, that's a little bit of territory there. There are US bases in Korea from the war fought over here. US bases in the Philippines still left over from the Spanish American war. Hawaii is a former US military base as is all the land west of the Mississippi river. The US still has military bases in Germany, Japan, and Italy. The US has a military base in Cuba, also a holdover from the Spanish American war.

Let's take a look at the oppressed people the US has sent troops to "free" in reverse chronological order.

Iraq - the people of Iraq are now free to die from US, terrorist, or militia hostilities. More people have died in Iraq per day since the US invasion than under any year when Saddam Hussein was in power. Not to justify the regime of Saddam Hussein (cough, former ally, cough cough, sold him weapons), but I suppose the people of Iraq are now free, if you consider martial law free. They're free to go sleep earlier because there are no lights in a lot of country; they're free to drink coca-cola. It doesn't seem like they're free to tell the United States to go the fuck home.

Afghanistan - another extremist regime that received US financial and military support in the "fight against communism." I will say that Afghanistan is more free than the US, because the last time I tried to grow pot in my house I had a fucking pig at my door trying to haul me off to jail; however, in Afghanistan, I hear it's much easier to grow poppies than it used to be. When you have access to that much opium, it doesn't matter how free you are, or if you've eaten in a few days, or if your clothes are on fire.

Liberia and the Philippines - This guy, who was a career soldier in the Philippines, used to work for me. He would tell me stories about hunting Muslim extremists in the 70s and 80s and how he once killed a man with his bare hands. One of the many honors of being a soldier I guess. The US sent forces to Liberia to oust a President who had been in

the United States and rose to power directly in retaliation to friend dictator set up by the US (once again, in our fight against communism). The Philippino rebels have been fighting against the government since the Spanish were in power, but they really upped the ante when (I'm getting tired of typing this) a US friendly dictator started abusing all kinds of rights within the country.

Kosovo and the former Yugoslavia - We dropped bombs from planes. Nobody died except for the people getting bombed. We even got the Luftwaffe in on the act, woo hoo, those boys had been dormant since they destroyed London.

Somalia - The US tried to capture a warlord and ended up having their asses handed to them.

Gulf War (beta) - 79 US soldiers, using up to date death technology, died while over 100,000 Iraqi soldiers, using Soviet tanks from the 80s and weakened by a decade of war with Iran, died. If the imbalance between the casualties doesn't tell you something perhaps your rose colored glasses have been glued to your face.

It was a massacre. Sure, Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait, but he also acted as a buffer for Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, all while Kuwait was slant-drilling oil out of Iraq. When

the Saudis said to Bush Sr., lick my asshole, Bush Sr. said:  
"Read my lips, how deep do you want this tongue?"

Panama - more killing of brown people. Another friendly dictator who rose to power with US blessing during our "fight against communism." Both countries signed a treaty promising to give back the Panama canal to Panama, but the US said, "Fuck you, white man no honor treaty with brown skins." The fighting in Panama lasted just about two weeks.

Beirut and Grenada - the US went into Lebanon to keep the peace between Israel (who had invaded Lebanon) and Palestinians (all while supplying military hardware and nuclear technology to Israel, hooray) walked into Lebanon, got its ass handed to them. The US pulled out its forces, bombed Lebanon from the sea and then went home. Causing future Republicans to forget what emboldening terrorists means until Bill Clinton became president. All the while Ronald Reagan was busy selling military technology to Iran and financing the "freedom fighters" who would later become terrorists when the whole thing blew up Reagan's face.

Tehran - After the overthrow of a friendly dictator set up by the US (to fight those bastard Reds), a number of American hostages were holed up with terrorists (only freedom fighters if they're fighting for our side). The US

tried to rescue them, but accidentally crashed a helicopter and shot itself in the foot while trying to use the toilet.

Vietnam - "If we don't stand up in Vietnam, then all of Southeast Asia will go communist... followed closely by the world." Friendly dictator, overthrown, communism, 'nough said.

Dominican Republic - The army went into a dangerous situation and extracted civilians who were in harms way, gave them food and clothing. Now that's honorable.

Bay of Pigs - "Yeah, go ahead, we got your back"  
(snicker, snicker)

Korean War - Still happening to this day. South Korea currently free to drink all the diet coke they can handle.

World War 2 - after sitting on the sidelines for most of the fighting and making small gains in the Pacific. The US and its allies wait until Russia has beaten Germany so badly that the sausage eaters can barely defend themselves, and then march in and declare victory for Democracy. Sure, Japan bombed Pearl Harbor, but under the Japanese version of the Monroe doctrine, they had every right to do so; just as the US would have done if Japan set up a base in say... Baja Mexico. Rather than fighting the rest of the war in the

Pacific, President Truman says, "Nuke those fucking zipper heads" and fifty years later there are still silhouettes of burned objects and Godzilla sequels a plenty.

With the exception of Germany and Kosovo (but Eastern Europeans don't count) the United States has made it their business to kill more brown people than AIDS and Smallpox (as if we were jealous of the power those diseases have). The US has not faced off against an actual army since WW2 and I have already discussed how that turned out.

Honorable is mostly defined by how often a person sticks by their word. In the ancient world, in pre-literate societies, it was very important for people to practice what they preached because there was no paper copy you could go back to, to prove it if the time came. That's why we have concepts like "the word of god" or Odin's staff (covered in promises and treaties); in fact, if you read the Norse sagas, you can see what happened to Odin when he didn't keep his word. The US has consistently sold arms to brown people to help them kill other brown people, but when the atrocities committed with those actions becomes too much for the brown people and they overthrow the dictators set up by the US, we march in with a huge army and do our best to rape the shit out of them. The funny thing is that the US somehow convinces its citizenry that the people we're bombing,



killing and raping somehow deserve the treatment they get because... communism, terrorism, whatever.

More than once, the US turned down a UN resolution banning terrorism because it included a caveat saying that people who fought against unjust governments were not considered terrorists. What that means is that if the UN was in power in 1776, the US "patriots" (read: rich, white men who didn't like paying taxes) who fought against the British, were terrorists. There were two other nations that didn't sign the resolution; I think it was Russia and Iran or something like that (I can't remember anymore).

The last time American soldiers fought to protect Americans, was in the civil war, and you know who was trying to kill them... other Americans. To this day, there has only been one bomb dropped on America, and it was a mafia hit in the 1930 in the Midwest somewhere. The US soldiers that get killed overseas are invading other sovereign territories. Think of it this way, if, in the wake of Hurricane Katrina. The UK and France decided that the US wasn't treating its citizens well enough and dispatched a military force to take the city of New Orleans, do you think anyone in the US would say that those military forces were there to liberate oppressed people?

There's only one reason soldiers fight, to avoid being killed themselves. Sure, there are soldiers who fight for honor and dignity and to serve their country; those are the guys that you see in the first reel, before the credits finish rolling, showing the lead actor pictures of the wives and children to which they're going home who invariably end up dead before the end of the second reel. You'll notice that I equated all those terms to a movie because that's where honor, dignity, and patriotism exist in your fucking imagination.

In war, there is one group of scared, young kids hoping that they stay alive long enough so they can go home versus another group of scared kids hoping the same thing. The people who hide behind the men at the guns talk of honor and dignity and patriotism... and run like scared rabbits when they hear the sound of gunfire.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday November 3, 2006

## I BOUGHT A '30 FORD WAGON AND WE CALL IT A WOODIE

Category: [Life](#)

It starts to eat at your soul after while, that feeling that somewhere out there, someone is intentionally trying to ruin your life.

Sure, at first it might seem like a coincidence. The toaster jams and your toast crumbles when you try to take it out. You try, for what seems like hours, and your penis just won't get hard. The traffic lights all turn red just as you approach, and you get pulled over for speeding just a block away from work.

It's no accident, and you're not being paranoid. There's someone out there who wants to see you suffer.

Someone who sits in the dark, watching the events of your life unfold with the grim satisfaction of a true sadist as all your best laid schemes gang a gley. They watch you, and your coworkers, traverse through the cubicle maze of an office as you bump into each other and spill coffee on your clothes... the day of your big presentation or annual performance review. They give your relatives diseases on the days when you have tickets for an important event. They set your Tivo (or VCR for you dinosaurs) to tape the Christopher Lowell show instead of "Monster Truck Demolition Mayhem: The

Return of Truckasaurus" or "Monday Night Raw Wrestling."  
Make no mistake about it; they're out to get you.

They don't like you because you're free. They live in a world where their every desire is ridiculed or outlawed and they want to make sure that if they're miserable, then you are, too; and if they can't make you miserable, then they might just have to kill you in the worst possible place. That's why your children will one day find your bloated corpse, covered in your final bowel movement on the bathroom floor, with one hand around your dick and a well-worn copy of Tiger Beat (with the pages stuck together) in the other. They don't like you and they wish you were dead.

They are enemies of the devil, sent here to tempt you away from the one true faith of the lord and savior Jesus Christ, who died for our sins (hallelujah, hosanna). They can't stand that fact that you're going to heaven, while they're miserable heathen sinners who will be destroyed in the final days, when Jesus comes back to Earth to judge the living and the dead. They want to see your children brought up in a godless world so they'll spurn your values when they're older and lock you away in an old folks home like you did to your parents.

They are out to get you.

You know who's responsible for all the bad things in your life. The Blacks... no wait... the Jews... no wait, the Irish... I mean the Italians... I mean Arabs... I mean terrorists... I mean homosexuals. Yeah, that's one we can all agree on, the homosexuals. They're out there with their gay agenda and all they want is to see is your son or daughter take a big stiff cock in their ass... Well, not your daughters, because that would be straight, so I guess they want your daughters to take a big, stiff tongue in their ass, but that's not really painful (and it feels nice when your wife's tongue gets a little close to that area... push those thoughts away, you sissy faggot), so I guess the agenda is to... Oh yeah, burn in hell.

Those damn gays and their gay agenda. They've been pushing it for time out of mind. Remember that priest who wanted to push his gay agenda on you. You were too young to know that it was wrong, just that it tasted salty and he bought you ice cream after. Or Uncle Billy... poor Uncle Billy.

The important thing to remember is that it's not your fault. It's not your fault that you wife doesn't find you attractive and your children resent your lifestyle and don't want to spend time with you. It's not your fault that none of your kids can read past a third grade level (you never learned to read past the 3<sup>rd</sup> grade and it ain't hurt you

none). It's not your fault that you lost your job screwing bottle caps on perfume bottle to a factory in Guatemala because the Union was going to get the company to drop the charges that you were drinking on the job and let you go back to work if those fags hadn't made them want to move the company out of the country. It's not your fault at all. It's the homosexual's fault.

Make no mistake about it, there's somebody out there trying to get you, and there's only one solution. You have to kill yourself and your family to keep yourself safe from the homosexual threat. Gays were sent here by the devil to tempt you, and there's no way they are ever going to let up, so you've got to keep your family safe while you can. Sure, they may cry a little bit, but don't let that stop you. You're doing the lord's work, just like when he rained fire on the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah. Just whisper to them and tell them that it's for their own good; then stab them through the heart and cut off their heads (you have to be sure). When you're finished, stab yourself and be done with it. God will understand and forgive you.

Of course, you could take a moment and look around you. You could stop thinking for a minute and observe the world, as living creature exercise their own thoughts and opinions independently from your own; understanding that everything that happens on this earth will be forgotten when all the

people you knew are dead. The stories they pass down about you, if any, will lose all meaning and what was once sacred to you will be a joke to someone else and what was a joke to you will become sacred to someone else. O heavenly father, we offer up this solemn prayer in the hopes that we may be saved. Why did the chicken cross the road... You could look at all these things and realize that happiness is a state of mind, and there is nothing to stop you from feeling happy when someone dies or sad when you win the lottery, but that you are predetermined to act that way because that's the way you've seen other people act in the same circumstances.

You could look around at all these things and understand that the people around you are sentient being who want to live their lives to their own desires and that may not always include you. You are powerless to stop people from slipping away, but instead of blaming their shortcomings on others, you could appreciate them while you still can. The amazing thing is that once you start to do this, people stick around a lot longer than they did in the past and you don't feel so angry anymore. There might still be someone out there trying to get you, but it doesn't bother you.

It's the kind of thing that can heal your soul.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday November 3, 2006



## **DON'T MAKE A FUSS JUST GET ON THE BUS AND BE A CREW SLUT**

Category: [Life](#)

I wanted to write about Jessica Alba today. Very few celebrities make me as mad as Jessica Alba.

I have a big problem with actors and actresses who don't take off their clothes. When you decide on a career path like actor or model, you are objectifying yourself. Unlike many people, I see no problem with this, but as an object, you must prepare to utilize every aspect of your object self. When celebrities and their ilk refuse to take off their clothes for personal reasons, it assumes too much pride and respect of which said celebrities feel they are worthy.

I don't know if you've ever watched a movie with Jessica Alba, or Brittany Spears, or Mandy Moore, or Jessica Simpson, but the acting talent between the four of them has about as much depth as a thimble full of cow shit. There are many ways to attain respectability, and, for some people, keeping your clothes on might do just that, but, for the aforementioned dancing monkeys, there aren't enough starving orphans in the world to lend them any kind of credibility. The same could be said of myself, if I became famous, I may aspire to grand delusions of respectability, but I know exactly why I get people to read my writing, and if I ever

tried to expand beyond the dick and fart jokes, my meager audience (my mother and a homeless guy who masturbates in your local library) would dwindle like gallon of chocolate ice cream during a "Sex in the City" marathon.

Those "Sex in the City" girls are perfect examples of celebrities who know what's good for them; they were on a "sexy" show and they all took off their clothes, except for Sarah Jessica Parker and thus, I have more respect for the other three ladies who shared that spotlight.

I wanted to write about all these things, but I found out about something yesterday that made me change my mind.

As a rebellion against her parents, Jessica Alba became a born again Christian, just like Ned Flanders (lousy beatniks). I can easily imagine the thought process going through her mind (we all went through a little of that, didn't we?) because when you're a teenager you'd eat ten pounds of cabbage if enough people told you that it was wrong (and that you'd get high). There comes a point in a person's life when they start pushing against the boundaries, even to the point of idiocy, just because they get tired of listening to rules.

Take drugs for example. When I was in high school, I was super anti-drug. I bought into all the DARE crap and "Just

say No" until I was blue in the face. I even went as far as to criticize one of my best friends for using (insert appropriate dramatic sound) marijuana... aka the Devil's weed. Now I can't get enough of smoking marijuana and I look down on people who don't smoke; actually, that's not true, I don't look down on anyone, if I can help it, but I think people who aren't willing to try it a few times are a little daft.

What changed my mind?

I was riding in a car with my father, one night, and suddenly it struck me that with my particular views on things. I was more like Douglas Neidermeyer from "Animal House" than Bluto Blutarsky. The more I looked back over my various heroes from various stories, I realized that I was more like the antagonists, and it broke my little heart.

Nobody wants to think they're the bad guy.

Despite my draconian views on things like the death penalty, drugs, alcohol, and the price of beans in Antigua, I wanted to believe that I was one of the good guys. I was as wrong as can be. When you judge another human being, you cut yourself from the greatest thing we humans have at our disposal: forgiveness. Not the kind of forgiveness that religion preaches (We'll forgive you, just follow these

rules), but forgiveness that encompasses all aspects of life. The kind of forgiveness that lets one man, home early from work to pick up a book he forgot on the nightstand, look into the eyes of his significant other, moments before their face is plastered with someone else's semen without feeling any anger. We all make mistakes, and we all need forgiveness.

I have found, in my life, that I'm not often angry with people, so much as disappointed in them. Which means that I made a conscious decision to expect something from a person and I'm let down when that person fails to deliver on my expectations... my expectations. The whole thing reeks of possessiveness and ownership of which human beings are incapable. I can torture the hell out of someone for the rest of their natural life, but I'll never be able to make them my possession. The expectations I have for other people are just extensions of my own desire to mold people in my image, and there's something deeply wrong with that. Diversity, even in the face of danger, is a lot better than homogeneity.

I read somewhere that "High Noon" is one of President Bush's favorite movies; the lone man who stands up to apathy and indifference and fights off the bad guys all by himself. Strange though, that "High Noon" was written as an allegory about the evils of McCarthyism, the very type of witch

hunting at which Bush and his cronies excel. Nobody wants to believe they're the bad guy.

So I get real pissed off when I see Jessica Alba in another movie where she doesn't take off her clothes. Doesn't she know that she's just a cheap whore, there for my amusement, to satisfy my every whim, no matter how ridiculous or degrading? I mean come on, if I'm going to sit through two hours of the Fantastic Four, the least you could do is let Michael Chiklis stick one of his orange "Thing" fingers in your ass.

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday November 6, 2006

## THIS ONE WAS GONNA BE OURS

Category: [News and Politics](#)

It's Election Day, and I'm not voting. I looked into filing an absentee ballot, but it's not really worth it to vote in the election.

Some people say that when you don't vote, you have nothing to complain about because you're part of the problem, not the solution. I say that a lot of people are completely full of shit, and the best way to prove this is to smear a heavy, oil-based lubricant on your hands and open up their asshole like it was a turkey. You'll find nothing but shit. Most people spend a large amount of time sitting on their ass, congress people, office workers, even the folks in factories have comfortable chairs to sit in as they watch can after can of Budweiser float by. I would even go so far to say that the ass is the most important part of the human body, since it seems that it gets the most use. The most important part of the human body and it's full of shit. Right now, every cell in your body is excreting waste that will be absorbed by various entities in your body and transported to the ass for expulsion. The cells in your body are constantly dying off and being replaced by new cells, so right now, each and every one of you is not only full of shit, but you are, indeed, a giant, walking pile of shit. Enjoy your breakfast.

I make no qualms about my problems with politicians, because it's true, power corrupts. People think that it takes absolute power to corrupt, but that's only if you want to corrupt someone absolutely. I can't tell what kind of fucked up things I would do if I had absolute power. I'd probably spend the rest of eternity smoking marijuana and having sex with your mother (while I force you to watch), that's how much absolute power corrupts; however, power corrupts in small doses as well.

You have the power, right now, to get up from your chair and turn off the lights, but you don't, because it's much more pleasant to type, and read, with them on, but you're wasting electricity (not much, but you're still wasting it).

All right, fine, that was a shitty example, but what can you expect from a giant, typing pile of shit?

You have the power to apologize and draw attention to the things you break and spill, to keep yourself in shape, to live an honest and decent life, but you wallow in the mire of this existence like everyone else, consigned to stuffing deep fried sausage wrapped in chocolate pancakes down your increasingly large gullet while watching the new season of (insert your favorite TV show). Power corrupts, and all it takes is a little bit.

Say you're working in an office and it's Friday night; you're about to take off for the weekend, when all of the sudden you spill the last dregs of your coffee in the break room. You have the power to clean it up, but it's already 6 (7,8,9) o'clock and besides, they have someone to come in on the weekend to clean the place. Or, you're a politician, and someone brings a very large bill to you on Friday night, when you're just about to take off for the weekend. (I know... the second scenario is unlikely... politicians rarely work on Friday's and they never work at night).

When you go to the voting booth, you are just as guilty of abusing your power as all the above examples, because you're playing into someone else's game instead of doing something for yourself. One of the most depressing things about coming of age, and gaining the ability to vote, was the miserable choices on the ballot.

In a way, I like the lack of political choices, it reminds me of being a kid, when there weren't ten thousand different flavors of gum (you can have the pink or the mint) or mustard (you want yellow or spicy), but the modern world is all about choices. There are ten thousand different kinds of salad dressing for the people in America, and we're supposed to all get together and elect one person that



represents all of us? The system is corrupt and it needs to be fixed.

Am I the best person to fix it? No. I'm a terrible candidate for public office because my past is checkered like polka band and I'm crazier than a shithouse rat. The only reason I want to be president is so I can destroy the government and let anarchy reign through the land (plus, once you're president, they pretty much have to publish anything you write).

The worst part about elections is that so few people take part in elections. My grandfather tells a story about great-grandmother and the police coming to pick her up and take her to a polling place because she was registered but hadn't yet voted. The polls open too late and close too early for most normal folks, because there are kids to handle, jobs to perform, and a life to live. If the US government is willing to spend a billion dollars a week to bomb the shit out of a poor country like Iraq, don't you think they could spend half that amount to keep the polls open a few hours? I'd like to see everyone getting in on the vote, but I don't think that would solve the problem. 300,000,000 people in this country and only two of them are suited for a particular job? I could see that being the case in small districts, but in Manhattan alone there are 8 million people.

We need a more drastic change.

The best way to express your distaste is not to line up and pitch your pickle into the Grand Canyon, but to enact real change. I'm talking about armed rebellion.

Not arms like guns, those are for individual protection. You can't have a bunch of people running around with guns, that causes real chaos and the wrong people always get shot. I'm talking about an armed rebellion... get it, like arms, man.

On Election Day, I say we put down our useless jobs (and useless children) and start walking toward Washington. When we get there, we pile into the capital building and we take control of it, we pass whatever laws we want and we tar and feather every elected official in the place. Sure, they might send the police after us; that's where the arms come in. Non-violent coup. When a cop gets in the way, six or seven people just hug the pig and immobilize it; a lot of us will get the shit kicked out of us, but eventually we'll take them down. They may even start shooting at us, but remember, dying in the name of liberty isn't really dying, it's like falling asleep... while bleeding out of several, large bullet wounds.

Let's take back the new millennium.

Sex Mahoney for President

Wednesday November 8, 2006

**WELL I DRUNK A LOT OF WINE AND I'M FEELING FINE, GONNA RACE SOME  
CAT TO BED**

Category: [Religion and Philosophy](#)

While the beauty of a sunset may be accidental, the sunset itself is certainly not, they serve a purpose and they developed over time. What people forget when they argue against evolution (or more often, in favor of a deity) is that beautiful things happen by chance all the time because beauty is subjective; so, what is beautiful to one person may not be to another. I find it very beautiful when a woman takes two dicks in her ass, but there are some people who feel that kind of thing is disgusting; conversely, there are some people who think it's beautiful when a woman shits out a baby, but I think that is disgusting... we each have our opinions about beauty formed over time by our upbringing and experience.

Purpose of the sunset is another story. Why does the earth spin? Well, the earth spins on its axis because that's how the disparate elements came together to form the earth were spinning when the earth formed. Inertia keeps the earth spinning because an object in motion will remain in motion unless acted upon by a force. The wrong assumption is to assume that it is entirely random chance that the earth spins and we experience that as the sun setting, one is caused by the other.

When you look at a single event, like the big bang, or the development of opposable thumbs, as a singular event, removed from space and time, it does seem ridiculous, but when you examine the same event in space and time, it seems inevitable that it was bound to happen that way. That is not to say that the course of events is inevitable, but that you can trace the progression from one stage to the next and see the causal relationship between the two.

For instance, let's say that I am standing in a bank and I watched a person walk in who was carrying a gun and wearing a ski mask. I might correctly predict that the person is here to rob the bank, I could predict the chain of events, but I could also be wrong. If, after robbing the bank, the person heads for the exit just as it is bathed in the flashing lights of police cars, I could again predict that they will try to escape a different way, but, if the person panicks and runs outside, I would be wrong. To the policeman outside, it seems inevitable that the person ran outside so they could be shot, but it runs contrary to the survival instinct we all possess.

Indeed, we people did not go from growing thumbs to writing symphonies overnight, there was a long period of adaptation and learning just as there was a much longer

period between developing dexterous digits and opposable thumbs.

Religion itself evolves so that what seems like inevitable religious doctrines are actually the result of long periods of gradual internal change. In the 12th century, it was very common for Catholic priests to skirt traditional church law and get married, but elements of the church pushed in the opposite direction and the next three hundred years saw a rise in unmarried clerical sex while today there are priests in the church who touch little boys. It seems like the most recent form of anti-canonical behavior is odd, but it can be explained by looking at its slow development over centuries. At the time, when these changes took place, many people predicted and prognosticated about the possible outcome, and the ones that turned out to be wrong are generally forgotten, as is the case with religious texts that contradicted the findings of the Nicean Council in 325 CE.

Even the modern protestant movement is the result of years of Catholic oppression in unwilling countries. All things, including people and their behavior, change slowly over time. There is nothing random in these changes, but randomness does occasionally occur. When there is a random change, most of the time it is quickly stamped out or dies

without producing any offspring, but when beneficial changes occur, they can last for centuries.

Take Jesus, for example. At the time of Christ's alleged birth there were hundred of Jews leading similar movements away from the traditional church hierarchy and many of their leaders were executed by the combined effort of Roman and Jewish lawmakers, but most of them never caught on in the way Christianity did. The emperor Constantine's conversion to Christianity is one of those random occurrences, as Constantine converted on the night before a battle, claiming that Jesus gave his blessing to the army because of the conversion, but if Constantine had lost, we might have never heard that apocryphal story as it passed down through the centuries.

People's unthinking acceptance of religious dogma works for and against the church, since, like classic works of art, it benefits from the unthinking praise of people who have never studied its tenants, but it also suffers as those people, looking to justify their current lifestyle, subconsciously force changes on the church over decades and centuries.

Things change, and they only appear random when we look at the result of the changes without examining the long road that brought us there in the first place.

Sex Mahoney for President

Thursday November 9, 2006



## NEVER URGE A DATE TO REGURGITATE

Category: [News and Politics](#)

Sometimes, you have to take extreme measures to achieve results.

Like the other day, I was in the supermarket.

I went to the supermarket because I saw a sale advertising pig testicles for one dollar a pound. I know that some of you may not care about the price of pig testicles, but, for the pig testicle connoisseurs, you know that one dollar a pound is more than a fair price for pig testicles, in fact, it's practically a steal.

The only problem is that I don't get out of work until 10 o'clock which means that I don't get home until 10:15 at the earliest and 10:30 at the latest; the supermarket closes at 11. By the time I got home, dropped off my backpack, and took some cash from my sugar bowl, I barely had time to get to the supermarket and find the pig testicles before they closed for the night.

When I got to the supermarket, it was obvious that my presence was unwelcome. People were mopping the floors, employees dismantled displays, and mostly everyone had on their coats and hats. I rushed through the aisles, but,

after my first pass through the supermarket, I was unable to find the pig testicles.

As I'm sure most of you know, when a supermarket has an item on sale, they do their best to hide it in the store, just like they keep the milk and eggs as far away from the exit is possible so you have to pass everything else on your way to purchase the necessities. Sure, I found a few things I absolutely needed (like Khal Khalash, a twenty pack of AA batteries, and several two liter bottles of crab juice) but I hadn't found the pig testicles.

At last, I came upon a clerk, wandering the store and returning items to the shelves. I tapped her on the shoulder and asked her where I could find the pig testicles, but she made no reply.

As I'm sure all of you know, when dealing with people who don't speak your language, it helps to speak slower so that the other person can understand you, and include as many visual aids as you can incorporate. Well, shouting "pig testicles" at the woman produced no results and when I dropped my pants to show her what I was talking about, she tried to run away. The poor woman, she must have thought I was born yesterday. It was obvious that she was trying to delay me so I would have to come back the next day and buy pig testicles at the regular price (which makes them a

delicacy not at all worth the expense). She almost got away, but I managed to grab her.

I held onto her with all my strength (which, admittedly, was not hard to do, because Korean women tend to be very small), but she still would not tell me the location of the pig testicles; then, I proceeded to slap her for all I was worth. She emptied the money out of her pockets and offered me a jar of Spanish olives from the nearest shelf, but she still wouldn't tell me what I wanted to know (and I hate Spanish olives).

Seeing as how I was getting nowhere, and looking for expedient results, I placed the woman on a conveniently placed wooden board and covered her head in plastic wrap, restraining her appendages with duct tape from her return basket. When she was properly restrained, I took two liter bottles of water and started pouring them over her face. For those of you who have never had to extract information from someone, this is known as water something and it makes the person feel like they are drowning. Unfortunately, I covered her face too well and she suffocated before she told me the location of the pig testicles. Just as she gave up the ghost, the lights in the store went off and a security guard asked me to leave. I tried to ask him about the corpse and the mess the woman made when she emptied her bowels, but he

told me that someone would come by to take care of it and that I should get lost.

I've heard a lot of people say that there are appropriate situations to torture a human being; for instance, if a terrorist has a bomb in a major urban population and police want to know the location of the bomb, some people think that it would be acceptable to torture the person (often they evoke images of Jack Bauer from "24" heroically going above and beyond to save people's lives). Think of how exciting and dramatic that can be.

I'm not buying it. For one thing, police and law enforcement are lucky if they can catch a cold; another is that the "suspected terrorists" we torture are the kind that strap bombs to themselves to blow up, not drop off a bomb and wait for it to go off in some kind of dramatic way.

Although many people like to play pretend and imagine that there is a lot of drama in real life... there isn't. Think of all the dramatic moments in your life, most of them were probably over by the time you appreciated the dramatic element; usually, when dramatic situations occur in real life, rather than excited, we feel rushed and we get stressed out. The drama of a ticking clock, waiting for a bomb to go off is the stuff of fiction. When real shit goes down, it goes down fast without a lot of warning.

I imagine that people who favor torture imagine some kind of cartoonish villain, evilly stroking a cat and detailing his master plan as our hero is slowly lowered into a tank full of piranhas. The reality is very different from the movies.

Let me ask you this, when was the last time you went into a library, took down a librarian's ponytail, and removed her glasses. I did it last week, and she was still ugly.

How many sports teams start the season in the crapper and turn it around to come from behind and win the big game? Ask the Chicago Cubs. Sure, you might, "But the Redsox did it" and it is true that they did, but they consistently finished second place for four of the five years leading up to their World Series victory, and they have yet to repeat their success. The Redsox World Series is a wonderful example of drama in real life, sure the AL championship was very exciting, but the World Series itself was pretty dull.

How many of you have been wandering around a public place, minding your own business, when a dying secret agent entrusted you with a key, weapon, or piece of information that could... destroy the world if it fell into the wrong hands? Okay, so that's not entirely fair because it happened to me last summer, but that was a rarity at best.

Torture is wrong, and I'm a pretty twisted individual with a lot of strange beliefs about what is right and wrong, but I know that torture is wrong and I have three examples to prove my point.

1. Mothers. Many of you out there have a Stockholm relationship with your mother, she kept you captive for so long that you couldn't help but fall in love with her, but do you remember all those times she adjusted your crotch in front of a very cute girl? Or wiped something from your face, licking her hand to facilitate the process? Or how she used to hold you down and tickle you until you pissed your pants? Nobody? Maybe the last one was just me.

2. Marriage. Those of you who are married know what I'm talking about, those of you who don't... you'll find out.

3. John Wayne Bobbit.

Everybody remembers John Wayne Bobbit; he's the guy whose dick got sliced off by his wife Lorena. Lorena, like many married women you'll find in books of dirty jokes, refused to have sex with her husband; so, her husband, like any good husband would, beat the shit out of her and raped her. Lorena had something John Wayne Bobbit wanted, but she wouldn't willingly give it, so he took it by force; it was a wonderful situation for John, until his wife cut off his dick and threw it out of the window of a moving car.

Torture may yield immediate results, but there are long term consequences to that action, none of which are good.

The bomb in a public place is the example people often use to justify their right to torture others, but that's the wrong standard to apply to the situation, just like the anti-abortionists (fuck pro-life, if you're so pro-life then stop eating meat and vegetables and go on an all water diet) who say that what if Einstein had been aborted, the logic is faulty, because you can use apply it to the opposite extreme (what if Hitler had been aborted?). If the authorities suspected that a person, who might be a terrorist, might know about an attack, that might take place sometime in the future, and might kill a lot of people, pulling out their fingernails is not going to stop the attack anymore than airport security makes people safe. Terrorists choose their targets for accessibility, if you make one place inaccessible, they'll just attack somewhere else. As someone who doesn't travel by air, or live in a major metropolis, I'd much rather terrorist attacks are carried out on airplanes and in cities than in places I care about like porn conventions and midget tossing competitions.

My thoughts on how to treat criminals once they've been caught notwithstanding, torturing someone to extract information is just as ridiculous as beating up a

supermarket clerk so you can get a good deal on pig  
testicles.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday November 10, 2006



## **I WANT YOU HERE WITH ME, NOT WAY OVER IN A BUCKET SEAT**

Category: [Religion and Philosophy](#)

I downloaded a documentary the other day; it was called "The Secrets of "The Da Vinci Code." I never got around to watching it, the same day I downloaded a movie called "Inseminated by 2 Black Men" and I haven't stopped watching it since.

Just as a matter of personal preference, I don't find black women particularly attractive, but black men are about as hot as they come, and there's nothing I like more than watching a big black dude (it's even better if there are several of them) fucking the shit out of a little white girl.

It's not that I don't care about the apocryphal writings of the Catholic Church, I read "The Da Vinci Code" and I thought it was hilarious (I know a lot of linguistic experts and none of them are uberhot like the one in the book - very few of them are called on multiple secret missions to uncover lost religious relics.) I'm just not interested in the liberal revisionists that try to change the truth about Jesus Christ - who he was and what he stood for.

Jesus was most certainly not married and he definitely never had any children.

In the 90s and 80s, people got their panties in a bunch because they didn't want to admit that Jesus was black, but most middle easterners are dark skinned, so we can't argue that Jesus most likely looked a lot more like Osama Bin Laden than George Bush (okay maybe not Osama, Jews are usually pretty short). You can't argue that a middle easterner by birth was white anymore than you can argue that an Easter Islander by birth is probably a Pacific Islander. I could see making the argument for Jesus being white if his parents had jobs that invited a lot of travel, but Joseph was a carpenter so he probably worked close to home. If you believe in logic and reason, then it goes without saying that Jesus was most likely dark skinned.

He was also gay.

Either that or a real scumbag.

I've hung out with a number of prostitutes in my time, and one thing I've noticed about most of them is that their close friends are usually the kind of people who are completely sexually non-threatening. They are fag hags. It makes sense, if your profession puts you in close contact with men who treat you like they own your body, then, on your breaks, you want to be around people that aren't going to try to stick it to you. Surprisingly, a number of

prostitutes do put themselves in bad relationships with real dicks, the kind of people who can only get a hard on when they're beating up their girlfriend, but that's a pattern of behavior that indicates childhood abuse and an adult inability to break away from that pattern.

Jesus hung out with twelve dudes and a hooker. If you're the kind of person that believes in reason and logic, you have to examine that relationship for what it's worth and by what is stated in the bible. We will now read from the Book of Reach Arounds, Chapter 10 Verse 15...

It was not uncommon for men to sleep together in the old days, but they didn't view homosexuality the way that we view it today. Back then, it was just something people did, like skiing in the winter or fishing with your Grandpa. It is likely, that even without his gang of twelve guys, Jesus diddled or was diddled by one of his close friends, while wandering around in the desert.

I don't mean to denigrate people's lord and savior, except I just did.

I like the idea of Jesus as much as anybody else, but there's a very real reason why the story resonates in the minds of so many people. It's formulaic.

The next time you go to the movies, take note of all the plot devices you've seen in other stories and try to apply them to other movies you've seen that cover the same themes. These formulae are time tested plot devices that authors know will work well with an audience. That's why you can make 99.9% of women (and some very effeminate men) cry by showing them Debra Winger's death scene from "Terms of Endearment." My personal favorite story formulae is the guy at the beginning of an action movie who shows off pictures of his new baby and/or pregnant wife/girlfriend in the helicopter as he's being transported to "the big mission." I like watching that guy die in the first ten minutes.

Jesus' story is about as formulaic as they come, complete with the epic hero who goes down to hell and is reborn stronger than before. Odysseus did it, so did Achilles, Gilgamesh, and several other pre-Christian epic heroes. You can even find the same story in pre-existing texts in India and China among the Vedas and Buddhist texts. It's a common theme in oral-formulaic stories that eventually get written and it happened then for the same reason that it happens today. Some story tellers are not as good as others, so they pick a very formulaic situation in which to put their hero and they adapt it to their environment.

Since the only things we know about Jesus come from the bible, and not one part of the Jesus-centric biblical

passages has ever been confirmed by an independent source, you can treat Jesus as a literary character and in that reading, he's as swishy as they come. Think of Eddie Kaspbrack from "It" and Gene Forrester from "A Separate Peace" both slight, effeminate men who hung out with a bunch of guys and one "fag hag" (although in the case of the latter, the "fag hag" is really just a flaming queen). The pacifism, the "anarcho-leftist" beliefs, the twelve other dudes who were always at his side, everything points to one overwhelming conclusion. Jesus was gay.

There were plenty of people calling themselves the son of God at the time Jesus was alive and there have been plenty of people calling themselves the son of God since, but it takes a special person to rile up a community to the point of crucifixion and nothing gets religious conservatives angrier than a popular, good looking guy who takes it in the ass.

I want to believe in straight Jesus, believe me, because there's nothing I like better than thinking about a black dude giving it to a bunch of white broads like nobody's business, but if Jesus was dark skinned, then he probably took it up the ass, too. I don't blame him; Middle Eastern guys are really attractive.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday November 10, 2006

## TONYA HARDING IS TRYING TO BREAK INTO MY CAR

Category: [Romance and Relationships](#)

There's nothing worse than kissing someone with beard stubble.

If you've never done it, get your lover to make a sandpaper glory hole and stick it over their ass.

I love women, but I hate them so much it makes my eyes water... either that or I'm still sleepy.

I usually don't blog on the weekends (God gets one day per week, but I'm a much better writer than it is - have you READ some of the crap that's in the bible?) but I don't usually work on the weekends either. I'm doing both today for some ungodly reason and, as usual, I'm here on time and my boss is nowhere to be seen. I don't mind particularly, the whole time I've been in Korea that's been par for the course, I don't know what I'm doing up until the minute I'm actually doing it; on one hand it's nice because I don't have to do any excessive planning, on the other hand it sucks because I end up sitting in an office with a bunch of Koreans from another department ask me what I'm doing here so early (classes don't start for another hour and a half). I only woke up at 12:20 and it's 1 PM now, I raced here on

my bicycle and had a cigarette, so if this blog is particularly full of shit, then I apologize, I'd put it somewhere else, but they don't have toilet paper in the bathrooms here (seriously, the other day I wiped my ass with a piece of photocopy paper - talk about unpleasant).

Many times in my life, I've been tempted to go gay and be done with it; it doesn't help that people have been asking me if I'm gay since I was a child (including my mother). The real reason is that women frustrate the hell out of me, and I'm at a loss to explain 90% of them. Still, I love them to death.

Gay sex when you're a child is all fun and games, but, as you get older, it means kissing beard stubble; that doesn't mean I shave to save my wife the same punishment, but I'd rather be on the giving end of that dyad than the receiving.

I said yesterday that I'm not particularly attracted to black women, but that's partially a lie. On one hand it's the God's honest, because when I download porn, I tend to stay away from black women (not all the time, but generally speaking), but in real life, I wouldn't know, I've never been with a black woman. I've slept with Latino women and European women and American women and Asian women, but never a black lady; so, on one hand, I really want to sleep with a



black chick to round out my "Races of the World" tour, on the other hand, I've never successfully pursued a woman.

The last time I pursued a woman was a long time ago, back when murder was a crime. I must have been about 14 or 15, and I met this girl at an ice skating rink, we spent the night talking (she even gave me her phone number) and I was enamored of her. I spent an hour, or so, on the phone with her the next day and we made a date to play tennis.

(Editor's note: when Sex Mahoney was a child, he was somehow an even bigger asshole than he is now, talking to him, you got the impression that he was kept in a cage listening to Rush Limbaugh and Bobcat Goldwaith records all day). For some reason, I put a lot of emphasis on this "date" and figured I would be having sex with this woman on the tennis court; so, I decided to bring half a dozen donuts with me to play tennis (we talked about donuts on the phone). It makes perfect sense, right, play tennis + bring donuts = sex (okay, so I was never that good at math).

With a seduction technique like that, how can anyone lose?

What makes matters worse is that the sky was completely overcast the day of our tennis date and it looked like it was going to rain. The girl told me this before I left my house (I called to confirm our date) but I was so hard up

about this thing going down that I said it wasn't a problem and that I would meet her there. I rode my bike. By the time I got to the tennis court, it was pouring rain; she was standing underneath a very tall tree, talking to a mutual friend. They said hello, took a donut, and left. I waited about half an hour under the tree for the rain to stop, and then rode home, soaking wet.

Since then, every woman I've been with has actively pursued me (I've got this thing about failure, if I can't make something work, I just give up on it entirely and focus my energies elsewhere, it was around that time that I became a champion masturbator - a title I hold to this day). I haven't slept with any black women, none of them have ever pursued me, but they remain on the list of "People to Do before I Die" along with a mother who has a son old enough to appreciate that I'm nailing their mom (and by appreciate, I mean understand), an amputee, and someone who wears power suits and does yogalloties.

I love all women, and I'm hard pressed to find women who aren't attractive in some way (except for Eastern Island chicks, I'm so tired of them getting all up ons), my wife thinks that's because I'm crazy and I just convince myself that I'm attracted to whatever aspect on which I fixate, but she's just trying to get me to dump her so she can run off

with that Caribbean tennis instructor with whom she's always hanging out.

There are some things I can't stand about women (things that make me want to abandon them for men), but they keep me coming back with that soft, soft skin. I don't understand how women do that. When I ran my hand over my own body it feels like I've been covered in tar and rolled in broken glass, but my wife has got skin that's like a pillow, a meaty pillow certainly, but a pillow nonetheless. I'm at a loss to explain it, I've even tried to copy my wife's toilette, but it's to no avail, she feels like the Downy Soft Bear and I'm still Detective James Crockett.

I admit that I'm a weak man, a stronger man would have kicked this addiction a long time ago and started smoking pole, but I can't, women are my vice; I can live with that. Someday, the whole point will be moot anyway, I'll get older, my hair will fall out, I'm the kind of person who will only gain weight in my stomach so I'll develop a ridiculous looking pregnant belly, my face will wrinkle, I'll shrink, and the cigarette's I smoke will take away my beautiful voice when they give me a cancer kazoo. Then I'll be free to smoke pot, pop Viagra, and jerk off till the cows come home. You can take that last sentence however you want.

Sex Mahoney for President

Saturday November 11, 2006

## ***SHE DOESN'T CARE IF HE'S AN ISLAND***

Category: [Life](#)

I don't know about you, but I'm ready to retire.

I can't stand this working anymore; I'd much rather leave it to the birds so I can get on with the process of slowly dying.

You see, I'm a coward and I'm committing suicide, I decided on that a long time ago there's nothing you can say to change my mind, only I'm doing it very slowly, and to the untrained eye, my death will look like natural causes or crucifixion, whichever comes first.

I like to think about God from its early days, you know, when it was going around pitching the universe to other deities and trying to get funding to start up the project. I'm sure it was an exciting and harrowing time for God, and that, when it finally happened, there was a lot of rejoicing in the God household.

I applaud that kind of effort, but I think it's for the birds.

The best thing about being a writer is that I don't have to take anything to committee or get it approved before I put it on paper... or in most cases a computer hard disk drive. I don't knead at editor, I get to decide what is acceptable to put in my writing, and I check over my own work to make sure I don't include any mistarks.

If I want to combine strings of random words, I can do that, too.

Penis spaghetti mayonnaise called telephone monitor to confirm the exsanguination of Jethro Tull at a critical vagina in paste.

Of course, I wouldn't do that, because I know that unless you're a Beatles fan or really fucked up on drugs, you're not interested in reading a bunch of random words thrown together. If you really wanted to do that, all you'd need is a dictionary (speaking of which, if you ever want to have a good laugh, get yourself a dictionary and an ounce of mushrooms and just have at it).

Some people say they would go crazy if they didn't have a job, that they'd get bored eventually, but not me, no sir. If I didn't have to work, I could spend all day writing and learning about things; that's all I really want to do. Many times, my mind fills with thoughts of selling all my

belongings and living in the library during the day, subsisting on a diet of mints and Danielle Steele novels (and you thought they were useless).

It's not that I'm a lazy person, I'm highly motivated, but there isn't a single job on the face of the planet that has ever produced the slightest motivation for me to perform well or continue doing it for the next fifty years. Not one, I'd like to think that there is a job out there that I could do forever, but I haven't found it yet. In my spare time I study all kinds of things, history, politics, literature, computer science, mathematics, drawing, music, plumbing, carpentry, gardening, gun repair, but I wouldn't want to do any one of them for a living. I suppose I could be someone's personal assistant, but I can't keep my mouth shut long enough to keep that kind of job. The first time I saw someone make a personal decision, with which I disagreed, I'd be out on my ass.

The reason I bring this up is that my time in Korea is almost over, I've only got a few months left, but I have no idea what the hell I'm going to do for the next fifty odd years. I was always kind of hoping that some wacky cult would select me as their messiah then turn on me and crucify me before I turned 40, but I've already grown discouraged with my chances in the biggest cults, and if Christianity, Judaism, and Islam wouldn't take me, then what chance do I

have with those half hearted cultists like the New Lifers,  
the Movementarians, or the Mormons?

What the hell do you do while you're waiting to die?

The best I can figure is that I will write most of my  
life and have my works destroyed in some kind of fire so  
that only a select few people will ever know they existed at  
all, and when they die out, I'll pass into history like...  
what's a good simile to use here... like... like a turd as it  
disappears down a toilet P trap from the back siphon.

This kind of malaise makes me very horny so children,  
shrubs, flowers, violins, and small animals, be afraid... be  
very afraid.

Sex Mahoney for President

Sunday November 12, 2006



## THE BEST TUNA IN THE SEA, IS THE TUNA WE CALL BUMBLEBEE

Category: [News and Politics](#)

There's not much time to write today, I woke up late, came into work late, spent an hour reading a book, and I'm so freakin' cold that my penis now resembles an almond.

There's three Valentine's Days in Korea, one is February 14<sup>th</sup> (which is strange because I haven't met many Catholics here) the usual Valentine's Day, but unlike the US, on Valentine's Day, only boys get presents and candies from girls. One month later, on March 14<sup>th</sup>, they have White Day, where boys give presents to girls. In November, instead of having a Veteran's Day, they have Pepero Day. On Pepero Day, everyone, of both sexes, exchanges presents; usually, these little snack sticks called Pepero, which are cracker sticks 3/4 covered by chocolate.

I had seen these sticks around, in convenience stores, but I never tried them until Pepero Day, and they are delicious snacks. I'm sending a ton of them home for Christmas.

I like the idea of a joint love holiday as well as the holiday gender division that takes place in the late winter/early spring. It seems that Valentine's Day in

America is a one way street, luckily, my wife hates flowers and getting dressed up, so we never have to do anything special on Valentine's Day other than hump each other like usual. What's even better is that last year she worked at a pharmacy/convenience store, so after Christmas/Halloween/Valentine's Day/Easter we got lots of discounted candy on which to gorge ourselves.

The holiday I don't like is Veteran's Day (I don't care much for the military in general). With Memorial Day, I have no problem, because they give you a day off from work or school, but Veteran's Day is trite. The military could do much more on a humanitarian scale, they have the manpower, but it's always couched in violence.

There's also the idea that veterans are out there defending freedom, when nothing could be further from the truth. Despite what people say, freedom is free, it doesn't cost anything, and no matter how hard people try to take away freedom, it's an impossible task. Almost every monarch, from the dawn of time to the present day, has done their best to limit human freedoms, but no one has succeeded. They've done everything they can to destroy that human spirit, but nothing has yet worked.

The biggest problem I have with the military is that violence is a part of the human spirit (which I praise so

highly) as much as love and all those other happy emotions we get mixing around in our addled brains. Yet, for some reason, society accepts these emotions only when exercised through the proper channels. You want to fuck, and then get married, you want to have a good time, then go do it in a bar, you want to kill someone, call yourself a soldier and tell yourself that what you're doing is honorable.

Perhaps, there was a time when war was honorable, when men with swords and bows and arrows marched to the fray with their king in the lead, but, in the modern era, presidents and kings and emperors treat soldiers like chess pieces, moving them around in a sick little game. In the United States there have been only 43 presidents over a 200+ year history, in monarchies, mostly there has been fewer than a hundred kings in a thousand year period; very few of us will ever become world leaders, but when the leaders say that it's time for a war, we march off with glory or booze or money in our eyes and commit atrocities that should sicken every human being on the planet; instead, we award each other shiny pieces of metal and play bugles when someone "valiantly falls."

A lot of people say that soldiers defend our way of life, but to the average citizen, what does it matter who is in charge? When the French overthrew their government, did the lives of average citizens change greatly whether Louis the

16th or Napoleon ruled them? Some people look to the most extreme forms of fascism and say, "Yes, it does matter," but there's always someone getting the shaft in a society, fascism simply redirects that shafting to a particular people whether its by race, creed, religion, or political affiliation.

When researchers study predator populations, they say that the number of visible species at any given time is only a portion of the total number of animals. In America, we know of a few people who have "disappeared" into the dark pits of prison, but there are, most likely, more, about which we know nothing.

There are currently soldiers overseas fighting in a war; for what purpose? Is it to defend the values of the country? There are individuals, corporations, and soldiers themselves who are, right this very minute, breaking laws that symbolize the freedoms upon which, our fore fathers founded this country, but they all view themselves as righteous defenders of freedom.

In Iraq, many people feel nostalgic for the days of Saddam Hussein, because they knew that devil; this new beast, slouching toward Bethlehem, is fresh, and dangerous, and a threat to their way of life.

The thing about soldiers is that it doesn't matter on which side of the war you fight; most likely, you believe that you are on the right side, but when it comes down to it, what is the right side. When you have two groups of people, whose sole purpose in life is to kill each other, there is no such thing as right; there are only two groups of murderers preparing to engage in socially approved murder.

The United States has only ever fought one defensive war and it was against ourselves. I don't mind defensive wars so much (I still don't understand the purpose of fighting, but what do you want, I'm a tree hugging hippie), because it makes sense, this is the land of our people and we don't want you here. A few weeks ago, I saw Trent Lott laugh about the open immigration policy of Native American tribes in his defense of American attempts at reforming immigration law. By that same logic, it would not be okay for people to come to America peacefully, but if an invading army overpowered the American military, it would be perfectly acceptable to pledge our allegiance to our new giant ant alien overlords.

The nice thing about a defensive war is that ordinary citizens take part in the war effort beyond production and rationing. When ma and pa kettle pick up the nearest object and start swinging it for all they're worth, I can get behind that kind of violence. The United States has not had

to defend itself, ever; although it has fought for self-determination, so if anyone wants to argue the above point, I'm willing to accept the war for independence as a defensive war. Except, the United States has overwhelmingly condemned other countries that fight off similar examples of colonialism, especially in Iraq; so, the soldiers that fought in subsequent American wars all support the same thing the country once fought against.

Not that it's such a big deal, countries change alliance and mission objectives, as time goes on, and "all history is scraped clean and re-inscribed as often as necessary." Each generation of soldier is told that they are dying to protect the ideals for which their forefathers die, regardless of what those ideals entail or how the present war is an application of a threat against those ideals. Each generation of soldier is told that the enemy is less than human, and deserves such treatment, as some would afford even common vermin, like rats and weasels. Each generation nods approvingly as someone who has grown old from avoiding fights, sends them off fight for an ideal, a god, or a non-renewable resource. You'd think that after thousands of years people would catch on, but they don't.

So I don't have any sympathy for soldiers, who stand in line next to former enemies they now call friends, and march off to fight future allies with visions of hate and

destruction in their minds. I've said it before, if every soldier put down their weapon and refused to fight for the upper 1% then there wouldn't be anymore wars. All it takes is people who are not afraid to stand up, no matter what the consequences.

I guess, in the end, I don't mind Veteran's Day so much, because it's only one day out of 365.25; I kind of like the fact that the sacrifice of thousands of people, for causes they may or may not have believed, is remembered each year by car salesmen looking to make a few bucks and those conspirators in the flag manufacturing syndicate. People like holidays so they can quickly express gratitude without exercising too much thought and go right back to stuffing their faces with deep friend Oreos, and it's much more insulting to relegate Veterans to a day that no one cares about, than to live your life so that no one ever has to die in war again.

Either way, they should probably make more Veteran's Day candy and Hallmark cards, nothing says sincerity like Hallmark.

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday November 13, 2006

## **WHAT YOU'VE DONE IS PUT YOURSELF BETWEEN A BULLET AND A TARGET**

Category: [News and Politics](#)

I apologize to those of you who read my blog for entertainment, but today's blog is very boring. If you don't want to read this, just leave a comment at the bottom telling me to stop dealing with crazy people and, hopefully, the collective weight of your condemnation will affect me more than the contrary arguments of this e-mailer.

I like arguing with people who have opposing viewpoints, because I like to challenge myself and my beliefs, if you constantly spend time reading literature with which you agree you may as well just open wide and swallow your own semen (or bullshit as the case may be).

I was recently accused of being racist. I responded with a rational argument and the e-mailer responded in kind. I was going to ignore him, but he called me lazy, so rather than lie down and die, I've responded to the email and included the text of our conversations here, since I spent the afternoon responding to him instead of writing a blog.

I apologize sincerely to my readers, so if you don't care, feel free to skip this one and I will gladly suck your



collective cocks at some other point in time and write a real blog later this afternoon.

Sex Mahoney for President

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It's partially laziness; it's partially from the futility of this argument. We can keep screaming at each other to no purpose, but we won't do much to change each other's opinions.

You are right, the dark skinned folks didn't cotton to the m-16, mostly because it's a shitty gun compared to the kalashnikov; however, you fail to mention the missiles sold to Iran in 1985, and the 1000 TOW missiles, sold at a 15% markup, in 1986. It didn't stop with the cold war, the US still provides more arms to third world countries (almost 48%), it's an 8 billion dollar a year industry. Even under Bill Clinton, the US gave weapons to countries that violated international human rights standards. I don't know from where you got your figures, but you can check out mine at:

1. [http://www.fas.org/asmp/fast\\_facts.htm](http://www.fas.org/asmp/fast_facts.htm)
2. [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Iran\\_contra](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Iran_contra)
3. <http://www.commondreams.org/headlines03/0925-07.htm>

More importantly, the US funded dictatorial regimes (at least the ones that were friendly with us) to fight those "dirty reds" whose political philosophy was only guilty of the necessity of constant expansion (just like capitalism) and a permanent underclass (see previous note).

You may be right, that the US was not ready to go into a war so soon after defeating Hitler, except you're not, because less than ten years later the US was engaged in war in Korea and less than twenty years later the US was engaged in war in Vietnam. The same strategies that existed during the cold war (oddly enough under the same leadership as is in power today) are now in place again with the enemy changed from communism to terrorism (which was great for the letterhead because they only had to change 6 letters). US foreign policy has remained largely stable for the last sixty years, it doesn't matter what you do in your own country, kill, rape, eat baby sandwiches, as long as you oppose our enemies, we'll give you money to fight off your enemies. Which is not a bad strategy, until you realize that, in a lot of those countries, the enemies were "freedom fighters" who wanted to oust the US supported dictator (see all of South America 1945-1992).

It's not that the US was tired of fighting against Hitler (with its ally Stalin who was many times worse than Hitler and whose country was ACTUALLY responsible for winning WW2,

as opposed to the United States who beat Japan only by committing the worst atrocities ever committed against a civilian population), but that the US didn't want their name attached to the unpopular regimes they defended. At the same time the World Community condemned a lot of these dictators, the US was helping fight against the red menace.

People are right to bitch when US troops go overseas to fight, because it leaves the homeland undefended while some petty elected dictator in the Whitehouse gets to play general. The only thing troops on foreign soil should do is provide humanitarian aid to unstable areas.

The justice system is unfair to minorities in a very oblique way and I'll use the example of prohibition to prove my point. There was always a temperance movement in the United States, and there is still one today, but they couldn't garner significant political clout until the latter part of the 19th and early part of the 20th centuries. It just so happens that the latter part of the 19th and early part of the 20th centuries were at the tail end of an immigration surge from southern and eastern European countries. People were very upset about those dirty poles and Slavs and Italians moving into their country, so instead of doing the overtly racist thing and passing laws against being Italian (although they tried that and it didn't work), they outlawed alcohol instead, a vice that thrives in poor

communities (and what communities tend to be the poorest, why the minority ones).

Now, today it is true that a large percentage of crimes are committed in minority neighborhoods, but take a look at those crimes and they all have one major source: drugs. Just like minority drinking practices were outlawed to "quell those drunken wops" today drugs are prohibited for the same reason, and the majority of people in prison are there because they are non-violent drug offenders. Incidents of violent crime stem from that root cause, because, in an unregulated market, crime syndicates step up to the task and they often use strong-arm tactics. Even without the influence of organized crime, the high price of drugs (created partially through their black market status) allows for violent crime to flourish as people are robbed for their product or their profit. When drugs first became illegal, way back in the 30s, the most common warning against them in advertising was a pot crazed Negro, attacking a white woman. To protect the (snicker) chastity of white womanhood, drugs had to be criminalized.

Since you used serial killers as an example, I will respond in kind (unluckily for you, I know a lot about serial killers as I had one day hoped to be one, alas, my high school guidance counselor just didn't see it that way, as my score on his career test indicated that I was much

better suited to a career testing the elasticity of double sided dildos). When Jeffrey Dahmer was committing his atrocities, one of his victims escaped, a young Laotian man got out of Dahmer's apartment and ran screaming down the street naked covered in blood. Two police officers found him and... brought him back to Dahmer's apartment, where Jeffrey said that it was just a little "lovers tiff" and the cops left. As much as I hate cops, this is such a wonderful example of ineptitude that I love these cops for it, not only was the boy 14 years old, but he was later murdered and dismembered by the psychopath to whom the police delivered him. Would the same have happened to a white boy? We might never know.

Except we do know, Ted Bundy was a very charming guy and during a recess for his first trial, he was allowed to visit the court's law library, where he jumped out of a window and escape. He was captured again, and this time he got a hold of a hacksaw, cut a hole in his cell and walked out the front door.

These two examples are just anecdotal, but real, widespread evidence of racism by law enforcement are everywhere, from policemen fabricating racial information on people stopped for traffic violations to people who are shot in excess of twenty times as they reach for their wallets.

The famous "Miranda" warning came as a result of police abusing minorities and forcing confessions from them without lawyers present (because they did not tell them that they could have lawyers present).

Let me provide one more piece of anecdotal evidence. One night I was at a party and I was talking to a black woman. The police came and busted up the party, but I was waiting on the front lawn for some of my friends who were still inside. The police were filling out the paperwork in their car and this black woman and I started making fun of the police. Our comments were equally vicious and biting (and I'm a man), but when the cops had enough and stepped out of their car, who did they approach, but the black woman (for what crime, I have no idea, the charges were later dropped when the two officers faced disciplinary action). They tried to get her to peacefully put on handcuffs, but she jested with them, alternating her hands in front of her and behind her back. Eventually they wrestled this 120 pound woman to the ground and cuffed her, all the while I was yelling at them to stop and asking for their badge numbers (they had covered them with electrical tape). When they got the restrained woman in the back of their patrol car, one of the officers reached through the window and sprayed her in the face with pepper spray.

The ACLU, although it catches a lot of flack for defending some real scumbags, provides a valuable service, because, if you had chosen to use their services, you could have ensured an equal punishment for your attacker. The fact that you used a racial slur to denigrate your attacker is as telling as it can get, sure there are plenty of things for which you can denigrate a person, but their race is certainly not one of them. When you use it as an insult, that is an overtly racist attack, and when your opponent used it against you, it was also overtly racist.

Regardless, while it may seem like minorities have more rights than the white majority, that's largely because white people rarely have to exercise those rights in their defense. I can't remember the last time a bunch of black people put sheets over their head and threatened white folk who moved into the neighborhood. While it is true that there are black people who will attack a lone white person in a predominantly black neighborhood, they are just as wrong, and certainly not in the majority. The laws designed to punish people for hate crimes cut both ways, and it is a legislative attempt to cure people of their racism (like legislation ever fixed anything).

The current culture has worked at suppressing overt racism, because of the social stigma attached, but, when people are allowed to act privately, they turn out to be a

lot more racist than they would like to let on. When you say that minorities have just as many opportunities as white folk, I'm not exactly sure what you're talking about, since (by a general rule) the majority of minorities are born in the lower income brackets, they are less likely to have wealthy parents; therefore, they are less likely to have the same opportunities.

Economics supports the underlying racism in America; when a black family moves into a predominantly white neighborhood, property values mysteriously go down as more people simultaneously sell their homes. Go into a real estate agents office (if you're black) and they'll take you to the black part of town to look for a home "among your own kind." In places where minorities establish communities, you'll soon see a massive outflow of white folks who don't like living next to "darkies." I don't know as much about real estate as I'd like, or I'd provide you with more details, but suffice to say, people are racist, especially in America.

The current success of the Republican Party came on the back of a very shrewd move. For years, Republicans attacked minority programs and caught static because they opposed things like "Clothes for Black Orphans" and "Stop the police from using dogs and fire hoses on civil rights marchers coalition for change" or SPUDFCRMCC (better known as spud



fucker McC). Instead of attacking programs directly, Republicans changes their tune to, "We'll cut the taxes (that pay for those programs)" and it has been largely successful. We don't need to be overtly racist, we'll just pretend we're not while doing everything we can to undermine minority rights.

When I spoke about overzealous religious white women, I was referring to the Concerned Women for America, the female members of the National Association of Evangelicals, the PMRC, and other bizarre groups that think regulating people's behavior (when they disagree with it) is appropriate. It's not just the vocal ones I oppose, but the ones who sit idly by while their husbands say stupid things like "Illegal Immigrants are stealing our jobs" or "Marriage needs to be protected against them gol' durn gays" while they themselves spout rhetoric such as "I don't let my children play violent video games or listen to the Marilyn Manson."

I applaud the efforts of schools that want to introduce actual thinking into their curriculum rather than hive-mentality. For over a century, the public education system has made its business the breaking of children's spirits through military like obedience and limited avenues for intellectual growth. When I was teaching in America, I was reprimanded for suggesting that the Washington Monument was

a phallic symbol (because that was inappropriate for a classroom said the principal), serendipitously when I came to Korea, the first day we talked about the same exact thing and this time it was in the children's textbook.

America is a vanilla culture that thrives on pushing the herd mentality; that way manufacturers don't lose money on failed products, and people will keep going to see Will Ferrel movies because everyone says he's funny. That's why radio stations only play forty songs over and over again, that's why you don't see controversial themes in prime time network programming. That's why Brittany Spears sells millions of records. That's why McDonald's is the most prolific restaurant in the country. That's why Budweiser is the number 1 beer in America. America is a bland culture, that tries its damndest to suppress any divergent (aka minority) thought.

I find it odd that you closed by saying America is becoming more liberal and that it's disgusting. Certainly an excess of liberalism is a bad thing, but only because too much of any one thing is bad. Too much conservatism leads to stagnation and death, while too much liberalism leads to unsustainable mutation. White people are becoming the minority, and I couldn't be happier, maybe then we can all finally get together and kill Pat Boone.

Sex Mahoney for President

----- Original Message -----

From: [Jason](#)

Date: Nov 11 2006 1:55 AM

Ok first off we "armed" the brown people with almost nothing during the cold war. Yes we did supply these countries with weapons but NOWHERE near as much as other countries. Such as the Iran-Iraq war that everyone bitches about. Most people. Especially democrats scream we funded them. Yes they are right we gave them \$200 million in dual-use helicopters. THATS IT. We gave them .6% of the arms they got. The rest came from other countries. Ya your right to. We did use those countries as proxies to fight for us. We were a bit scared considering Hitler was just taken out and Stalin was well on his way to becoming another Hitler. We used those countries as proxies though because everyone always bitches every time we HAVE to go to war. Yet we let someone else do the fighting for once and what do they do.... bitch some more....

As for Minorities in America being underprivileged that's a bunch of bull...

Yes our justice system is soo unfair to minorities to.....

Hey did you ever think that maybe the reason Sixty-four percent of prison inmates belonged to racial or ethnic minorities in 2001 was because they caused the most crimes? I am in no way racist but the numbers dont lie. The majority of prisoners are minorities because they cause the most crime. Seeing as I live on an AirForce base/state prison I can confirm this to an extent. They also tend to have MUCH shorter sentences though then white people. Ever notice how its always a white guy on the news that did some crazy thing? Scott Peterson, Charles Manson, David Berkowitz, Ted Bundy, Jeffery Dahmer. These are just some of the major ones. Yet we NEVER see on TV about the minority wackos that are out there. The only exception has been recently when Leey Boyd Malvo and John Allen Muhammad went on there killing spree. There are PLENTY of sick minority groups who have done the same if not worse things yet why are they never on the news? When is the last time you saw a minority get the death penalty? My dad is a chaplain at a state prison and has told me some stories far more disturbing then what some of the serial killers I listed above did.

All minorities have to do is cry hate crime and suddenly groups like the ACLU step in on there side. Yet if I cry hate crime no one cares. I think its funny that when I was in school I called a kid a nigger because he was starting crap with me yet he called me a "cracker" and then shoved me

which counts as battery yet because I used a racial slur I would get 2 weeks OSS and he would only have a week of ISS... Yes poor minorities.....

This whole dominant white culture thing is even more bull... Minorities have the same privileges if not more then everyone else and they have the same opportunities as Whites.

And where the hell did you get this comment from???

"Not only will it relax the zealous religious fanaticism of the uptight middle American women"

I rarely ever see a zealous religious fanatic white women. In fact I cannot even think of any and I know A LOT of "zealous religious fanatic women". So because of this absurd thought that has somehow found its way into your brain your going to go cross country urging black men to inseminate white women so they will produce a more mixed race. Well incase your not in tune with the culture today I will let you in on a little secret. White women already love black men and vis versa. Turn on a rap video sometime. Or examine the youth of today. I see black girls and white guys together as well as black guys and white girls all the time.

As for the so called homogeneity of the education system thats just more crap. Have you seen the laws people are

trying to pass lately? Especially in California. They want to make it acceptable to teach kids from k-12 to be accepting of alternate lifestyles. Ya again because thats homogenetic.

See I think you have it all wrong. White Men are becoming the Minorities and America is slowly becoming more and more liberal. Its digusting....

----- Original Message -----

From: [Sex Mahoney for President](#)

Date: Nov 8 2006 9:51 AM

Jason,

Occasionally I will use sarcasm to prove a point. In the case of "brown people" I use the term specifically to poke fun at the PC way many modern governmental officials have justified their bombing of poor countries with non-white majorities. The last time the US bombed a white majority country was in the 1940s. Now the relationship between the two might be coincidental, but, during the Cold War, rather than engage each other directly, the US and the USSR fought metaphorically by providing arms to brown people who were allied with one side or the other, in the hopes that they would blow up each other.

Am I racist? Well, I was, up until about 2002, but I didn't realize I was racist. You see, I was working with this black guy, and I couldn't stand him. I didn't like the music he listened to, the clothing style and priority system this guy had, even his use of colloquialisms in his speech (which is often called ghettoese or Ebonics). When I got past all the characterization (outward expressions of personality) and learned about this particular guy's character (choices made under pressure), I realized that he was a pretty nice guy and we've been good friends ever since.

After I overcame my prejudice, I had to go back and examine why I didn't like this guy in the first place. The obvious answer was that I was turned off by the mass marketed commercialism of his characterization (he seemed like so many clones who buy top 40 records and follow the latest trends), but digging deeper, I realized that I had been alienating a whole segment of the population (largely black and Hispanic) and their culture because of that distaste. Even though I thought racists were despicable, I was guilty of exhibiting racist tendencies.

The more I studied, the more I learned that similar prejudices expressed themselves in subconscious ways, including a criminal justice system that is geared toward

suppressing cultural differences and education that tries to homogenize youth.

Since then, I have done everything in my power to subvert the dominant white culture in America and promote racial awareness... by forming a task force to help Americans evolve and break down the barriers between races.

I am the titular head of the task force, only because I'm still trying to get it off the ground, and it may be a good many years before we achieve any real progress, but the goals are easily achievable within our lifetime.

I am trying to recruit Lexington Steele, Mr. Marcus, and Blackzilla to go on a cross-country American tour inseminating white women. Not only will it relax the zealous religious fanaticism of the uptight Middle American women, but it will also produce a large number of mixed race children for the next generation. I also travel to malls, Brittany Spears concerts, and bake sales all over the country encouraging white women to sleep with black men to promote racial harmony. Only then will we be able to breed a uniquely American race.

So in short answer to your question, I use the term brown people to sarcastically refer to the "white" policies of America, which, though they try to remain race friendly, are



actually disadvantageous to a large portion of the non-white world.

I hope that answers your question.

Sex Mahoney for President

----- Original Message -----

From: [Jason](#)

Date: Nov 5 2006 7:10 PM

Why in Los Kerry blog do you call them brown people? Are you racist or something?

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Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday November 14, 2006

## ***SHE'S A SQUIRREL CRUSHING, DEER SMACKING, DRIVING MACHINE!***

Category: [Writing and Poetry](#)

What the fuck? I mean seriously, come on. Mittens? Who the hell thought up this shit? The best I can figure is that one day, a bunch of guys were out crabbing, they were really drunk, and they looked at the crab and said: "Hey, you know what would be really cool? If I had my own claws." Mittens are completely impractical. Millennia of evolution, erased by some wool and cute snowflake pattern is supposed to make me forget that that mittens are as useless as that second asshole I have on my face (the one just above my chin and below my nose)?

It's getting really cold in Korea and, for the last week, I've been riding my bike home with my hands inside my jacket sleeves to protect them from the awful wind. Today, I wanted to buy a pair of gloves to protect my fragile, girlish hands from the bone chilling cold, but my wife tells me that the store nearby only sells mittens. MITTENS! What the fuck?

I like useless things, more to the point; I like making useful things useless. If something has a purpose, I like tearing it down, especially the conveniences of the modern world. I'm very conservative in that regard. I view technology suspiciously. I never owned a cell phone until my job in Korea gave me one and (as much as I want a large

storage mp3 player) I refuse to get an iPod (which has more to do with how much I hate Apple Computers than dislike of the iPod - even though I hate iTunes and the mp4 format with a passion - stupid apple computers and their user friendly operating systems, a computer should be hard to use, that way I don't have to listen to idiots pontificating about stupid things like politics and mittens). I'm a curmudgeon. Someone once said grizzled.

Which seems at odds with another aspect of my personality, because I'm also very cheerful and laid back; I used to be very angry, but I gave all that up. I try to tell my wife that it's within her power to control her emotions, but then she launches into a twenty minute rant about how I'm not man enough to please her and she usually finishes by working my kidneys until I pass out.

You'd think that someone who was laid back wouldn't care about mittens, but that's how they get you. I wouldn't care if my wife decided to leave me tomorrow; I might feel a pang or two of sadness, but it would pass quickly and I wouldn't give it a second thought, if she thought that leaving me was best, I wouldn't try to stop her, but if she tried to make me wear mittens, I'd beat her senseless and bury her corpse in a dark, secluded place. I don't care what other people do; I only care about what other people try to do to me.

I don't like people pushing their views on me and I resist an idea no matter what just because I'm a stubborn bastard (I recognize this quality in many people, so I try to keep my advice very general most of the time). Even if you told me that it was much quicker to get from Korea to China by flying north, if I was used to going south, I'd probably keep flying south until someone showed me the way; and yet, I'll often try something new without any preparation or provocation, just to shake things up. I don't mind when I take the initiative, but I can't stand someone taking the initiative for me, or trying to thrust that upon me.

I like to read as much information as possible about a particular topic (which leads some people to say that I'm terribly boring) until I burn out on that topic. When I was a kid I read book after book about serial killers and talked about how great it would be to be a serial killer when I grew up (but I had to stop because the school demanded I see a counselor). The other day, I spent a good hour or two reading about mustard, the history of mustard, different types of mustard, even a museum of mustard in Wisconsin. I'm not saying it's the best way to learn about things, but it's the way that works for me, and it's how I like to spend my time. It means that I know a lot about many different things, but I'm an expert in nothing.

Except writing.

For as long as I've been able to open my mouth and spew shit, I've told stories to anyone who would sit still and listen to them. The nice thing about a story is that it plants a bug in someone's brain about a particular topic, and it leads them to the overwhelming conclusion the author wants them to reach. If the story works, then the reader eats it up and the framework is laid to bring a stubborn mind to a new point of view. I could stand on a soapbox and tell you all about my beliefs, but it's much neater to encapsulate them in a story.

I used to think that story was the only valid form of art, but I've relaxed a lot in the last few years. Art is just another human attempt to capture the emotion of a particular moment, to encapsulate it in the way that only memory is capable. Most of the time, art fails, but every once in a while, you find something that's so beautiful it sticks a chainsaw up your anus and rips out your insides like a thanksgiving turkey (what? Don't you use a chainsaw to carve your Thanksgiving bird?).

This blog writing is the longest I've ever gone without writing any fiction, and it sometimes gets to me; most of the time I feel like a complete tool, but some of the time I get something really good out there and people respond to

it; it's a nice feeling, like having someone warm press against you on a cold night. I'm not sure which I like better (sometimes the blog tries my patience), but either way I love to write. I don't particularly care if anything I write every gets read (sure it's nice, but sometimes I don't want people watching me masturbate).

I guess what I'm saying is that I'm going to find the person who created mittens and I'm going to make them suffer for the terror they've unleashed on humanity. I'm going to tie them to a chair and make them read my blogs. Mwaa ha ha.

Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday November 14, 2006

## I'M THE SON OF A BAD MAN

Category: [Life](#)

Black people are invariably cooler than white people.

Maybe not invariably, I don't want to apply universality to the statement when there most likely is none; I'm sure there are black folks out there who drive Volvos, listen to Winger, or wear argyle sweaters, but that's the exception rather than the rule.

A lot of people try to look at the black community in America as a solid block of people in much the same way as they look at Christian fundamentalists and homosexuals, but the black community is made up of many individual members, just as any large group of people is made of individual members, and the actions of any group as a whole vary in reason for every individual. There is no universal black, and even though two black people might support the same political candidate, or like the same music, they, most likely, have different reasons for their support. Listening to Otis Redding does not make you cool (case in point, me), just like driving a Volvo does not make you vanilla, but these examples are characteristics shared by many cool or vanilla people.

Did you ever get the feeling like you had to fart? You know it's a fart because it feels like a fart; we've all been alive long enough to know what a fart feels like. Most of us can't define it; we just know what a fart feels like, because it's a feeling to which our bodies are accustomed, but as a writer, it is my job to express the sensations we humans experience for all the world (talk about hubris) to read, recognize, and understand. You can feel a fart bubbling in your stomach and intestines, followed by a rapid expansion of your abdomen. Some of us try to "swallow" the fart, push it back into our guts by squeezing our ass cheeks a little tighter and sucking in our stomachs, but it will come out eventually, no matter how hard you try to force it down. Suppress them too much, and the fart builds, combining with other gas bubbles in your stomach until your body forces you to let them out, no matter the social situation.

Sometimes, you can feel a fart building, a bubble getting ready to pop just on the wrong side of your asshole, and you help it along, give it a little squeeze to hasten its expulsion and share it with your fellow man; however, sometimes, there's another feeling that comes with a fart, the feeling that there is something monstrous lurking just behind that bubble, and, given the chance, would use your fart against you to escape. When you try to push a fart out, and you feel that monster lurking just around the corner, even the bravest of us turn into cowards because it's one



thing to accidentally fart in public, but it's quite another to straight up shit your pants. We know our bodies; we know their rhythms, and it's probably been a long time since any of us has shit our pants, but sometimes, extraordinary situations call for extraordinary measures.

When talking about American race relations, there's a sense of urgency buried there, like a fart with a turd on the side, and just like the cowards we become when the prospect of shitting our pants rears its ugly head, many people shy away from speaking openly and honestly about race for fear of getting a little fecal matter in their shorts. I understand this fear and I empathize, but the truth is that shit washes off, and no matter how hard you try to hold back a fart, it's going to come out eventually.

Some people will argue and say that America is not a racist country, that minorities have more rights than the white people who supposedly keep them down, and in terms of public policy, a lot of good work has been done to even the playing field, but America is a racist country, and you don't have to search too hard to discover the symptoms.

In the 1950s, major record labels and performance venues were in the last throes of segregation; for the previous forty years, white people did everything they could to hold off the scourge of "black" music, but finally the popularity

of artist's such as Big Mama Thornton, Count Basie, Bo Diddly, and Fats Domino forced unscrupulous businessmen to get in on the act so they wouldn't get left behind. Still, record sales remained low for many of the great artists that would draw enormous crowds.

Then Elvis came along.

Elvis Presley took the songs and sounds of black artists and made more money off them than all of the black artists combined. When a white musician homogenized the music, it became mass marketable.

In 1999, two decades of major gains by black artists in the music field were once again surpassed by Eminem, who blew away the competition, at their own game, in much the same way.

Clothing trends, music, sports, language, thousands of facets of black culture remaining underground until they are appropriated by white people, after which, the cultural trends take off like you wouldn't believe.

America is a racist country, as evidenced in the cultural arena (to say nothing about the political or judicial).

Black people in America have largely been left outside of the white culture, and it has benefited them greatly.

The law of diminishing returns tells us that the more a person experiences a set of stimuli, the less effect it will have. Surely, the first time your girlfriend calls you in the middle of the night and tells you she's pregnant, it takes quite some time before your heart stops beating so loud you can't hear her laughing at your gullibility, but the tenth time it happens, it's less and less funny. The fear that black America feels is so invasive that after a while it doesn't affect you anymore.

If you've never felt that fear, then do this little experiment with yourself. Every time you see a policeman or hear a siren, imagine they're coming after you.

When you live with that fear long enough, it gives way to acceptance or defiance, especially when you've done nothing wrong. Every child has experienced that kind of defiance and helplessness; think back to when you broke that lamp in the living room and you lied to your parents, telling them that it was your brother or sister or the wind, and they didn't believe you. You don't mind the beating they give you, because it's partially your fault that you couldn't think of a better lie; however, think about that time that you didn't break the lamp, or eat the cookies, or whatever it was your

parents yelled about, and they still didn't believe you because of the last time you lied. Nothing makes you feel more helpless.

The reason we know so much about our own bodies and our farts is that we usually don't share them with other people (I do, and you might with your friends, but when you're in unknown company, I'll bet dollars to donuts that you keep them to yourself) and so we follow an inner voice that speaks to our flatulence: instinct. Some people say that instinct is born in a person, and some instincts may be, but you can change you body to make certain practices instinctual. Think about sitting in a passenger seat of a car while your mother is driving; if she has to brake suddenly, what's the first thing she does (no matter how old you are), she puts out her hand and tries to hold you back (as if that would somehow stop you from flying through the windshield). Certainly, there is nothing inborn in us about cars, which are still relatively new to humanity, so the instinct comes from somewhere other than our genetic memory. Covering your mouth when you cough or sneeze, wiping your ass when you're finished on the toilet, lathering, rinsing, and repeating if necessary; we learn these behaviors over the course of our lives until they become second nature and we hardly think of them (because I do it so absent mindedly, sometimes I'll get off the toilet and forget if I wiped my ass or not, which is why - other than to inspect and gloat

over the size of my feces - I always check the bowl before I flush).

White culture has indoctrinated white people with instinctual fears and phobias as well as rules for social interaction that are absent in a large portion of the black community. Without the sausage grinder-esque homogenization of white culture, black people are left to rely more on themselves and less on the society around them (which has shown time and time again how little it cares for their well being). When you don't have people telling you what to do, you start to hear that little voice inside your head, the one that speaks to instinct and tells your body to trust in its own power, to deal with situations as they arise and not as you imagine them... that's the very definition of cool.

Think about the movies you've seen in which the "token" black character gives the philosophical "holy grail" to the (usually white) protagonist or the black character that has certain "magical" powers. It's not accident that white culture has created this mythos, when people listen to their inner voices and less to their peers the self-assurance and level-headedness that naturally follows seems magical indeed, as if the universe realigns itself for your edification; as if you're lucky. The truth is that you're not afraid to get a little shit in your pants when you fart.

Thursday November 16, 2006

## GHETTO PRINCE IS MY THING, MAKING LOVE'S HOW I SWING

Category: [Life](#)

Read the following passage; identify the main idea and the purpose.

I am so homesick that the other day I was masturbating to pictures of cheeseburgers and my close friends. It helps when your close friends are also porn stars, but that's beside the point.

Most of all, I miss Rodya Raskolnikov. For those of you who are not familiar with Rodion, he one of my most troubled friends; a few years ago he was broke and he killed an old woman and her sister for a few rubles and some trinkets. It took awhile, but eventually his weak mental condition caused him to break down and confess his crime to the police, even after they arrested someone else for the crime.

I miss Rodya so much, I can barely stand it. It's pretty gay, and my wife makes fun of me for it constantly, but if she was half the man Rodya is then she wouldn't think it was so gay at all.

Korea is very nice; the food here is cheap, bowling is one dollar a game, and, for the first time since I was a little kid, I've got a nice chunk of money saved away and no

debts on which to waste it; however, I want to go back to America. If my friends and family lived out here (and they had weed worth smoking) I wouldn't mind staying in Korea. There are so many distasteful things about America (that I don't want to think about lest they spoil my homesickness) that make me dread moving back there, but I miss my friends more than I can stomach.

Ever since I was a kid I wanted to travel the world, and see what else was out there; sure, America is nice, but a place is a place is a place; it's only as good as the people who live there. Most of the places around the world are exactly the same, because no matter how far you travel you can't escape yourself, and you bring with you (along with soap, deodorant, and Cum Swapping Co-eds #9) your outlook on life. You can't change who you are. No matter where you go, there you are. Adolph Hitler in a rented flat in Jerusalem is still Adolph Hitler and I'm still me in Korea. Not that I'm much like Hitler (I'm a much better painter, bitch), but he was just a well-known person I could use for my example. I could have said something like, "Louis Mountbatten in Burma is still Louis Mountbatten" but what's the point in making you look up information about Louis Mountbatten when all you really need to know is that a person can't escape their personality, even if you're Louis Mountbatten.



With the few exceptions of those humans who die in tragic ping-pong accidents or smother in elephant dung, most of us have a poison inside our bodies that, even now as you read this, is poisoning you from the inside out: a cancer, a bum ticker, or even a little sliver of bone from that bad break you had when you were eight and your older brother told you that there was no way you could fit inside the dryer and the drum collapsed under your weight, snapping your leg like a twig, slowly coming loose from the gentle motion of your legs and only waiting the right moment to enter your bloodstream and pierce your heart. America is a body like any other, with millions of small mechanisms working for and against it in ways they couldn't possibly understand, and there is an element in America that may be small now, but will one day mature to the point where it will rip the country apart. In a thousand years, it might just be a blip on history's map (think about all those small countries and empires that are never mentioned in text books, the ones that last for a few hundred years and fade away).

You can't plan your actions and anticipate the reception history will one day give you; I'm sure that by his estimation, Hitler thought about all the textbooks that would have his image on the cover with the headline "Savior of the Human Race." In that regard, I respect President Bush when he says that history will judge his actions in regards

to Iraq, but I get the feeling that when he says it, he means it more in the Hitler sense than in any other.

There are people out there who surround themselves with well-wishers and suck ups to shield themselves from criticism, but there's only so much laudatory exaltation I can stand before it gets real old real fast. We all know that there is nothing special about us; we know it when we catch ourselves dancing alone in our homes when we know that no one is watching us and we can get away with being stupid; we know it when we dispense sage-like advice to acquaintances and pass ourselves off as wise men when we can barely remember to put the cap back on the toothpaste; we know it when we sneeze and just a little bit of snot lands on your hand that you discretely try to wipe off on an article of your clothing before anyone notices. We're translucent.

Still, there isn't one among us who can take criticism without feeling a little sting of pride in the base of your ribcage; and we've all got our limits to the beatings we'll take. As nice a sentiment as "turn the other cheek" is, it's so hard to practically live by it, that you may as well put it in a Hallmark card and pass it often to the more gullible element at Christmastime. We all want to think that we have something to offer; that our mothers were right about us, and we are special; that what we say and write is important

and future generations will one day read it and wonder at our magnificence.

That's why I love Rodya so much, because he's a good enough friend to put me back in my place when I get too uppity, the same with my wife. When you surround yourself with people that agree with you all the time, it eats at you like cancer and it poisons your mind from the inside, but, when you know honest people who are brave enough to tell you to take the shit out of your mouth long enough to say something worthwhile, it makes you feel a little safer.

I'm a pretty sick individual, and unless I have people telling me that I'm wrong, I start to believe the sick things kicking around my head. Maybe it stems from my self-loathing belief that, at heart, I really am wrong; either way, it's heartening to have people tell me that I'm full of shit.

Goodnight, Rodya Raskolnikov, where ever you are.

Sex Mahoney for President

Friday November 17, 2006

**I STARTED FOOLING AROUND WITH THE VERTICAL HOLD; WE GOT THE  
MUNCHIES SO I MADE SOME SPAGHETTI**

Category: [Writing and Poetry](#)

When you can't play guitar, it seems like a really cool thing to do.

Images of rock stars and glory kick about your head, and it's not hard to imagine yourself as a guitar god, tearing through screaming solos; however, if you're one of the people who can play guitar, the moment you pick up a guitar, in a room of ten people, there are eight other folks who can play just as well as, if not better than, you.

Nine out of ten people know how to play guitar, and of those I'd say half will try to take a guitar from whoever is playing to show off their skills, no matter how they compare to the person from whom they take the guitar. Of those nine people, one out of ten of them can play reasonably well; just about everybody can play "Come As You Are" or your favorite Beatles song, but it's very rare to find someone who can competently rock out.

One of the easiest things to do is show everyone how buffoonish you are, but it's equally impossible to show off your virtues; try it sometime, and you'll find that there are just as many people trying to belittle your

accomplishments as there are trying to steal your guitar. There's something inside each of us that wants to prove (to ourselves, to our mothers, to the high school English teacher who said you were nothing and that you would never amount to anything) that we're skilled, or great, or terrific, or a million other adjectives that people use to describe genius when they see it.

The only problem is that true genius is a result of luck, just like being born with Down's syndrome or finding a hundred dollar bill on your way to work; when people try to claim credit for genius, they're full of shit; genius just happens. That's not to say there aren't a lot of competent people out there who start out better than average and develop their skills until they're a lot better than you, but that's not genius.

I'm no genius. Sure I can write a witty phrase every now and again, but I'm no Shakespeare or Dostoevsky; I'd like to think I'm at least as good as JK Rowling, but I wouldn't know, because I can't ever bring myself to read more than a few pages of her at a time (the obsession with Harry Potter remains a complete fucking mystery, and I tried, believe me, I've got a 100 page rule for every book I've ever read; if the author can't do it after 100 pages, then I gracefully bow out - which is why I've never finished "The Bell Jar" after three attempts); however, I work hard to develop my

ability as a writer the same way that I once developed my masturbatory technique. Today it's just as easy to run off a thousand words, as it is to shoot off a quick load. Which of the two is better for public consumption? Well, if I wrote this on paper, then I suppose you could at least feed yourself off the pages should you wake up stranded on a desert island with nothing but this blog, but since it's written on a computer, you can't even get the nutrients from the pages on which this would otherwise print; on the other hand, my semen is loaded with protein, and I've been told it tastes very sweet. I wouldn't know, my masturbatory skills are so great that it's been a long time since I've shot myself in the mouth.

Still, I'm no different from a million other people who churn out piece after piece of crappy prose (or poetry, which is usually a million times worse) and post it on Myspace for mass edification. I have found many competent writers out there, and a few really good ones, but it took months of reading the crappiest crap that's ever been crapped on a crappy computer (not to mention blog parties, to this day, I have a hard time reading comments on the blogs I enjoy, simply because of those blog parties - shudder). I don't want to stop anyone from writing; the way you develop a craft by practicing over and over, no matter how crappy the end result - if everyone who sucked when they started gave up, then I would have ended my writing career

with melodramatic stories of people who die leading pointless lives in the suburbs when I was ten; as it is, I persevered, and today I can easily write pointless, melodramatic stories about people who die anywhere.

I sometimes worry, that I'll be stuck working at a job I hate, that gives me no respect or reward, while my writing lingers on a shelf for years and years, unread, unwept, and unsung, but then I remember that even Shakespeare had to dress up like a woman and caper about in front of drunk peasants until the day he died, and even though he was successful during his lifetime, it was nothing compared to what came later.

People spend so much of their time feeling worthless, or ill equipped for particular situations, that I don't mind giving up the guitar if they want to play; it makes me happier to see someone else enjoying themselves than to engage in petty fights over a piece of wood and some brass strings. What bothers me about people who steal your guitar is that they generally do it for the same reason that all artists produce... to meet chicks. I don't mind that so much either, because, while they're struggling through "Over the Hills and Far Away" I have time to give their paramours plenty of nutrients and a little extra sweetness for the next guy they kiss. I've accepted that I'm no genius, but I'm still a real bastard.

Sex Mahoney for President

Monday November 20, 2006



## MUZZLE TO MUZZLE NOW ANYTHING GOES

Category: [Life](#)

The best part about life is that it never stops until you're dead, it's also the worst thing, but I'm not here to split hairs; as someone much wiser than I once said: "I'm here to drink beers and act queer." [Cough] "I mean beat queers, beat queers."

Homophobia aside, my favorite holiday is rapidly approaching (in America) and I will not be able to participate in this year's festivities. Thanksgiving is a wonderful holiday, no presents, no songs, no crappy sweaters with pictures of reindeer on them, just food and lots of it. If there's a better holiday, I haven't heard of it.

Christmas blows, if for nothing else but the music; sure, there are some really good Christmas songs out there (Dominic the Donkey, motherfuckers), but the majority of them suck so bad, they make me want to listen to Christian Rock; you know, the kind where they take a regular song and replace "baby" with "Jesus." (Unfortunately, Jesus doesn't rhyme so well with lady, there is of course please us, but that doesn't sound right in my newest single for the gay Christian rap community Somebody done been fucking Jesus - we got fifteen year old bitches to please us). Every year,

around Christmas time, I feel so depressed I want to plotz; hopefully, that will change this year; the last two Christmas's, I found myself on my bicycle in the 40 degree rain while people in gigantic SUV's splash me as I ride along the shoulder of a highway (if you've never been to America, bike traffic is most certainly not encouraged, even in developed areas, you'll go ten miles between sidewalks).

The worst thing about Christmas is the presents; there is nothing in the world that makes me feel more uncomfortable than someone giving me a present. I have no idea how to respond to that situation. Usually, I'm too embarrassed to make some kind of sarcastic quip, so I just pretend to like it, no matter how stupid it is (Oh! You got me a ten-gallon drum of Gak! Just what I wanted). Clothes as presents are just as bad, but I can't really bad mouth that, because, if it wasn't for my mother and grandparents buying me "big boy" clothes, I wouldn't have such snazzy outfits today; seriously, I got really tall when I was young, and I haven't really grown in any direction since I was about 14 (although my pants ARE tightening; however, I think it has more to do with the quality of cum swapping porn these days than any real growth in my stomach).

New Years usually ends up being disappointing (I'm just not into drinking holidays), but I find it odd that we have a holiday, but there's no food for it. If it's a holiday,

there should be a food associated with it; that's the way holiday's work. The food should also be symbolic of the holiday, like the tree shaped cookies people make at Christmas, and the chocolate eggs that people eat around Easter; New Years should have foods that accentuate the theme of the holiday. Eggs of all kinds, chicken, caviar, and pigeon; unfortunately, human eggs are too small to eat as is, so you have to let them gestate a little bit before you can get a really good meal out of them. Hey, if people are getting abortions anyway, why let the fetus go to waste when, with a nice horseradish sauce, you can make it visually appealing and ultra-delicious.

Maybe New Years is more fun for single people, because there's always the possibility of bringing home a very drunk girl who's ready to settle. After the holiday malaise that most people experience, it's even easier than usual to swoop in and snatch up lass with poor self esteem. I'm married, it takes all the fun out of hooking up with someone on New Years; sure, all you single folks get to tryst off to your bachelor pads (or the nearest convenient back alley), but I have to sneak out on my wife before the ball drops for New Years sex (and prostitutes charge double on holidays... the nerve).

My feelings on Valentine's day are well known; buying flowers chocolate for your spouse or significant other is

about as lame as it gets. If you want someone to make a romantic gesture toward you, then just go visit a comic book/television/role playing convention; I'm sure you will easily find someone who will sit in a tree outside your house and burn their name in gasoline on your front lawn. Does anyone else see the irony in getting laid on the celebration day of a Catholic Saint who preached abstinence, except in the case of procreation?

St Patrick's Day. A papist holiday? Sure, whatever. The most religious anyone ever gets on St. Patrick's Day is saying "Oh, God" right before they vomit on your shoes. No gays in the parade though, we wouldn't want a bunch of sissies demeaning our parade as we march through town in kilts and play bag pipes - the musical equivalent of a cock and balls (No offense, though, I love bag pipe music and there's nothing more rocking than a bagpipe/banjo duet).

You'll notice that all but one of the holidays mentioned so far are religious holidays; of course, there are holidays thrown in the middle there, like President's Day, MLK day, Groundhog Day, and many more, but people don't celebrate secular holidays like they do religious holidays, unless you get a day off work, in which case people do their best to live up to the virtues of that day.

Like Memorial Day (I'm skipping ahead here, so if you want to hear my hilarious send up of Easter, just skip to the next paragraph and then come back up, or you can just imagine that you read something really funny about Easter and if anyone asks you what it is, just tell them it's none of their business, no matter how much they pester you; it will drive them insane. I imagine that's what the early apostles felt when they were hiding in the hills, with a desiccated corpse, outside of Jerusalem, when people came to inspect Jesus' tomb. You can still hear them laughing today, every time someone opens a package of marshmallow peeps and bites into one thinking: "Sure they were terrible last year, but how bad could they really be?"), when people all over America celebrate the fallen soldiers by going to the beach and revealing pound after pound of revolting, pasty flesh and pelt-like hairy backs (and that's just the women, zing!). What better way to show your respect for the people who died for your freedom than to offer discounts on expired ground beef and last year's Fourth of July fare.

I always hear people like Bill O'Reilly talking about the "War on Christmas" about how Jews and secular humanists want to take the Christ out of Christmas, but you never hear them standing up to defend Easter, and if there's one religious holiday that's almost as sacrilegious as St. Patrick's Day, it's Easter. Sure, there may be a war on Christmas, but I still see people with Christmas lights in their yard

(sometimes until November of the next year); when is the last time you saw someone crucify an emaciated Jew on their front lawn? It doesn't happen, because America has lost its way.

As much as I want to continue bad mouthing holidays, it does a disservice to my argument that Thanksgiving is the best Holiday of the year if I only bash the other holidays. Thanksgiving has three things going for it:

1. It's a harvest festival; therefore, it is rooted in pagan traditions of fornication and gluttony; two elements essential for holiday fun.

2. There's nothing funnier than sticking a turkey on your head and running around a house scaring children (sure, you may say that you can stick a turkey on your head any time, but where are you going to find that many captive little children without an unmarked white van and a huge bag of candy?)

3. There's no better way to show you're thankful for the bounty you receive during a year, than by stuffing your fat, American face with all the food that children in Africa will never get to eat (Mwaa ha ha).

I'm really going to miss Thanksgiving this year; if anyone wants to bake a chocolate pecan pie for me, save it until I come home or feed it to your pets; those orphans

will get my pie when they pry it out of my cold, gluttonous hands.

Sex Mahoney for President

Tuesday November 21, 2006